LETTERS FROM ITALY,

DESCRIBING THE

MANNERS, CUSTOMS, ANTIQUITIES, PAINTINGS, &c.

OF THAT COUNTRY,

In the Years MDCCLXX and MDCCLXXI,

TO

A FRIEND RESIDING IN FRANCE.

BY AN ENGLISH WOMAN.

VOL. II.

DUBLIN:
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M, DCC, LXXVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

LETTER XXV.

Bologna, Dec. 3d, 1770.

I SEIZE the firſt opportunity to continue the deſcription of Bologna. You will eaſily account for my ſilence for ſome days paſt by my laſt letter, in which I told you of the large ſociety we are in. Although nothing can be more agreeable than our manner of living here, yet the frequent interruptions we neceſſarily meet with, are conſiderable impediments to our ſeeing the pictures, &c. of which there are a prodigious number, as well as of other curioſities in this town, and which will oblige us to ſtay three or four days longer here than we at firſt propoſed. Dining abroad breaks in upon our mornings; for it is impoſſible to viſit ſome of the palaces but at fixed hours. The days being ſhort, there is no ſeeing the churches early; the evenings and moſt part of the nights paſs away between the opera and private aſſemblies; the afternoon is ſoon gone, ſo that we enjoy ſcarce any repoſe. We are determined, both at Rome and Naples, to make it a rule neither to dine

out, or have company at home at that meal, but to employ our mornings entirely in ſeeing and taking notes, to dine alone at whatever hour happens to be moſt convenient, and dedicate the evenings to amuſements and to the ſociety of our friends; for if there is too much to ſee at Bologna, what muſt be our ſituation at Rome and Naples?

Although I do not mean to give you a catalogue of all the valuable paintings that adorn the Italian palaces and churches, yet I ſhall ſo manage my time, as to notice thoſe which pleaſed me moſt. To begin; the *Palazzo Publico* is a very large old building, and anſwers to what is called in France *l'Hôtel de Ville*. In this palace the cardinal legate and gonfalonier * are lodged commodiouſly with all the officers and domeſtics of their houſeholds; here are alſo offices for public notaries, &c. guard-rooms for the Swiſs halberdiers attendant upon the legate: in ſhort, there is no end of the people who inhabit this palace. To render it convenient to its inhabitants, the great ſtaircaſe is ſo contrived, that loaded mules may eaſily aſcend and deſcend. It is paved with brick, ſcarce any riſers, but what there are, are very broad, and ſlope conſiderably. I am perſuaded it is more troubleſome to human creatures to mount this ſtaircaſe than to that obſtinate proud brute a mule.

* Or great ſtandard-bearer.

mule. The whole building is of brick, and by no means remarkable in point of architecture. There are ſome good pictures in this palace; the principal as follow: a large picture painted on ſilk by Guido; it was intended for a church-banner at the time of the plague in 1630; its ſubject, the Virgin ſeated upon the rainbow, under which are all the tutelar ſaints of Bologna, praying to her to remove the diſtemper; the colouring is in his pale clear manner (but not greeniſh); it is not as highly finiſhed as many of his paintings; however, the heads are peculiarly graceful, the faces expreſſive, and finely deſigned. Another picture by the ſame, repreſenting Sampſon, who finding himſelf thirſty after the ſlaughter of the Philiſtines, is drinking copiouſly out of the jaw-bone of an aſs; his figure is not ſufficiently coloſſal for the feats he has performed, and his left leg is ſo far ſtretched out on one ſide, that his outline forms ſtrongly the Roman figure for the number ten; yet the colouring of this picture is fine and glowing, and the ſhadows well diſpoſed.

A St. John the Baptiſt, by Raffaello; he is young and in the deſert; this is a moſt beautiful picture, and appears to be a duplicate of that in the *Palais-royal* at Paris, which I am ſure you muſt remember; it ſeems to be in the beſt conſervation of the two: there is a colouring and an animation

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in the figure that is worthy the greateſt admiration.

A St. Jerome, reading, by Simon Peſaro; his attention is expreſſed ſo naturally, that one can ſcarce believe the picture does not think: we ſaw with regret, that it is become darker than it ought to be. A ſingular picture * by Leonardo da Vinci, repreſenting a child in a little bed; the infant's body does not appear, the bedclothes covering every part but the face and neck. It is thought to be a portrait. Round the neck is a double row of large pearls; the drapery of the bed is muſlin, ornamented with a great quantity of fine lace wonderfully well imitated: the bed is like a cheſt with the cover off, and beautifully fineered with ſeveral ſorts of woods. This picture, though it makes no great figure in deſcription, is finely executed; and what is very ſurpriſing, the colours made uſe of are but two, a brown and a yellow white; which does not ſtrike one at firſt, as the want of the other tints is by no means apparent. This brought to my mind the famous antique painter, Apelles, whom Pliny mentions to have made uſe of but four colours, black, white, red, and yellow. If Apelles made as good uſe of his four as this painter did of two, I ſhould eaſily believe the magick force of Apelles's colouring.

In

* This is in a ſmall room, and is not generally ſhewn.

In the ſame room is a head of Raffaello, ſuppoſed to be done by himſelf, but we could not be of this opinion.

Two pictures by Donato Creti, a modern painter, who died but a few years paſt; the ſubjects, the head of Argus preſented to Juno, and the judgment of Paris; they are but indifferent performances; gaudy, fluttering figures, and the rules of perſpective ſo ill obſerved, that the perſonages ſtick to the ſky. The blue is fine; but a ſhell of ultramarine is a finer blue. There is nothing either ſtriking or magnificent in the furniture of the grand apartments of this palace. In a great ſaloon, called that of Farneſe, upon the ſecond floor, are painted in freſco repreſentations of ſeveral memorable events in the hiſtory of Bologna. Without ſide is a ciſtern for water, over which is an arcade of elegant architecture; its proportion is twice the breadth for the perpendicular height, excluſive of a baluſtrade which ſurrounds the ciſtern; it is a ſmall thing, but very correct. Belonging to this palace is a tower where Entius king of Sardinia was impriſoned in the year 1242, and where he died.

The palace Caprea is worth ſeeing; the apartments are noble, but contain few pictures worthy of obſervation. Here is a great gallery ornamented with Turkiſh ſpoils, the warlike trophies of a famous general, an anceſtor of the preſent family. They

conſiſt

conſiſt of bucklers, ſabres, bows and arrows; the bucklers are lined with human ſkin dreſſed like leather; (I found means to bring away a morſel of this ſkin;) they told us it was that of the backs of Chriſtian priſoners taken in battle; and the Turks eſteem a buckler lined with it to be a particular ſecurity againſt the impreſſion of an arrow or the ſtroke of a ſabre. A curious ſervice of Turkiſh plate, cryſtal goblets, turbans, ornaments of great value ſet with precious ſtones; the ſcabbards of the ſabres, &c. richly adorned with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, &c. here are ſeveral turquoiſes as large as an old Windſor-bean, and perfect in their kind; but I ſaw no precious ſtones of the ſize and luſtre of thoſe which formerly uſed to dazzle my fancy in the Arabian Nights Entertainments. Here are alſo ſome pretty Indian cabinets and ſmall pictures very proper to ornament a lady's dreſſing-room.

This palace does not contain a collection of fine pictures; here are but few, yet it is one of the firſt at Bologna in reſpect to its furniture, neatneſs, and elegance, and the moſt habitable palace I have yet ſeen. Here is a fine ſaloon coved; the compartments painted in freſco, by Stephano Orlandi, the figures by Vittorio Bigari: the colouring is too yellow, yet, upon the whole, the ceiling is ſtriking, and you may obſerve ſome ingenious thoughts in the grouping

grouping and compoſition. The beſt pictures in oil are theſe: a Jupiter under the form of a Satyr, ſtealing a bow from Antiope, who appears to be in a profound ſleep; a Cupid ſleeping by her. The great merit of this picture conſiſts in its expreſſion; the colouring and drapery are alſo very good: it is by Paſinello. A Head of John the Baptiſt in a green porcelaine diſh, by Leonardo da Vinci; extremely well done. All the works of this old painter are in ſuch high eſtimation with the *connoiſſeurs*, that I am not ſurpriſed at the great prices given for them, although they are far ſhort of many other pictures; failing continually in keeping and the *clair obſcure*; yet there is a finiſh and a colouring which produces the effect of what the Italians call *ſoave*, that I cannot well define to you. A Head by Rembrandt; fine, and one of the beſt I have ſeen by that painter. Here is a gallery ornamented with ſeveral antique buſtos: one of the beſt of which repreſents one of thoſe women called *praeficæ*, who were hired to howl and ſhriek at funerals; ſo horribly ugly is this beldame, that I could not baniſh her countenance from my mind for a conſiderable time after.

In the *Palazzo Bovi* are ſome fine pictures: the principal, in my opinion, are the following; two large paintings by Albaneſe; their ſubjects Sampſon and Dalila,

Hercules and Iole: the firſt repreſents Sampſon aſleep, with a truth ſeldom expreſſed by the greateſt painters: Dalila is beautiful in point of face, limbs, and colouring, but does not pleaſe like Iole. The ſecond has as much merit as the firſt; and I think is a more agreeable picture, on account of its ſubject: an innocent theft, by way of *badinage*, being an amiable ſubject; the other, a cruel piece of treachery. Hercules is ſleeping, as is Sampſon, and Iole is ſtealing away on tiptoe, fearing to wake him, having poſſeſſed herſelf of the lion's ſkin and his maſſive club. She is an elegant figure.

A capital picture by Guercino; but the ſubject is dreadful; much too ſhocking to be repreſented on canvas, and contemplated by people who are not void of all feeling: it is the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew; he is bound to a pillar of wood, the executioners are ſleaing the ſkin of his breaſt, arms, and ſhoulders; the ſinews and muſcles are laid bare; the blood, &c. is repreſented ſo exactly, and ſeems cloſe to one; ſo that there is no bearing the ſight. The cruel inſulting faces of the bloody butchers that ſurround him, certainly help to contraſt his countenance, which expreſſes the moſt perfect reſignation and heavenly patience. There are many other horrible circumſtances in this picture; but I will not detail repreſentations of ſuch monſtrous

cruelty.

cruelty. It is my opinion, that in a well-governed Republic, painters whoſe pictures excite horror and rage, and poets whoſe tragedies inſpire the ſame, inſtead of terror and pity, ought to be ſeverely puniſhed. But to return to the picture, ſuffice it to ſay, that this capital cruelty of Guercino's is perfectly well executed in point of anatomy, colouring, &c. &c.

A portrait of a duke of Urbino, by Raffaello. I can no better deſcribe to you the merits of this picture, than by the lines the ſight of it brought to my mind.

> The image of a wicked heinous fault
> Lives in his eye. That cloſe aſpect of his
> Does ſhew the mood of a much troubled breaſt.

A Holy Family, by Parmegiano. Fine in his ſtyle.

The Palace Sampieri. A fine ceiling, by Luigi Carracci: a hardy compoſition, and executed in the manner the Italians call *terribile*, namely, with great boldneſs and force: it repreſents Hercules and Jupiter. Another ceiling by Annibal Carracci, is quite as fine as the firſt. The ſubject is, Virtue opening the Heavens to receive Hercules.

An admirable portrait by the ſame maſter.

The Angel Gabriel, half-length, by Guido. A moſt amiable picture. Cupids dancing round a tree, others forming different ſports, and in the ſky Venus appears with

with her ſon. This picture is on copper, and is highly finiſhed; in reſpect of neatneſs, colouring, variety, grouping, and elegance, it is perfect. Its pendant does not repreſent the rape of Proſerpine, as Cochin aſſerts; nor is it on copper, but on canvas: the ſubject is a triumph of Venus. A very wretched picture. Both are aſcribed to Albano, but the ſecond is certainly not by him: as to the firſt, there is no queſtion of its being worthy of the greateſt painter.

The Woman taken in Adultery: a good picture, but the colouring too dead; by Agoſtino Carracci. The Canaanite, by Luigi Carracci: there is grace and finer colouring in this picture than is generally to be ſeen in the works of this painter. The Samaritan, by Annibal Carracci. This picture is well known in England by the engravings from it: the drawing is admirable, and the colours beautifully blended. Five Apoſtles together, by Guido, in his ſtrong manner: the ſhadows are very dark, and the demi-tints yellowiſh.

Over a chimney is a very fine drawing, rather than a painting, by Luigi Carracci: it repreſents one of the Titans under a vaſt fragment of a rock, which he is ſtruggling to ſuſtain, in order to ſave himſelf from being cruſhed to death. There is great merit in this piece, and but few ſtrokes, but not one at random; the touches are thoſe of a great maſter.

The

The famous picture of St. Peter weeping, which by pre-eminence is covered with a fine ſilk curtain, did not quite anſwer my expectation: I allow that the colouring, the drawing, and the anatomy are all as perfect as poſſible; but what I ſought for I could not find, expreſſion. Had I ſeen this picture, without any perſon's announcing it to me, I ſhould have ſuppoſed it might repreſent Socrates, Pythagoras, or Epictetus, moralizing in a deſert-place, and one of their diſciples attending to, and profiting by the precepts of the philoſopher; but the keys, which are ſufficiently conſpicuous, would ſoon have convinced me of my error.

This young man, who is introduced by the painter, is ſuppoſed to be one of the diſciples of Jeſus Chriſt, who ſeeing St. Peter go out, ſtruck with remorſe, follows him in order to comfort and conſole him.

St. Peter's countenance is not expreſſive of any one feeling I ſhould look for, upon the occaſion of the regret and ſhame he muſt have felt in conſequence of his baſe conduct: therefore I think I may with reaſon ſay, it fails in a very principal point; but both Cochin and all Bologna are againſt me; ſo that I hardly dare venture my private ſentiments. This *quadrofamoſo* is by Guido.

A beautiful ceiling by Guercino; Hercules ſuffocating Antæus: the fore-ſhorten-

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ing is wonderfully ingenious; the *clair obſcure* dark, yet diſtinct in the ſhadow, and bright and freſh in the demi-tints.

A picture, by the ſame, of the diſmiſſion of Hagar. One would really think Guercino had copied it from the originals themſelves; there cannot be a more natural and lively picture. The noble character of Abraham, as deſcribed in the Bible, is perfectly well expreſſed in his figure and countenance: Hagar is exactly what one ſhould ſuppoſe her to have been; and the little Iſhmael, who is weeping bitterly, has both characters blended in his features.

Here is a very fine Crucifix in ſculpture, but too well done in my opinion to be placed where it is. It ſhould decorate a chapel, or oratory; though you know my principles are far removed from popery, yet I think there ought to be a ſort of decency and reſpect ſhewn to ſacred ſubjects, both in painting and ſculpture. Was I poſſeſſed of a repreſentation of our bleſſed Saviour's ſufferings, or the martyrdoms of his Apoſtles, I ſhould place them in a room by themſelves; for I think it very ſhocking to ſee a Flagellation, a Pieta, &c. forming a pendant to a riotous debauch of wanton Satyrs, or to the abſurd and ridiculous amours of a Jupiter.

A St. Jerome, by Palma Vecchio; this is a curious old picture, but the colouring is too yellow.

There

There are ſeveral more pictures in this palace; I ſaid before that I do not mean to furniſh you with catalogues, ſo have only mentioned thoſe that pleaſed me moſt. For fear of errors, I take my notes upon the ſpot, which I aſſure you is often very troubleſome, as I am frequently obliged to write in my pocket-book ſtanding, and at times placing it on the pedeſtal of a ſtatue, or the moulding of a ſurbaſe; theſe ſhewing apartments in the Bologna palaces being generally void of tables, or any convenience to render them habitable: nor do their owners frequently occupy them; having always a private apartment for themſelves, unornamented by pictures, ſtatues, vaſes, &c. but plainly fitted up, and if not with that taſte and elegance ſometimes met with elſewhere, yet tolerably well furniſhed, and clean.

Pallazzo Monti: a beautiful Madona and Infant Jeſus, by Giuſeppe del Sole. Lot and his Daughters: the daughters very handſome, the drawing good, and the manner firm and deciſive; by Simon da Peſaro. A picture by Elizabeth Sirani, the ſcholar and miſtreſs of Guido. She died at twenty-ſix years of age. The ſubject is a woman throwing a ſoldier into a well; it has merit, and much of Guido's manner.

A Saint Sebaſtian dead; an old woman in appearance his mother, is endeavouring to extract the arrows. Another woman is

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ſeen in the back-ground, and angels deſcending, bearing palms and crowns. It is a very intereſting picture; by Lucc Giordano. I have reaſon to think that Cochin never ſaw the pictures in this palace, from the abſurdities of ſome of his criticiſms.

A Rape of Helen; ſhe is not handſome; the moſt intereſting part of the picture is an epiſode the painter has introduced, of an old woman ſtruggling and ſcreaming to the utmoſt of her power, in defence of a caſket which a ſoldier is wreſting from her; this is by Carlo Chigniani. The caſket is open and full of jewels; his countenance expreſſes more of humour than cruelty; her face is as well done as poſſible; her rage and exertions nature itſelf.

A famous picture, well known in England, under the deſcription of Generoſity and Modeſty, by Guido. They here pretend that a picture in the poſſeſſion of the late H. F. Eſq; is a copy from this. As I never ſaw the former, I can give no opinion; but this at Bologna certainly carries with it ſtrong marks of originality. There is a melioration in the colours that time only can give, and an artful blending of them, with that native grace that ſo diſtinguiſhes the women by this painter from all others. It is in his grey and greeniſh manner. Their two characters are charming; Generoſity is a more ſpirited and lively

beauty

beauty than Modeſty; who has rather too much of the *Agnes* about her. I hear Mr. Strange, a famous Engliſh artiſt, has engraved a fine print from this picture.

A very pretty picture of a Cupid ſhooting at a mark; other Cupids drawing lots out of a vaſe; by a ſcholar of Raffaello.

A Judith and Holofernes; ſhe is an ugly, wicked-looking, vulgar woman; but the circumſtance of Holofernes's blood ſpirting upon the pillow is ſo well done, as to be exceedingly ſhocking; by Cavadone.

Two pictures, by Salvator Roſa; one the martyrdom of St. Stephen, the other of the Innocents; both good, but the laſt has moſt merit.

Four beautiful Sybils, by Franceſchini. The blue Sybil is my favourite.

An old Harper after the life, by Eſpagnoletto; extremely well done.

A picture, by one Lanardino; it repreſents the inſide of a cottage, with all its furniture, an old woman is fallen aſleep at her ſpinning-wheel, down whoſe boſom a boy of a moſt arch and miſchievous countenance is conducting a mouſe: the little animal hangs ſuſpended by a ſtring tied to its leg; whilſt another boy is boring a hole through the cover of a pot of ſweet-meats, and appears under great apprehenſions leſt the beldame ſhould wake. This picture has all the merit of the Flemiſh paintings; the

the moſt minute articles of the cottage utenſils have not been forgot.

In my next letter you ſhall have the remainder of the palaces, and, I hope, all the churches; for we mean to viſit only thoſe the Bologneſe themſelves eſteem moſt for their paintings, &c. therefore adieu; it is not without induſtry that we can ſee two palaces a-day. I ſhall not write till ſome days hence. This I mention, leſt you ſhould be uneaſy at not hearing from me as ſoon again as uſual.

LETTER XXVI.

Bologna, Dec. 11th, 1770.

HERE is a great packet for you. A cold and a ſlight ſore throat attacked me yeſterday, and obliges me to keep houſe to-day. I have dedicated the whole of it to your ſervice and to the arrangement of my notes. I ſincerely regret my not being able to write ſhort-hand; it would ſave me a great deal of time. So much ſtill remains to be ſaid of Bologna, that I believe you will be heartily glad when we quit this place; but as you aſſure me ſo conſtantly, in all your kind letters, that you do not yet find me tedious nor tireſome, I ſhall continue to deſcribe what I have ſeen to the beſt of my judgment; though I fear I am too circumſtantial, and that your friend-

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ſhip prejudices you in my favour. * * * * Your approbation is an encouragement that ſurmounts any fatigue, ſo make yourſelf perfectly eaſy on that account.

We have viſited what remains of the palaces beſt worth ſeeing, moſt of the churches, and the *inſtituto*, *&c.*

The *Pallazzo Zambecari* is eſteemed the largeſt in Bolcgna, and is one of the moſt remarkable for its fine gallery of pictures, amongſt which the following are the beſt, in our opinion.

A St. John, full of zeal and fire; he ſeems to be ſaying avaunt, "Ye generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come," &c. This is by a ſcholar of Guido's, one Flaminiatore. A fine Cleopatra, by Guido. Two of the moſt beautiful Cupids I have yet ſeen, by Simon di Peſaro. The whole hiſtory of Eſther and Ahaſuerus, on wood, in three pieces, by Lucc D'Olando. Although the rules of perſpective were quite unknown to this old painter, yet he has given ſo much expreſſion to his perſonages, that one may overlook, in a great meaſure, the want of keeping. In the third pannel, which repreſents the diſgrace of Haman, the King and the favourite are incomparably well done; particularly their faces. A Holy Family; a fine picture, by Guaſtello. A Head of St. Francis, by Dominichino. Herodias's Daughter, by Lionel Spada.

A Virgin

A Virgin and Infant Jeſus, who is ſtroaking a lion; the Virgin ſeems greatly apprehenſive of the wild beaſt: it is an intereſting picture, by Palma Vecchio. A laughing Cupid, by Franceſchini. A Hercules ſpinning, Iole wondering at his awkward manner: the Hercules is too delicate, and there are great faults in the anatomy of both their figures; by Geſſi. Two charming pictures in a caſe, placed back to back, with a ſliding-board over them: one is a Cleopatra, the other a Lucretia. They are perfectly beautiful in every reſpect, yet quite different in character and features; by Ludovico Carguarſi. Two herd-drivers; the woman's figure is perfectly graceful and natural, but not out of character; my opinion is, that grace is not confined to rank, any more than taſte; the grace of a ſhepherdeſs ſhould not be that of a princeſs, yet may they both be graceful, but in different ways. I muſt quit the ſubject inſtantly, for I have not time to ſay all I think upon grace and taſte.

A Sampſon and Dalilah, by Carlo Cigniani. A picture, by Aleſſandro Chiarini; the ſubject is the denial of our Saviour by St. Peter. The picture is divided ſo as to repreſent on the fore-ground a kind of antichamber thro' which you ſee the judgment-hall of Pilate, and our Saviour before him; the moment taken by the painter is from this text; "And the Lord turned and looked

looked upon Peter, and Peter remembered the word of the Lord," &c. All the figures are full of expreſſion; St. Peter is admirable, and the perſonages as different, each from the other, as if done by different painters. How often do we ſee a picture conſiſting of from ten to thirty figures, with a ſtrong family-likeneſs throughout, ſo that you may trace all the ties of conſanguinity, from the grandfather and grandmother, down to their grandchildren's ſecond-couſins, &c.

A Judith in the act of cutting off Holofernes's head. This picture is too well done; it ſtruck me directly, that it muſt have been taken from the life. The idea threw me into a trembling, and made me very ſick; producing the ſame effects upon me, that perhaps I might have experienced from the preſence of a real execution: the ſeparation of the neck, the force ſhe uſes, the ſpouting of the blood from the divided arteries, and her countenance, whilſt ſhe turns away her face from the dreadful work ſhe is about, and which nevertheleſs expreſſes a fierceneſs and a ſort of courage little befitting a woman, joined with the writhing convulſions of the body of Holofernes, make it a picture quite improper for the inſpection of thoſe who have any degree of feeling: it is by Michael Angelo da Caravagio. There were ſeveral other capital pictures in this palace when

Cochin

Cochin ſaw it; which have been ſince ſold to Mr. Strange, an Engliſh artiſt, whom I mentioned before, and are ſuppoſed to have been purchaſed for his Britannick Majeſty.

Pallazzo Tanaro: Guercino has painted upon the walls Hercules in combat with the Hydra, which forms a fine point of view to one of the porticoes: it is done in ſhades of grey, what the French call *griſaille*. An Aſſumption of the Virgin, by the ſame, large as the life, conſiſting of fifteen figures; and ſaid to be in the ſtyle of the Saint Petronella of Rome: the compoſition is fine, the grouping ingenious, the head and hands correct, the manner large, and the colouring ſtrong; but the dark ſhadows are rather too black. The Martyrdom of St. Lorenzo by night; the only light is that which proceeds from flambeaux: this is not a very fine picture, though it is ſtriking; it is attributed to Tiziano, but is certainly not worthy of him. A Madona ſuckling the Infant Jeſus, larger than life: the Madona cannot be too much admired; the demitints are executed with the greatneſs juſtneſs: there is a ſtriking propriety in the whole of this picture; it is by Guido. A Saint Agoſtino, by Guercino; too red, otherwiſe a good picture. The famous picture of Solomon, where one of his concubines takes the crown from his head in play, has been ſold out of this collection

to

to the King of Poland for fifteen hundred ſequins.

A fine copy of the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew: the original is at Rome.

A Madona of the moſt regular beauty; by Guido. A fine drawing in chalks, of St. Roch; by Ludovico Carracci. A St. Antonio, though grown very black, yet has ſtill great merit; by the ſame.

A Saint Cecilia; the face handſome; by Franceſchini. A pretty picture of the Bath of Diana; the painter unknown. A Sybil; the character grand and noble; by Ludovico Caracci. A Sleeping Venus; by Annibal Carracci; it is become too black. A good portrait of a woman, by the ſame. A beautiful miniature in water-colours, by Albani; repreſenting a Madona and the Infant Jeſus. A Boy ſinging, and accompanying his chaunt with a lute; it is very natural, but not beautiful; being the ſort of vagabond one ſees every day playing about the ſtreets; by Annibal Carracci. A portrait of St. Charles Baromeo; by Carlo Dolci. In the gallery of drawings, all well done, and with great ſpirit: A Cleopatra; by Guido. An Old Man; by the ſame. Two Children rolling a Barrel; by Guercino. An Ecce Homo; by Ludovico Carracci. A Marriage of Cana in Galilee, in which are introduced forty-two figures, with a beautiful view in perſpective: the drawing is only fifteen inches wide,

wide, and five and a half high; the author unknown, but worthy of the greateſt maſter in its ſtyle. There are ſeveral other very good drawings, in this little gallery, but thoſe I have mentioned are the moſt ſtriking.

Palazzo di Buono Figliuoli. A ſingular picture of a Holy Family ſailing in a bark to Egypt, piloted by an angel; of Ludovico Carracci. A Suſannah and Elders; her averſion to the old men ſtrong and natural; the old men equally well characteriſed; by Cavadone. Sampſon ſleeping on the lap of Dalilah, two Philiſtines behind her; ſhe is delicate and beautiful; the Philiſtines ſhew great apprehenſion leſt Sampſon ſhould wake; it is well done, and as intereſting as the ſubject admits of; by Lionello Spada. Mary Magdalen purchaſing the precious ointment from a merchant; the former expreſſes great generoſity and ardour to conclude the bargain, the latter has the air and manner of an old covetous ſmouſe; by Guercino: I think I never met with this ſubject before. A capital picture of the Reſurrection of Lazarus; by Chiarini, a ſcholar of the Carraccis. A fine Crucifixion (ſmall) by Michael Angelo Buonarotti. A beautiful picture by Raffaello; the ſubject is the Marriage of Saint Catherine; the force of the glowing colours and beautiful *chiara oſcuro* dulls all the pictures in its vicinity. The great

great powers of this Prince of Painters can never be ſufficiently admired by the *virtuoſi*, nor ſtudied and copied by all artiſts who are ambitious to excel. A Battle of Pilgrims, Beggars, and Market-women, in the moſt riſible attitudes; amongſt many odd groups is an old woman in a violent paſſion, who having thrown down a ſturdy beggar, is beating him unmercifully with his own crutch. This ſtrange ſcene of diſorder and confuſion is by Brughel.

A picture of the Murder of the Innocents, though by no means a capital one, gives one female figure highly expreſſive of extreme diſtreſs, both her arms being held from ſaving her child, ſhe in an agony of rage bites the arm of one of the ſoldiers, who is about to murder her infant; it is by Maſſani.

A *Noli me tangere*, finely done, author unknown. A Philoſopher; by Guercini.

The Incredulity of St. Thomas, a moſt intereſting picture, the keeping admirable; by Guercini. A Cleopatra; by the ſame. A St. Gierolimo; by Annibal Carracci. A dreadful picture of the putting out Sampſon's eyes; too ſhocking for contemplation; the cruel pleaſure of Dalilah is quite infernal: we ſhould hope that ſo barbarous a woman had never exiſted; by Piarini. Another horrible ſubject, of Jael driving a nail into the head of Siſera: the circum-

ſtances in this picture are too affecting for deſcription; I ſhall only ſay, that it is perfectly well executed; by a painter unknown.

A Sybill, by Guido, and a Cupid of equal merit, by the ſame. A Marriage of St. Catherine (ſmall) the heads remarkably fine; by Dioniſio Fiamingo. The ſame large; by Ludovico Carracci. A *Notto di Natale*; by Geſſi.

Two Children, by Elizabeth Sirani, in the manner of Guido. Another *Natale*, by Caravagio, a beautiful ſimple ſtyle of painting. A frize in freſco, by the Carracci, repreſents the hiſtory of Brutus and Cæſar, the conſpiration, &c. A ceiling divided into ſmall compartments painted in the old manner, with ſeveral devices; amongſt many others are two, which I particularly remember: a thunderbolt falling into the ground, produces a Laurel-tree; its motto *de fulmine Laurus:* the other, a fire blown by the wind; motto, *Creſcit in Adverſis.* I ſhould not mention theſe trifles, but from my partiality to the quaint conceits of former times: by the way, I have increaſed my collection of mottoes for ſun-dials.

In this palace is a ſmall cabinet furniſhed with ſome good drawings by Guercino and the Carraccis; one particularly of a proceſſion, compoſed of a multiplicity of figures.

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The *Palazzo Pepoli* is richly furniſhed: there are ſome good freſco paintings on the ceilings and cornices, &c. by Columna di Catuti, Donato Creti, and Graziani; alſo ſome aërian perſpective, by Spaniroli. The moſt remarkable object here is a clock of perpetual motion; the ball runs over a picture of Cupids, by Albani. This picture is placed horizontally upon the top of the inſide of the clock, a looking-glaſs in a ſloping inclination reflects it, and the Cupids appear in the glaſs playing at ball.

Palazzo Ranuzzi; containing the largeſt collection I have yet ſeen of bad pictures; the moſt tolerable amongſt them are a Joſeph and Potiphar's Wife; it is a copy from Guido, by Sementi. A Rape of Helen, and a Rape of Proſerpine, by Lucca Giordano.

St. Francis, and an angel playing on the fiddle; by Guercino. St. Gieralimo liſtening to the trumpet of the laſt judgment; by Annibal Carracci.

A piece of perſpective, well enough; by Agoſtino Mitelli. With regard to the merits of this collection, I am ſo unfortunate as to differ widely from Cochin, who I ſhrewdly ſuſpect never ſaw them, as he mentions ſeveral pieces unknown here. The front of this palace is in a good ſtile of architecture, the deſign Palladio's; and the ſtaircaſe, which is aſcended by two flights,

ingeniouſly contrived and well proportioned; but upon the whole, the palaces of Bologna are not comparable in reſpect to architecture, furniture, and magnificence to thoſe of Genoa: they are much out of repair, and contain a prodigious number of bad pictures, which ought to be baniſhed their collections; for of what uſe can ſuch miſerable traſh be to poſterity, unleſs merely to ſerve inſtead of ſilk, tapeſtry, or paper, to cover the walls; and I think any of the three preferable to old, rotten, ill-daubed canvas.

I am now come to the churches.

In the ſacriſtie of La Madonna di Galiera is an old portrait of a monk of the order of St. Phillipe de Neri, by himſelf, but ſo well done, that there is no antique painter except Raffaello who can excel it, in my opinion; it has all the merit a portrait can boaſt, except that peculiarity of colouring I have ſo often mentioned in Raffaello's pictures.

A very agreeable picture of a Holy Family, with a concert of angels; by Jeſſi.

A beautiful Madonna; by Guido. Several miniatures by Cavadonne and Albani, and two of the fineſt paintings of the Annunciation I have yet ſeen, by Annibal Carracci: it is wonderful how well and how ill this painter has worked. In the

firſt chapel to the left on entering the church, is a picture of St. Philip in extacy; by Guercino. In the ſecond, a good picture by Albani; the ſubject an Infant Jeſus ſtanding between the Virgin and St. Joſeph, to whom the angel preſents *Gli ſtrumenti della paſſione* in the preſence of God the Father; the heads are graceful: if there is any fault, the glory appears too confuſed, though well illuminated.

Adam and Eve, and other freſco pictures in the ſame chapel, are in ſo bad a light, there is no forming any judgment of their merits. In the third chapel is a St. Thomas touching the wounds of our Saviour in preſence of the other apoſtles; the drawing is fine, the colouring too grey; by Thereſa Muratore Moneta. In a chapel detached from the church is a painting on the wall, by Ludovico Carracci; repreſenting an *Ecce Homo*, and Pilate, waſhing his hands: it is finely compoſed, the colouring ſtrong and vigorous.

The church of Gieſu and Maria; in the firſt chapel, a picture of St. William on his knees before a crucifix; above is a glory, with a Virgin, St. Magdalene, and ſeveral little children; in the back ground are two little devils creeping into the earth; the glory is the ſtriking part of the picture; they are well grouped; the heads are graceful; but the St. William fails in character; by Albani. Over the great altar

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is a capital picture of the Circumciſion; by Guercino. This ſubject is admirably executed, and worthy the inſpection of all ſtrangers, Guercino having exerted all his powers in the completion of this excellent morſel. The architect of this church was Bonefacio Socchi; it is ſmall, but elegant, and its decorations are of the Compoſite Order.

The *Mendicants di Dentro*, a well proportioned church, contains ſeveral capital paintings. In the firſt chapel, to the right, is a moſt intereſting picture, by Aleſſandro Tiarini; St. Joſeph brought by angels on his knees to the Virgin, to beg pardon for his unjuſt ſuſpicions. The colouring is ſtrong, and the drawing correct: the Virgin is not as graceful as ſhe ought to be, and the air of her head is too ignoble. However, ſhe pardons St. Joſeph with an air of great condeſcenſion, raiſing him up with one hand, and pointing to heaven with the other. In the fourth chapel, to the right, is a picture of Cavadone; here St. Alo and St. Petronio are on their knees, adoring the Infant Jeſus, who appears in a Glory with the Virgin: there is a verity in the compoſition, *clair obſcure*, and the ſtuffs that form the drapery truly admirable, although that of the Virgin, by way of giving it *relief*, has been too much blackened in ſome places.

The

The large picture of Guido, placed over the great altar, is more eſteemed at Bologna than I think it deſerves. Another chapel contains ſix ſmall pictures of angels, finely coloured, by Bertrozio, a ſcholar of Ludovico Carracci. In the chapel is a charming picture, by Guido; the ſubject St. Giobbe replaced on his throne, and receiving magnificent offerings. Amongſt many other graceful figures is an elegant nymph, who bears a white diſh full of jewels, and a boy carrying a precious vaſe, of the laſt beauty: there is ſomething wonderfully ſtriking in his figure and face. We lament that the object of all this homage appears an inſipid, ſtupid-looking perſonage, I mean St. Giobbe. Though there are ſeveral figures, they are free from confuſion; the painting is thin and delicate to a great degree, the complexions tranſparent, the drapery light, and the plaits numerous and diſtinct; the *clair obſcure* is beautifully blended, and the out-lines melt into air, ſo as to give a beautiful ſoftneſs and union as in nature. We gave a good half-hour to the conſideration of this picture. The vault of the chapel is painted by Cavadone. There is a very extraordinary picture in this church, which neither Lalande nor Cochin have noticed; it repreſents our Saviour ſitting in a carver's ſhop, dreſſed in a purple robe lined with blue ſattin, and ſcarlet ſilk ſtockings; he

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is carving a ſort of TERM, which has a woman's head and a bird's beak and wings: an old beggar-man ſeems to have bought a wooden goblet, and offers to pay for it, but his money is refuſed. Behind the man is an old woman, well done; in the back-ground St. Joſeph is planing a board; above all is a glory, in which appear the Virgin and two angels deſcending, one bearing a mitre, the other a croſier; by Tiarini.

Corpus Domini, a church belonging to the convent of nuns of the order called in France *Clariſtes*. It is a very elegant church, and finely decorated with columns of the Compoſite order: the vaulted roof is painted, and the ornaments are in a good taſte. Over the fourth altar, to the right, are two pictures, by Ludovico Carracci; one repreſen s the Apparition of our Saviour; the other, an Aſſumption of the Virgin, and the apoſtles ſeeking the body of Jeſus in the tomb; they are both good pictures, but of a dead and lead-coloured tint. Over the fourth altar, to the left, is a fine painting, by Annibal Carracci, of the Reſurrection: the foreſhortening is ingenious, the drawing is fine, but fails in reſpect to the colouring; a defect rarely found in this maſter.

St. Agneſe; in this church, over the great altar, is a charming picture of the Martyrdom of St. Agneſe; ſhe appears about

about thirteen years old; and is expiring from the ſtroke of a dagger juſt plunged into her boſom. Imagination cannot paint a more innocent beauty, with ſuch angelic dignity and meekneſs; ſhe is robed in white, and her amiable figure is finely contraſted by an old wicked wretch, who having juſt ſtabbed her, ſeems tranſported with ſuperſtitious zeal and fantaſtic cruelty. Some young girls, apparently her acquaintance, expreſs their grief and terror in the moſt natural manner: on the fore-ground is her mother and ſiſter; the former has fainted away, and the latter weeps bitterly, hiding her head in her mother's lap to avoid ſeeing the dreadful cataſtrophe. At the feet of St. Agneſe is a lamb ſhe had brought up; this poor animal heightens the diſtreſs; he appears to be bleating, and looks up to his miſtreſs with a moſt expreſſive ſorrow. At the top of the picture is a glory of angels playing on various inſtruments of muſic; an angel receives the palm for St. Agneſe from God the Father. The drawing and colouring is fine, and full of expreſſion: it is certainly a moſt capital picture; but as there is nothing abſolutely faultleſs in the works of art, ſo the *connoiſſeurs* object to the glory, alleging that it forms as it were a ſecond picture, being placed too low, &c. This I do not deny, but ſuppoſe that Dominichini could not have a church built on purpoſe for his picture, but was obliged

to confine himſelf to the ſpace allotted him, in which caſe he is blameleſs; for had he leſſened the glory, to make it appear higher up, and fore-ſhortened his angels, they could not have been diſtinguiſhed the one from the other.

Saint Dominico: in the fifth chapel is the famous Maſſacre of the Innocents, by Guido: it is a very fine picture, but a dreadful ſubject to contemplate. A much admired little Cupola, painted in freſco by the ſame. The Apparition of the Virgin to St. Giacinto, who is about to celebrate the maſs, by Ludovico Carracci. The Adoration of the Magi, by Bartholomeo Ceſi. St. Raymond walking on the ſea, by Ludovico Carracci.

The chapel of the Roſary contains a quantity of plate, received in preſents from various perſons, and given upon condition of never being melted down for the profit of the community: here are a great many ſilver bouquets, which are remarkably well wrought at Bologna. Under the portico which ſurrounds this church are many freſco paintings, repreſenting miracles performed by St. Benizio the Firſt; the beſt of theſe freſco's is by Carlo Cigniani; it repreſents a dead child lying at the foot of the Saint's monument, and a blind man who touches the tomb. In the church, and over the ſeventh altar, is a picture called *la Madonna del Mondo*, by Tiarini; a fine picture, though

though it has ſuffered by time. A Crucifixion, by Elizabeth Sirani. A picture which repreſents the Preſentation of the Virgin when a child in the temple with St. Anne and St. Joachim: the colouring, drawing, and the heads are fine; by Tiarini. A fine picture, freſh and highly finiſhed, by Albani: its ſubject the Apparition of our Saviour to Mary Magdalen. The Church of St. Georgio in Monte; a celebrated picture, by Raffaello. In the ſeventh chapel, to the left, St. Cecilia appears with St. Paul and other Saints; their two figures are worthy of Raffaello; having ſo ſaid, it is needleſs to add more, than that it is eſteemed one of his moſt capital performances.

The Birth of the Virgin, a beautiful picture: the two women who embrace each other are of amiable and graceful characters; by Arectuſi.

In a chapel, I think the eighth to the right, you ſee a very large picture, by Dominichino; it is confuſed, the lights and ſhadows broad in an extreme, and the declination from light to darkneſs too ſudden; the ſubject is called the Virgin of the Roſary; the draping is finely executed. This is the laſt church, and I dare ſay you are not ſorry for it; I mean it is the laſt I have ſeen, for there are many more in Bologna, which we do not mean to viſit. I

muſt reſerve the theatre and the *inſtituto* for my next letter; therefore adieu, &c.

LETTER XXVII.

Bologna, Dec. 13, 1770.

I AM in high ſpirits, having received three letters at once from you. (As the firſt part of this letter conſiſts of family-occurrences, entirely unintereſting to the public, the Editor has omitted them, and proceeds to the farther deſcription of Bologna.)

The *Inſtituto* is a vaſt palace, which formerly belonged to the Celleſi family; the architect Pelegrino Tibaldi. The Senate of Bologna purchaſed this palace in the year 1714, for the reception of a great collection of curioſities, which the famous Marſigli bequeathed to his countrymen. This extenſive building is divided into ſeveral apartments, claſſed according to their contents; ſomewhat in the manner of the Britiſh Muſæum. Here is an academy for the ſciences, a library, an obſervatory, a great collection of natural hiſtory, a hall for chemiſtry, a ſecond for anatomy, and one for painting and ſculpture; here are alſo profeſſors for every art and ſcience, who, though upon ſmall appointments, yet by their knowledge and exact attention to their different departments,

ments, do honour to their country. The whole of their ſalaries does not exceed two thouſand ſcudi. This fine eſtabliſhment is under the direction of ſix ſenators. The *Inſtituto* is diſtinct from the Univerſity, which is the moſt celebrated in Italy, and where is chiefly ſtudied grammar, rhetoric, philoſophy, phyſic, and juriſprudence; they trace the antiquity of its eſtabliſhment up to the Emperor Theodoſius. The Academy of Sciences makes part of the Inſtituto, and was begun in the year 1690, by a young man aged ſixteen years only, one Euſtatio Manfredi; he formed a little ſociety, who met together at ſtated times to confer upon ingenious ſubjects. The Count Marſigli invited them to aſſemble in his palace, and ſet on foot a little academy of painting. Some years after, he obtained the concurrence and encouragement of the Senate to extend the plan he had ſo happily begun; profeſſors, &c. were then appointed. This took place about the year 1714, as I have ſaid above, and has continued ever ſince to flouriſh and augment under their auſpices, and its preſent ſtate is not unworthy to be compared with the Societies of Arts and Sciences of London, Paris, and Berlin. The obſervatory called here the *Specola*, is a high tower, well furniſhed with aſtronomical and mathematical inſtruments.

The Library contains one hundred and fifteen thouſand volumes (you will readily believe

believe we did not count them). This collection is open for the inſpection of the public for ſeveral hours every morning, except Wedneſdays, and is much frequented. The ſtair-caſe and antichamber contain many curious inſcriptions. They conſerve in the library, with the greateſt care, four hundred manuſcript volumes, fourteen of which conſiſt of figures of plants and animals, with their deſcriptions. This vaſt work was the labour of one man, the celebrated Aldrovandi. There are alſo manuſcripts of Pope Benizio and the Count Marſigli. The library is adorned with the portraits of all the illuſtrious perſonages who have been benefactors or protectors of this collection.

Here is a hall for the ſtudy of midwifery, which has been of great ſervice to the Bologneſe, containing about ſeventy different models in wax, &c. &c. Before this art had been properly taught and lectured upon in the *Inſtituto*, many wretched women fell ſacrifices to the ignorance of the Bologneſe midwives.

The collection of Natural Hiſtory is extremely curious; here is a fine Egyptian mummy, and ſeveral rare animals; amongſt others, is a toad whoſe young ones ſeem to proceed from her back. In the hall for experimental philoſophy are curious inſtruments for electricity; for experiments reſpecting light, fire, ſolids, and fluids, the properties

properties of air, thermometers, barometers, &c. &c.

Here is a Hall containing curious models of civil, and another of military architecture, with plans in fortification, esteemed very valuable, presented to the Society by the King of Sardinia: another for the marine, furnished with models of ships and other naval matters. In the Hall of Antiques, which particularly attracted our curiosity and attention, are several idols; and amongst the instruments of sacrifice is a Patera, on which is represented the birth of Minerva, one of the rarest curiosities in the collection; also several fine Etruscan vases, sepulchral lamps, Roman urns, and many culinary utensils; together with a fine collection of medals; but our time did not admit of examining them; they consist of a series of fifteen hundred, beginning with Pompey and Julius Cæsar, and ending with Heraclitus; besides many others equally curious. Also a collection of false medals, resembling the true, for the instruction of those who apply themselves to that study, and to enable them to distinguish the true from the false.

In the Gallery of Statues are several originals, and fine copies or models from some of the most famous at Rome; as the Laocoon of the Belvidere, the Hercules and Flora of Farnese, the Mars, with the Arria

and

and Pœtus of the villa Ludoviſi. The Prince Piombino cauſed this to be made, but had the mould broke and deſtroyed immediately after, to prevent any other copies being taken. The Meleager of Piccini, the Arrotino of Florence, &c.

The gallery of paintings was begun by a Bologneſe of the houſe of Zambeccari, who bought ſeveral pictures of value, but nothing great; and preſented them to the ſociety. The academy of painting gives premiums to young proficients, as in England. Here is a ceiling well painted, by Pellegrino Tibaldi; it repreſents ſeveral events taken from the Odyſſey. The figures are curiouſly foreſhortened, and correctly deſigned; Carlo Cigniani was the chief painter who belonged to this academy; here he lived, worked, and died.

They have alſo a Botanic Garden, which we wiſhed to examine, but the weather being cold, and many of the plants out of ſeaſon, I ſatisfied myſelf with knowing there was a garden, but did not go into it. We were told it contains ſome very curious plants, ſuch as the Papyrus of Sicily, l'Indigefera, the Petiveria, the Pſoralea, the Accacia without thorns, &c. *

In the Hall for Phyſics are ſome good freſcos, by Nicolo Abati.

The

* The ingenious Signior Buſſi has publiſhed a diſſertation on a new genus of plants.

The great Theatre * is new and extremely commodious; the paſſages being wide, and the whole of the building is of ſtone, even the ſtair-caſe, ſo that a fire could not do it much damage. The boxes contain ſix or ſeven people each, and are ſo well contrived, that thoſe behind can ſee the ſtage as well as thoſe in front.

The little Theatre, in which they perform operas at preſent, is very pretty, and would be eſteemed fine and capacious, was it not that there is ſtill a better. The boxes of the little Theatre are furniſhed according to the different taſtes of their owners; they all belonging to particulars: ſome are hung with rich Lyons-ſilks, brocaded with gold or ſilver, others with plain damaſks with gold fringe. The box of the *Senatrice* Aldrovandi is lined with blue and ſilver, and has a very pretty effect. The boxes are lighted by wax-candles in ſilver branches, behind which are placed looking-glaſſes, which have a brilliant effect when lighted up. I think the opera charming, and the dances, which are in the groteſque taſte, extremely diverting; but we underſtand that this opera is by no means approved of by the Bologneſe,

* It was built in 1760, where the antient palace of the Bentivoglio's ſtood. This palace had been demoliſhed in 1505, by the order of Pope Julio the Second, who feared the greatneſs of the Bentivoglios, the ancient rivals of the Holy See in the Sovereignty of Bologna.

Bologneſe, who ſay they have ſeldom one ſo indifferent, either in reſpect of muſic or dancing: but theſe good people are over-nice; and I am very ſure, was the whole choir of ſingers and dancers to be tranſported to London, they would meet with univerſal approbation; for there are no bad voices nor bad dancers amongſt them. All the operas I have ſeen in London could ſeldom boaſt above one good voice, and rarely more than two tolerable dancers; the others being frequently ridiculouſly bad. No ſong can be repeated until the Cardinal Legate gives his ſanction, by holding up his hand. It ſurpriſed me much to ſee an Abbé, in the proper dreſs, introduced as a groteſque character, who appears to be a true *Tartuffe*; I ſhould have thought this piece of wit would have been eſteemed impertinent by their Em--n--ces, but they applauded as loudly as the populace. The Bologna ladies have frequently card parties in their boxes. This cuſtom anſwers a good end, you muſt acknowledge; for as the opera laſts enormouſly long, and they never give the leaſt degree of attention to more than two or three favourite ſongs, and as many dancers, *ennui* ſeizes them, and is apt to become epidemical; the card-table is welcome: games of chance are what they generally play, ſo that their attention is not entirely devoted to their cards; thus they partake

of

of two amuſements at the ſame time. I naturally paſs from the Theatre to the Aſſemblies; which are ſufficiently numerous to be agreeable; the ladies in turn open their houſes once or twice a week, where you are ſure to meet a ſelect company of the firſt people of Bologna. None are admitted but thoſe who are acquainted with each other, excepting ſtrangers, invited through their recommendations. The only objection to this cuſtom, if it can be objected to, is, that the ſociety is the ſame every night, transferred to different houſes. Thoſe who for the ſake of variety wiſh to meet improper people, who play high, and infeſt their betters, can never find amuſement in a Bologneſe aſſembly. Their play is moderate, nor is it neceſſary to play at all; for you may always find a little circle of half a dozen people of both ſexes, who can keep up the ball of converſation with as much vivacity and politeneſs as at Paris. The *Palazzo Barbazza* is elegantly furniſhed; the miſtreſs of the houſe has a moſt amiable manner, and does the honours of her aſſembly with as much grace as any lady I know. I had heard the Italians were ceremonious; I have not yet perceived this defect. The perfection of good-breeding appears to me to conſiſt in putting every body at their eaſe; whoever, by a politeneſs *mal-entendue*, lays their company under reſtraint, deprives them of

their

their liberty for the time. We have often experienced this ſpecies of captivity in other nations; but I muſt leave this digreſſion, to aſſure you I could paſs the Winter here extremely to my taſte, were not Florence, Rome, and Naples ſtill before us; but theſe great objects conſtantly reproach our delay at Bologna. We ſhall quit with regret this agreeable city and its inhabitants. The *Caſa Zambecari*, that of *Rannuzzi*, and ſome others, are now open. The Cardinal Legate and the Vice Legate have no aſſembly for cards, but they give magnificent and ſelect *converſationes*; and have both honoured us with their intimacy. The Vice Legate is become an intimate friend of M——'s. He is a man of letters, has much of the Engliſhman about him, loves and honours our nation, admires our government and laws; is fond of our beſt authors, reads Engliſh well, and ſpeaks it very intelligibly, though learnt without the aſſiſtance of a maſter. Think what pains he muſt have taken to have made a conſiderable proficiency in a language ſo extremely difficult to all foreigners. *La Marcheſe* M—— ſpeaks French well, has a great deal of wit, and a very agreeable perſon; her ſiſter L—— has been a famous beauty; the Counteſs O—— has an excellent heart and moſt amiable diſpoſition, but * * * * * * * * * if the Bologneſe ladies are cenſured for gallantry,

gallantry, ſome allowance ſhould be made for their education in convents, and their being led to the altar as victims, for ſacrifice to any diſagreeable wretch their parents think proper to beſtow them upon; if the *Caro Spoſo* be rich, and of a good family, no matter how old, ugly, and diſguſting. When you conſider the kind of education a young Italian lady receives in her convent, the implicit obedience required by her *directeur* to the Roman Catholic religion, and to her parents (where by the former ſhe can be abſolved from any crime by indulgences, ſin as much as ſhe will) the tyranny of the latter becomes much more tolerable, and ſhe is ſcarcely blameable for any gallant incident ſhe may be involved in by artful men and bad examples. This is too ample a field for me to expatiate upon; but as I underſtand that throughout all Italy the manners reſpecting marriages are much the ſame, I ſhall touch lightly for the future upon the gallantry and coquettry of the Italian ladies. In regard to the origin of Ciceſbeos, that topic I muſt reſerve for another time, when I ſhall have ſeen more of Italy.

I now return to what remains concerning the city of Bologna; the towers, the fountains, ſtreets, manufactures, and the natural hiſtory of its environs; but firſt I ſhall mention the dreſs of its inhabitants. The *Nobleſſe* are dreſſed in the faſhion of France,

France, and are generally very fine, in Lyons ſilks, furs, and diamonds; the men are alſo dreſſed in the mode of that country. The *bourgeois* wear a cloak when they walk the ſtreets, which they wrap round them; the *bourgeoiſe* wear a kind of cloſe gown buttoned, with ſleeves down to their wriſts; it reſembling a kind of riding-dreſs the farmers wives wear in England called Joſephs; when they go out they cover themſelves with the *zendado*. The *païſanes* wear their *chinion* braided, and a ſtraw hat; their boſoms are covered with a *colorette* of cambrick trimmed with a narrow lace; they wear cloſe gowns, like the *bourgeoiſe*. Having done with their dreſs, I proceed to the Tower of Arſinelli; it was built in the year 1109. Lalande ſays, it is three hundred and ſeven Paris feet high, without including the cupola; it leans to one ſide three feet and a half, Paris meaſure. The Tower of Gariſendi, which is built very near the other, is one hundred and forty-four feet high only, but is out of the perpendicular eight feet two inches; the inclination of theſe Towers is evidently the effect of deſign, as appears from the conſtruction of their interior parts; they are both of brick. From the Tower Arſinelli may be diſcerned four little towns, one of which is Cento, at eighteen miles diſtance.

In

In the Piazza Maggiore is a large fountain, by the celebrated ſculptor Giovani di Bologna; all the figures are in bronze: the moſt elevated (and which gives to the group a pyramidical form when taken all together) is that of Neptune; he is ſtanding with one foot upon a dolphin; one hand bears the trident, the other is ſtretched out from him. At the four corners of the plinth that ſuſtains Neptune, are little children ſitting, who appear to be guiding dolphins placed at the bottom of the angles of the pedeſtal; upon theſe dolphins ride four ſyrens, who preſs the water out of their breaſts; it ſprings out alſo from the mouths of the dolphins, and falling into large ſhells, eſcapes from them into a baſon, from which is a deſcent of three broad ſteps. The Neptune is in a moſt majeſtic attitude; he appears to be of middle age. The anatomy is finely rendered; the proportions perfect, the attitude noble and full of ſpirit; his countenance expreſſes more fierceneſs than pride. It is worth remarking, that from every point of view he appears to equal advantage. The ſyrens are graceful, though not without expreſſing a conſciouſneſs of their charms, which they ſeem endeavouring to diſplay to the beſt advantage. The children are natural, and the dolphins appear active and lively. The *connoiſſeurs* who ſeek faults, aſſert the pedeſtal to have the air

of

of a mauſoleum, and that the group is too confuſed; there not being a ſufficient ſpace preſerved between the figures. Here are ſeveral other fountains worthy the inſpection of ſtrangers; but I mention this only as being the firſt

This town is well built, yet the ſtreets appear dark and melancholy, occaſioned by a piazza which projects over the broad pavement to ſhelter thoſe who walk. Some of the palaces have fine fronts, though the Architecture in general is but indifferent.

Bologna is famous for a ſilk manufactory. There are mills in towers, which go by water, and mill the ſilk in order to prepare it for the loom. The rivers (which, properly ſpeaking, are mountain-torrents) called the Reno, the Savena, and the Aveſa, are of great uſe to the manufactures; and they ſupply the fountains.

The *Orfevres* are allowed to work curiouſly in gold ornaments, and make a kind of crape of gold worth ſeeing.

Here is a manufacture of paper, of which you may yourſelf judge, as I have wrote my letters from hence upon what they eſteem the firſt ſort; the bluiſh caſt is given by a ſort of gum mixed with it when in a fluid ſtate, as I underſtood from them. The Macaroni made here is highly eſteemed. Proviſions for the table of all kinds are excellent; hog-meat remarkably good; the Bologna ſau-

ſages

ſages and mortadellas, alſo the cervellas, are, I believe, the beſt in Europe: the hogs are of the large breed; their hair fiery red. The *liqueurs*, particularly thoſe of the manufacture of Giachimo Gnudi, are famous, and are ſent, as alſo the ſauſages, to moſt parts of Europe; the *roſa ſola*, or *roſſelia di aneſino* is the beſt. All kinds of confectionaries are made in great perfection; the *cotognati*, or jelly of quince, is particularly fine. I have got the receipts for all the kinds of ſauſages, the *liqueurs*, and the *cotognati*. Their grapes are excellent, which they have the art of conſerving for eight or nine months, in ſuch perfection as to appear newly gathered. I informed myſelf alſo in regard to this article of the *menage*. The beſt and moſt eſteemed kinds are the *Uva Paradiſa* and the *Uva Angola:* the ſeeds are oval, and the ſkins of the fruit uncommonly thin and tender. They value themſelves upon a ſpecies of melon, which they believe to be the beſt in the world; but the ſeaſon is now over for them. Their white truffles are as good as thoſe of Turin, excepting that flavour of garlick which the Piedmonteſe admire in their own. The Bologna tobacco and ſnuff is eſteemed the beſt in Italy. The breed of lap-dogs peculiar to this country are extremely beautiful. *Madama Aldrovandi* was ſo very obliging as to ſend me one of the moſt perfect I ever ſaw,

upon a magnificent velvet cuſhion, trimmed with gold fringe ; * but I found myſelf under a neceſſity of refuſing this pretty creature ; my chief reaſon was, that I could not think of making my own dog * * uneaſy, who has been my faithful companion and friend ſince I left * * *, and ſhe ſhewed ſuch a viſible jealouſy and diſguſt to this little ſtranger, that I determined not to vex her ; however, I did not venture to give this reaſon for my refuſal, leſt I ſhould be laughed at, but alleged that one dog was ſufficiently embarraſſing upon a journey, and that if any accident ſhould happen from change of climate, &c. to this Bologna beauty, it would be a great vexation to me.

Many natural curioſities are found in the neighbourhood of this city ; the moſt remarkable are the rock-cryſtal, of which there is great abundance near the river Setta, and curious petrifactions near the Caſtello Creſpellana ; but there is nothing ſo extraordinary as the Pietra de Monte Paderno, with which the famous phoſphorus of Bologna is compoſed ; if is called *il cuminabile*, or *ſpongia di luce :* they are found only in this mountain near the town ; and require but a ſimple calcination, when they immediately become luminous, caſting a red, fiery light in an obſcure place : they retain this

* It was curled *(friſée)*, and ornamented with roſe-coloured ribbon round the neck and legs.

this property three years, and then by a re-calcination become as luminous as after the firſt. I have got ſome of this phoſphorus, which one of the profeſſors of the Inſtituto was ſo obliging to preſent me with, along with ſome cryſtallized petrified ſhells found in this country, remarkably curious. If the old proverb is true, that a rolling ſtone will never gather moſs, yet reverſe it, and rolling moſs may gather ſtones; for, ſuppoſing me to repreſent the moſs, my collection of foſſils, if they augment in proportion to what they have hitherto done, may, I fear, endanger the bottoms of our trunks. But to return to the phoſphorus; in its natural or brute ſtate, it ſeems to be a ſpecies of talc with ſhining cryſtalline particles; no ſhells are ever found in it, and it is very rare to find a phoſphorus ſtone compoſed of a ſparry ſubſtance. We propoſe reaching Florence the 17th or 18th, as we have been told the inns are bad on the road. The Cardinal Legate has been ſo obliging as to give us a letter for the ſuperior of a convent ſituated on the Appenine: this is a very great favour; for it is a ſtrong exertion of his power to prevail upon the monks to receive a woman (at leaſt publicly) within their ſacred walls. I am quite charmed with the idea of ſleeping in this convent, and ſurpriſing the monks, for they are to have no previous notice; but the order is of ſuch a nature, that they muſt

admit and entertain us at whatever hour we may happen to arrive; his Eminence has ſome humour in this affair. We have alſo letters of recommendation to Florence and Rome, which I do not queſtion will procure us many agreeableneſſes in thoſe cities. * * * * * *

I have juſt received a fine pheaſant, a preſent from *la Conteſſa Orſi*; it was accompanied by a beautiful *bouquet*, compoſed of three great carnations; I am ſure a large ſaucer would not cover the flower of any of them, and a great variety of fine ranunculuſes: the *bouquet* and a note were tied with a roſette of roſe-coloured ribbon to the pheaſant's feet: how graceful are theſe people in every trifle! Theſe fine flowers are in the common beds at this ſeaſon; and what is very ſurpriſing, ſnow, though it lies on the ground, does not affect them. There is a ſpecies of fennel here which is excellent, eat as cellery; it has a fine ſweet taſte, without the acrid flavour of our Engliſh fennel; is cultivated like our cellery, in ridges, but muſt be raiſed in a common hot-bed in the month of March; when it has been tranſplanted and earthed up, it blanches like cellery, but always retains a greeniſh caſt; it is extremely tender, and breaks off ſhort; they ſerve it in the deſerts. There are great plenty of Malteſe oranges ſold here in the fruit-ſhops, and are cheap; they have the fineſt flavour imaginable;

able; and as to their ſize, it is too incredible to be committed to paper: *le vrai*, you know, is not always *le vrai ſemblable*. Adieu. I hope we ſhall have tolerable weather for our journey. * * * * * * * * * * * *

I ſhall write again immediately on our arrival at Florence.

P. S. The ſtreets, for theſe two or three days paſt, have been crowded with Jeſuits; their number in this town only exceeds four thouſand: they are arrived from Paraguay and Spain, &c. many of them appear to be in extreme want and diſtreſs. the greater number are on their way to Rome, to ſee what their holy papa will do for them. We were amazed to ſee ſuch a crowd of theſe new arrivals at the opera as almoſt filled the pit. Theſe ſeemed to be in tolerable circumſtances. They wear the habit of their order; and for the moſt part appear pitiable objects. The populace load them with maledictions as they paſs, and refuſe to beſtow upon them the ſmalleſt aſſiſtance.

LETTER XXVIII.

Florence, Dec. 18th, 1770.

WE are arrived here in perfect health, admirably well lodged at Vanini's, where you find true Engliſh cleanlineſs, elegance, and

and civility. The Engliſh will have a real loſs in old Mrs. Vanini when ſhe departs this life; and I wiſh, for their ſakes, her daughter-in-law may imitate the example ſhe ſets her: her ſon alſo behaves quite well in his ſtation; but it is particularly agreeable for female travellers, to find a hoſteſs of the ſtamp of Mrs. Vanini, who perfectly underſtands her buſineſs, is juſt in her dealings, reſpectful in her behaviour, friendly without the leaſt familiarity, and has the art of making her hôtel ſeem one's own houſe. Her attentions are ſuch as I have never before experienced from any perſon in her ſituation. In ſhort, I tell you I am charmed with this old Engliſhwoman, and am ſorry it is not in our power to make a longer ſtay at Florence than we propoſe. Our apartment conſiſts of a large anti-chamber, an excellent bed-chamber within, and a room without a bed, which the French call *un cabinet de jour*, for the anti-chamber is a dining-room; from the former we have a door that opens upon a terrace with a baluſtrade round it, from whence is a fine view of the famous bridge with cycloid arches, the Arno, the town, &c. The apartment is hung with crimſon damaſk, and ornamented with pictures. Our expences, as lodgings, firing, (the wood is dear here) lights, eating, wine, &c. twenty-ſix pauls a-day; (a paul is ten ſols French.) Our remiſe is at a fixed

fixed price, ten pauls a day, and two pauls for the coachman; the *laquais de louage* the ſame as at Bologna and other Italian towns.

We quitted Bologna the 15th, but began our journey too late; and were guilty of the ſame imprudence the next morning, which obliged us to lie two nights on the road, though the diſtance is only ſixty-three miles. The road from Bologna, for about two or three miles, is through a cultivated country; the farmers and peaſants appear rich and happy; but the reſt of the way is extremely diſagreeable, the mountains ſeeming as if they would never end; the road however is ſafe, and all the aſcents paved; but Appenine on Appenine is repeated ſo often, that, to gratify your curioſity at our return, I drew upon a blank leaf of Lalande (which I held in my hand to ſee what he ſays of the *route)* the outlines of the ſummits of the mountains as they appeared one above the other.

The higher they aſcend, and ſeek to eaſe
Their wearied ſteps, their labours ſtill encreaſe:
To one great height a greater doth ſucceed,
And every hill another ſeems to breed.
Hence all their toils and labours, which before
They had o'ercome, they tremble to explore;
Objects repeated, terrors new preſent,
Whichever way their trembling eyes are bent;
The horrid face of winter hoary white
Appearing, gives ſad limits to the ſight.

So

So when the unſkill'd ſailor vent'rous leaves
His ſweet abode, for which too late he grieves,
And the briſk gale no longer ſwells the ſails,
Far as the view extends the ſea prevails,
Tir'd with the boundleſs proſpect, then he tries
To eaſe his ſight, and upwards caſts his eyes.

Tranſlation from Silius Italicus. See Lives of the Roman Poets, by Cruſius.

By the way, that I may not forget to mention it, there was not the leaſt appearance of flame or ſmoke when we paſſed by the ground near the village of Pietra Mala, where is a kind of volcano, moſt preciſely deſcribed by Lalande. The ſurface appears of calcined earth; there are various kinds of vitrified ſubſtances, reſembling the droſs and aſhes of a glaſs-houſe, (theſe are the true indications of volcanoes) accompanied with a black ſhining ſand mixed with the ſoil; and this mixture is one of the marks to diſcover and trace them by. We regretted much that this fire did not ſhew itſelf; it is called here *fuoco di legno*, probably from its reſemblance to the clear flame of lighted wood. At length, having traverſed a moſt uncultivated, barren, and bleak waſte, ſo thinly inhabited, as for many miles the country on each ſide ſeems, as "where no human footſteps ever trod," * we gained Scaricalaſino; it was between

* The poſt-houſes generally through Italy are lonely, often no other houſe being near them.

between nine and ten o'clock when we arrived at the gate of the convent, not far from which is the wretched inn where we muſt have ſought ſhelter, had it not been for the Cardinal Legate's kind mandate. The gate of the Convent was immediately opened to us, after the porter had delivered the letter to the Superior, who very politely came out himſelf and conducted us in. We entered a large ſaloon; there we found two Monks; their order is of the White Benedictines, conſequently are of noble deſcent, as this order admits no others. The Superior is a hale, well-looking man, about forty years of age; his behaviour was courteous, affable, and hoſpitable: he ſeemed a man of uncommon good ſenſe, to have a great knowledge of the world, and was very good-humoured and converſible. There are but ſix Monks here; they admit no Novices. They keep two ſervants only, who are well dreſſed, and ſerve as *valets de chambre*. The Monks themſelves take by turn the inſpection of the kitchen. You know the church in all countries inclines to good fare, and this is not a rigid order. Two of the Monks did not appear; I ſuppoſe one was employed in the kitchen, and the other, perhaps, indiſpoſed. The Superior made us many excuſes for the bad fare we ſhould have, and for our being obliged to wait for ſupper; ſaying, they themſelves had already

 ſupped,

ſupped, that they had ſcarce any proviſions in the houſe, and being a *maigre* day alſo, (for it was Saturday) he hoped we would excuſe, &c. however, we did not wait a quarter of an hour for ſupper. They lamented much the not having previous notice of our arrival, as they would have given us a better reception, and added many polite things; but before they had finiſhed, the two ſervants appeared with a ſmall table for M——— and me, and laid a cloth and a lay-over upon it, in our Engliſh faſhion, of the fineſt damaſk I have ever ſeen; it was callendered and pinched, forming a Moſaic pattern; the napkins were curiouſly folded, the plates of the fineſt old China; ſpoons, knives, forks, &c. ſalt-ſellers of ſilver of the moſt elegant faſhion, and ſo clean, that they appeared quite new; they ſerved one diſh at a time; firſt, an admirable gravy-ſoup in a beautiful tureen of the ſame China as the plates; they removed this with a *poularde a la braiſe*, as good as you ever ſaw from Breſſe; then a fry *tres recherchée*, after the Italian eccleſiaſtical faſhion; then a pigeon *pattue don le cul etoit farci*, garniſhed with ſmall cakes, made of a kind of paſte, quite agreeable to eat with the pigeon. The deſſert conſiſted of grapes ſo well conſerved that they ſeemed as juſt gathered, Burey-pears, fine cheſnuts roaſted, and excellent Parmeſan cheeſe. They were

were quite teaſing whilſt we ſupped, with their apologies for ſuch miſerable fare, as they termed it. During our repaſt three cryſtal carraffes were ſet on the table, which held about a pint each ; one filled with an excellent red wine, another with white, and a third with water. At the deſſert a bottle of wine was produced, and the Superior preſſed us to try it. M—— ſaid, it was the fineſt Cypreſs he had ever taſted. Was not this an elegant ſupper for a quarter of an hour's preparation ? They preſſed us during the ſupper to eat, and after ſeemed uneaſy that M—— did not finiſh the bottle of Cypreſs ; inſiſting that he had commended it through compliment only. We ſat together about an hour after ſupper, and I have ſcarce in my life paſſed an evening more agreeably ; the converſation was not only kept up with life and ſpirit by the monks, but the Superior in particular made many brilliant ſallies ; he poſſeſſes a native wit and humour, void of ſatire or ill-nature ; was well verſed in the anecdotes and little events that formed the converſation of the day at Bologna ; had heard of moſt of the Engliſh of any conſequence who had made the tour of Italy for years paſt ; knew their characters, their attachments, and even their perſons had been ſo well deſcribed to him, that we diſcovered ſeveral of them. The Italians, in common with the French and other

other foreigners, are more at a loſs for Engliſh names and titles, than for any other circumſtance that regards them. He ſeemed well acquainted with political affairs, the intereſt of Europe, the balance of power, the real private characters and manner of life of the potentates of Europe, the trade, commerce and intereſt of England, the parties there, &c. &c.

Now don't you want to know how the ſaloon was furniſhed, and what ſort of a room it was? I know you do. Its dimenſions are about forty feet by twenty, and thirty high; it was hung with gilt Turky-leather, which appeared at firſt ſight like a hair-coloured damaſk with gold flowers: the ceiling, Gothic arches in ſections, like a church; the windows placed very high, with ſteps up to them; the ſhutters painted and gilt in *arabeſque*; the chairs exceedingly eaſy, and covered with the ſame materials with the walls; the chimney very large, projecting into the room, and a prodigious fire of excellent dried *ſapin* neatly clove; a fine ſix leaved ſcreen, which was drawn round us (by the way, the firſt I have ſeen ſince I left ———); the ſaloon was lighted by wax candles in magnificent ſilver candleſticks. Before we retired, we thanked the Superior in particular, for the hoſpitable and elegant reception he had given us, and I could not avoid remarking how much it ſurpriſed

priſed me to find ſuch good cheer on the ſummit of the Appenines; he ſhook his head, and ſaid their ſituation was moſt dreadful, that they depended entirely upon the muleteers who paſſed by, for their proviſions; which, though purchaſed from them at their own valuation, yet, from want of attention, theſe people ſupplied them frequently, but ill and ſcantily; that the climate is ſo bad all the year round, and theſe barren Appenines ſo bleak, that neither corn, wine, nor any kind of garden-ſtuff can be produced upon them; even graſs is withered immediately in its attempting to ſpring up, by the keen north-eaſt blaſts, which are almoſt inſufferable even in the month of Auguſt, and frequently accompanied with ſnow; that during part of June and July they have with difficulty raiſed a little ſallad.

In every part eternally prevail
The growing froſt, and undiſſolving hail,
The aged ice endures; each lofty brow
Of theſe aerial hills is crown'd with ſnow;
Tho' Phœbus riſing, on their ſummit play,
The ſolid froſt defies his fierceſt ray:
Far as the gloomy dwellings ſink below
Our ſurface, where the Stygian waters flow,
So high above the vale the mountains riſe,
And with their ſhadows intercept the ſkies.
Nor Spring nor Summer knows the gloomy year;
Winter deform'd for ever fix'd dwells here,

And

And on theſe dreary cliffs her ſeat defends;
Whence all around ſhe ſtorms diſpenſing ſends;
Mad Boreas here, and all his boiſt'rous train,
Have choſe their home, hence ſcour the earth and main.
The weaken'd eye grows dim to take the height,
Which piercing thro' the clouds, eludes the dazzled ſight.

See Tranſlation from Silius Italicus.
Cruſius's Poets.

I was quite ſorry when the Superior propoſed our retiring to reſt; he conducted us into a ſpacious bed-chamber adjoining to the ſaloon, and retired, after he had with great politeneſs apologized for the coarſeneſs of the ſheets (which were, however, of the fineſt Holland). We, on our part, thought it neceſſary to make excuſes in our turn for having kept them up ſo late; and I, who dreaded the *tocſin*, added, that I feared it muſt be particularly inconvenient to them, upon account of their early church-ſervice; he replied, that they were not novices, and never deprived themſelves of their natural reſt for cerèmonies, but always went to bed and roſe when agreeable to them. Happy Monks, thought I! For you muſt know I had been dreading all the evening ſome holy vigil, at which perhaps our attendance might have been expected. An elegant lamp being placed in our chamber for the night, and a pair of wax candles,

candles, we went into as good a bed as, I believe, his Holineſs himſelf ever occupied: the curtains were of fine broad-cloth; the room wainſcoted with oak, and the cleanlineſs of the convent and its furniture was quite quakerly. We did not wake till nine o'clock next morning, and might have ſlept the four and twenty hours round from a ceſſation of every kind of noiſe; for excepting the wind, which did not blow nor whiſtle loudly, there reigned a quietude unknown but in a convent on the Appenines. Upon our entering the ſaloon next morning, the Monks immediately joined us; breakfaſt was ready, and conſiſted of excellent Turin chocolate and ſcorched bread. We ordered our horſes as ſoon as we had breakfaſted, and quitted our kind hoſts with regret. How delightful would be the tour of Italy, if the convents were permitted to entertain ſtrangers! We were greatly diſtreſſed how to contrive to leave ſome little acknowledgment with theſe Monks; it was impoſſible to offer them money, ſo we employed our own *valet de chambre* (who you know is an Italian) to find out with delicacy from the ſervants how that might be done; but he told us they never took money, and the ſervants refuſed alſo: however, we really forced a ſequin a-piece upon them, through our *valet de chambre*, and under a promiſe not to divulge it to the Monks.

I forgot

I forgot to mention that it appeared in the courſe of converſation, that no woman had ever been received into this convent beſide myſelf, excepting Chriſtina Queen of Sweden, the preſent Empreſs of Hungary, and the Queen of Naples; and that only for one night's lodging each, on their journey. Ought not I to be very proud to have the honour of forming a *quartetto* with this illuſtrious *trio?* What pity it is that royalty is not catching, for we had all ſlept on the ſame bed. As I eſteem this night's lodging a memorable *epoch* in my life, I hope you are not tired with the length of this relation: but to teach me humility, and diveſt me of all my royalty, I muſt proceed to inform you, that after this delicious night paſſed at Scarica l'Aſino, by our ſetting out late in the morning, we were obliged to lie at a village called Maſchieri, where, in the dirtieſt of all poſſible inns, and the moſt miſerable bed, "we courted ſleep in vain," after having ſupped upon, what think you? a pork ſoup with the *bouillée* in it, namely a hog's head, with the eye-laſhes, eyes, and noſe on; the very food the wretched animal had laſt eat of before he made his *exit* remained ſticking about the teeth; we wanted neither "noſe of Turk, nor Tartar's lip," and had there been a tiger's chawdron for the ingredients of our cauldron for ſow, (at leaſt hog's blood was not wanting) "to make the

gruel.

gruel thick and ſlab," we ſhould have been able to have raiſed ghoſts from the charmed pot. This ſoup was removed by a diſh of broiled houſe-ſparrows. Need I ſay we went to bed ſupperleſs? I now return to the road: From Scarica l'Aſino we came to Pietra Mala, already mentioned in the former part of this letter, leaving Fierengola on the left. They pretend that this little town was the ancient Fidentia. The river Santerno bathes its walls. The valley in which it is ſituated is well cultivated, and cloſely planted with olive and fruit trees, vines, rows of cypreſs, pines, and other firs. At Capagiuolo, which is about fourteen miles from Florence, is a pleaſure-palace belonging to the Grand Duke; from thence to Florence the road is beautiful. The entrance of this city is by the gate St. Gallo: over which is placed a large ſtatue of the late Emperor Francis the Firſt. The origin of this city is attributed to the Etruſcans, after whom the Phœnicians inhabited it, as Lami aſſerts, in his work intitled *Lezioni di Antichita Toſcanata*; others ſay, the Lybian Hercules was the founder. Theſe ſort of reſearches are generally ſo doubtful, and authors diſpute and differ ſo widely, that I ſhall leave them to argue the matter at their leiſure, and proceed to inform you of its preſent appearance. It is well built; and the ſtreets in general ſpacious. There

are

are ſeveral palaces belonging to particulars, the architecture of which is in an excellent taſte: their windows and doors remarkably well proportioned. Thoſe virtuoſi who are violent partizans of lightneſs, object to ſome ruſtic baſes, which they eſteem too maſſive and heavy; but, in my opinion, an appearance of ſtrength is abſolutely neceſſary to give a noble air to a palace; and a baſe and *rez de chauſſeé* may eaſily be built ſo as to ſhock the ſpectator with an apparent weakneſs, although each member of the architecture be in reality ſufficiently ſtrong for the purpoſe it is deſigned to anſwer. The ſtreets are well paved, and the broad pavement at the ſides, for foot-paſſengers, is extremely convenient; but there are no piazzas or porticos ranging along the fronts of the houſes in a continued line, as at Bologna. This city is well ſupplied with water; here are many fountains worth remarking, and which I ſhall mention more particularly in another letter; alſo four bridges. The river Arno runs through the town; but is at preſent muddy, and by no means comparable to our Thames for beauty. The outſides of the churches make a fine appearance. But I muſt haſten to conclude this letter; as our ſtay here will be ſhort, I ſhall not be able to give you as many particulars as you may perhaps expect from me. We ſhall begin

to-morrow

to-morrow with the Grand Duke's palace, &c. &c. and ſee as many of the churches and palaces as the time we have deſtined to this town can admit of. So adieu, for dinner is ſerved, and excellent Britiſh minced pies compoſed by *Madame Vanini* ſmoke upon the board. I am, as ever, &c.

LETTER XXIX.

Florence, Dec. 28, 1770.

I HOPE you have had no alarm from any article in the Gazettes relating to the ſhock of an earthquake felt here yeſterday morning at five o'clock. I happened to be awake, and heard a confuſed noiſe, which at firſt ſeemed to be at a conſiderable diſtance, but came rolling on, and was immediately followed by a ſhock, which ſeeming to proceed from the foundations of the houſe, aſcended to the very top. I do not know any thing it reſembled ſo much (but in a far greater degree) as that of a horſe ſhaking himſelf when you are upon his back, with this difference, that this being the ſhuddering of a houſe inſtead of a horſe, the various moveables in the room balanced to one ſide and the other, and ſome light furniture fell down. The bed-ſtead was lifted up a little way from the ground, and came down again with a great ſhock. M——— waked, and perſuading me

me there was no danger, added to there not being any uncommon noiſe in the hotel, and Mrs. Vanini's keeping quiet, I was not alarmed, though an almoſt inſupportable cloſeneſs of air continued for more than a minute, as well as I could judge. All the bells in the churches were rung out, to warn the people to quit their houſes. Many of the poorer ſort fled from their habitations, and repaired to the churches. After ſitting up about a quarter of an hour, and perceiving all to be ſtill, I went to ſleep, and did not wake till nine o'clock. The earthquake had done no miſchief to any of the houſes in the town. This morning a violent clap of thunder fell on the *Duomo*, and ſplit ſome of the pinnacles and other ornaments on the top, but did no further damage. Several riſible ſtories have circulated briſkly in regard to the diſturbances the earthquake occaſioned amongſt ſome polite ſocieties here * *
* * * * * * * * *

The famous Gallery at Florence, under which name I comprehend many rooms beſides, called here *gabbinettes*, has taken us three whole days to ſee; not but that two hours would have ſufficed for thoſe who walk as faſt as they can through this labyrinth of the powers of art; but as we choſe to examine every particular morſel, we had not allowed ourſelves more time than was abſolutely neceſſary.

I am

I am ſorry to find ſo frequent occaſion to criticiſe Lalande, but one is under a kind of neceſſity to expoſe ſuch groſs miſtakes; he obſerves upon, and commends modern ſtatues and buſtos for antiques, and *vice verſa*. This aſſertion is not ſolely upon our own judgments, but from the mouth of the *Abbé*, who is *ciceroni* to this collection. This ſuperb depoſitory of curioſities was made chiefly by the Medici family, the articles of it are ſo numerous, that I ſhall confine myſelf to thoſe only which appeared to us moſt ſtriking, ſome ſlight deſcription of which may be brought within the compaſs of a long letter; and ſhall firſt begin with the building, then proceed to the antique ſculpture, cameos, &c. and mention the pictures by themſelves. The approach is by a large court, which reſembles a beautiful ſtreet, with uniform fronts on each ſide, and a piazza ranging along them. The entrance to this open place is by the piazza of the old palace; the other extremity is terminated by a grand arc, reſting on two intercolumniations: this arc unites the two wings which form the ſtreet, and from thence is a view of the Arno. The fronts of theſe wings preſent a *rez dechauſſée*, from which ſprings a Doric order of columns, bearing plat-bands, upon which the arches reſt that cover the porticos; under theſe arches people are permitted to walk. Over the entablature

entablature is an Attic, and windows which light the vaulted roof of the portico. Above this is a ſtory decorated with baluſtrades and pediments, where are windows alſo, and where the artiſts employed by the Grand Duke are conſtantly at work. Over this ſtory riſes the famous gallery which contains the curioſities. This gallery is diſpoſed in much the ſame taſte of architecture as the *rez-dechauſſée*, and between the intercolumniations are large windows.

In that part at the end of the ſtreet which looks on the Arno, the architecture changes, and preſents three great arcades; in the center is placed an Equeſtrian Statue of Coſmo the Firſt, which when ſeen from a proper point of view, appears as an opening ſky. Immediately on the top of the ſtair-caſe which conducts to the gallery is a Veſtibule, containing many fine antique ſculptures, ſarcophaguſes, bas reliefs, and antique inſcriptions, which have been inſerted into the walls. A beautiful oval vaſe draws the attention of the ſpectator on his firſt entrance; this vaſe is a bas relief of the head of the Emperor Nerva, and is in the higheſt conſervation.

Two fine antique dogs, admirably well done. A Gladiator; a ſpirited athletic figure, holding a buckler in one hand, and graſping in the other two dagger-hilts,

in

in the attitude of parrying a ſtroke from his adverſary.

A Modern Statue, by Pieratti, a ſcholar of Bernini's; it is a good thing in its way, yet retains too much of Bernini's ſtyle, what the French call *manierée*; ſo that the contours are too flowing and twiſted, the rage and fury expreſſed in the face is quite terrific.

A fine antique Statue of Juno; the drapery noble and graceful: here are ſeveral ſarcophaguſes worthy the attention of the curious traveller, for the beauty of the bas relievos on their ſides: we particularly remarked two that are finely executed: the ſubjects, the expoſition of Cæſar's bloody mantle to the Roman people, the other repreſents a child lying on a ſofa, with other figures weeping near him. Here is a curious tablet, on which the names of the horſes who won the prizes in the Hyppodrome are entered, with the country where they were bred oppoſite the names, and the numbers of prizes they had won; I give you a few of theſe illuſtrious courſers names and countries, copied from this claſſick Heber:

GRAPHY, SPH. X.
BALUST, AF. XIII.
MEMNO, LACÆ. XIII.
DROMO, HISP.
RAPAU, AF.
PARDO, AF.
LUPO, AF.

They

They are about fifty in number. It is ſingular that no writers of travels that I have read, have taken the leaſt notice of this antique catalogue.

Upon the baſe of a ſarcophagus are baſſo relievos repreſenting tools of a mechanic; apparently a carpenter, in one compartment, and in the other, an eſſence-bottle, a comb, a looking glaſs, a bodkin, a pair of ſhoes (*ſabots*), &c. which little things I copied on a leaf in my pocket-book, in order to ſhew you how preciſely this antique furniture of a toilette agrees with that of the preſent age: the reſemblance of the figures on the man's ſide is not ſo exact to the tools now in uſe; the plummet is different; the rule for meaſuring is about eighteen inches (Engliſh) long; there are diviſions marked on it about half-way of its whole length; each of theſe diviſions are equal, and want a line to make them as long as our inch. Whether this meaſuring-rule is the Roman foot or not we muſt not venture to decide, the learned have already ſo much diſputed that matter. From this veſtibule you enter the Gallery; it preſents two wings, each four hundred feet long, Paris meaſure; they are joined on the ſouth-ſide, which looks upon the Arno, by a gallery about an hundred feet (Paris); the ceilings are vaulted, and ſaid to be painted by the ſcholars of Raffaello; one ſide repreſents, in ſymbolical figures, the ſciences and arts,

with

with the portraits of many learned and ingenious men, who have excelled at Florence; thoſe of illuſtrious eccleſiaſticks, profeſſors of philoſophy, phyſick, juriſprudence, &c. On the other ſide are the portraits of all the Princes of the houſe of Medicis, ſo that the ceilings form a kind of complete ſeries or hiſtory of remarkable perſonages. Along the ſides of theſe galleries are ranged with as much ſymmetry as poſſible, ſtatues and buſtos; this attention to ſymmetry, intended to pleaſe the eye upon entering the gallery, is rather teaſing to thoſe who mean to acquire knowledge in antiques, or to judge of the proceſs and declination of ſculpture in different ages, as they are not claſſed agreeable to their order of time, nor the countries from whence they came: here Greek remains and Etruſcan are confounded together; and amongſt this great number of marbles are many which do not merit a place in ſo fine a collection, either by their antiquity or the merit of their workmanſhip. I ſhall mention only thoſe we particularly admired, and take no farther notice of the remainder; the whole collection (excepting the contents of ſome rooms which are ſhut up, and not ſhewn to ſtrangers in general) being enumerated in a trumpery-book ſold at all the bookſellers ſhops in Florence.

To begin then according to the rule I have premiſed, a group of Hercules com-

bating the Centaur Neſſus; it is antique but not highly finiſhed; the head of the Centaur appears to have been ſupplied: the right foot of the Hercules is worthy admiration for the juſtneſs of the anatomy.

An Agrippina ſitting; the attitude ſimple and natural, the folds of the drapery very ſmall, and in great number.

Julius Cæſar, a buſto of bronze: Cochin, in noticing this buſto, aſſerts it to be of black marble, and having obſerved it to be coarſely and ſlightly finiſhed, adds, "*ce qui peut venir de la nature de ce marbre.*"

A beautiful buſto of Cicero.

Sappho; a buſto rather leſs than the life; highly finiſhed; the air of the head very graceful. The *Abbé* who ſhews the collection told me, that I might always know Sappho's buſtos by the ſingular projection of her *chignon*, which has the appearance of the narrow end of a ſugar-loaf, placed horizontally at the back of her head.

A Statue of a woman holding a bird againſt her thigh; the head and the body antique, but the arms and feet have been ſupplied; the fleſh, in particular the boſom, is finely executed; the head is beautiful, the drapery treated in a large manner, the folds finely thrown, and the plaits are broad.

The following buſtos are rare, and worthy of attention; Pertinax, D. Julianus, Herennius, a Roman buſto unknown, of black

black porphiry; Manlia Scantilin, Dedia Clara; a group repreſenting Cupid and Pſyche. The attitudes of theſe ſtatues are moſt graceful, and the character and expreſſion amiable.

An Etruſcan Chimera; nothing can be more terrific than the appearance of this monſter; the creation of a diſordered imagination.

The famous buſto of Alexander appeared to me to expreſs more of the ſentiment of indignation and reproach in the countenance, than of a ſenſation proceeding from bodily pain, though it is here ſtyled Alexander dying; the features are extremely handſome, and wonderfully intereſting; the character noble.

A Nymph wounded by a thorn.

A Baccante and a Tiger, antique; the group is light and graceful; the neck of the Baccante rather too long.

A buſto of Poppæa; I mention this buſt only on account of the *coiffeure*, which is arranged in buckles, one under the other, and terminated with a drop-curl, much in the faſhion of about three years paſt.

Galba, a buſto, treated in a great manner; the hair is ſingularly well done.

An admirable buſto of Seneca.

A Veſtal, antique, and finely ſculptured; the folds of the drapery beautiful.

A Paris holding the apple; part of the figure has been well ſupplied.

A fine antique buſto of Caligula.

A Bacchus, by Michael Angelo; in a great manner, but not without many inaccuracies and other faults.

A Pomona with fruit; ſhe appears in motion, her drapery floats upon the wind.

Julia (Titus's daughter) *ſa coiffeure eſt trop apretée*, and the *tàpée* is too forward.

An intereſting ſtatue of Endymion, who gazing at the moon, has his hand raiſed up to prevent being dazzled by her light; a dog who ſtands cloſe by his maſter, is baying the moon.

A Victory and an Urania, both fine ſtatues.

A Ceres, whoſe drapery is ſo ingeniouſly executed, that her figure appears as if covered with a thin gauze.

A fine Flora.

A good buſto of Plotina.

Another of Adrian of admirable ſculpture, particularly the hair and beard.

An Apollo with one foot on a tortoiſe; the trunk only is antique, and very fine.

A beautiful Antinoüs. Another admirable buſto of Antinoüs.

Marcus Aurelius; there is too great a flatneſs in this buſto, and too many exact hollows formed by the curling of the beard and the hair.

A graceful and well finiſhed ſtatue of a conſul; great ſoftneſs and flexibility in the drapery.

A young

A young Marcus Aurelius; a buſto, and extremely handſome.

Lucius Varus, a buſto finely ſculptured.

A group of a Bacchus and a young fawn; very pretty, though not deſerving the firſt rank amongſt the ſtatues.

A large head of Sabina, the *coiffeure* has a good effect, though very ſingular; her hair is dreſſed in a double *tapée*.

A buſto of Bernini's miſtreſs, by himſelf; her head has a graceful and lively air.

The famous ſketch of Brutus, by Michael Angelo; of the two inſcriptions wrote under, I believe every native of the Britiſh empire will give the preference to that wrote by Lord Sandwich, to the lines of another ſtranger. I think it evident that Michael Angelo did not find himſelf equal to the finiſhing this buſto, agreeable to the great idea he had formed, ſo left it purpoſely in its preſent ſtate; and though but a mere ſketch, yet it ſeems to breathe, and conveys to the admiring ſpectator's mind the character that Antony gives of Brutus in Shakeſpeare's Julius Cæſar.

This was the nobleſt Roman of them all:
All the conſpirators, ſave only he,
Did that they did, in envy of great Cæſar:
He, only, in a general honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world—This was a man!

A fine

A fine copy of the Laocoon; the writhings and diſtortions of the old man and the two youths are rendered with a verity that ſhocks humanity.

—— And firſt around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their ſharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father running to their aid
With pious haſte, but vain, they next invade:
Twice round his waiſt their winding volumes roll'd,
And twice about his gaſping throat they fold.
The prieſt thus doubly choak'd, their creſt divide,
And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labours at the knots,
His holy fillets the blue venom blots;
His roaring fills the ſlitting air around.

See Dryden's Virgil.

But conſidered at ſome diſtance as a group, the old man appears of a ſize gigantic, when compared with the two young ones; and you would be apt to think them of a different ſpecies or race of men.

A fine antique wild boar, whoſe briſtles are wonderful; yet the chiſſel has been leſs employed in ſculpting this ſavage, than one could eaſily believe without ſeeing it; I own I felt ſomething like fear when I approached him.

I think

I think I have not omitted any ſculptures in the gallery that we particularly liked; therefore I now proceed to the Tribune, which is a large octagon room, lighted from the top, and glazed with oriental cryſtal; the ceiling is in the form of a cupola, and is incruſted with mother of pearl; the walls are hung with crimſon velvet, and the floor beautifully inlaid with various ſorts of marble.

On entering, the ſix famous Greek ſtatues draw the attention; and it is not till after theſe have had a full examination, that one can attend to the pictures and other curioſities with which this room is filled. Theſe ſtatues are, the famous Venus of Medicis, the celeſtial Venus, Venus Victrix, the Fawn, the Wreſtlers, and the Arrotino.

The Venus of Medicis exceeded in beauty and grace all the ideas we had formed of her; we [illegible]but regret that it is not yet decided [illegible]s the ſculptor of this incomparable ſtatue. Her ſtatue, as written on a paper by the *Abbé* who ſhews the collection, is as follows; *Altezza della famoſa Venere, detto di Medici, ſecondo le meſure di diverſi Paeſi:*

Braccia Fiorentine 2, *ſoldi* 11, *denari* 8.
Palmi Romani 6, *once* 8, *Minuti* 4.
Piedi Ingleſi 4, *pollici* 11, *linée* 5.
Piedi Parigini 4, *pollici* 6, *linée* 6.

The

The above meaſurement includes from the top of her hair to her heel; we meaſured her from the roots of her hair, or top of her forehead to her heel, and found her to be exactly four feet nine inches and three quarters, Engliſh meaſure. After having thus taken her height, we meaſured her ſeparately, and I ſhall here give you ſome of her dimenſions: from the heel to the extremity of her great toe, eight inches and a half and half quarter; juſt above her ancle-bone, five inches round; round her leg, immediately beneath her knee, eleven inches and an half; round her wriſt, meaſuring on the top of the round bone, ſix inches; the thickeſt part of her arm below her elbow, ten inches; round her waiſt, two feet ten inches and an half; round her ſhoulders, paſſing the ſtring under her arms acroſs her breaſt, three feet; round her throat, at the thickeſt part, twelve inches and an half; her face, from her chin-bone (not including her double chin) to the root of her hair, five inches and an half; her mouth (for ſhe ſmiles) is one inch and an half from the extremities; her arms and hands are modern, and her fingers appear to be too long: the reſt is antique, and ſhe is compoſed of forty-two pieces, which are ſo delicately united that it is ſcarce poſſible to diſcover the joinings; her face is the prettieſt I ever ſaw, and ſhe has a ſweetneſs of

countenance

countenance rarely ſeen in a living beauty: her hair is beautifully tied up in a knot on the back of the top of her head; ſhe has a great quantity of it, and you may plainly perceive the ſeven points the French ladies are ſo ardent to poſſeſs; her fleſh ſeems flexible, and the ſoftneſs and tenderneſs, yet juſtneſs of the muſcles is truly admirable: ſhe ſeems as if ſpeaking, her lips being a little divided. I think ſhe is placed on too high a pedeſtal, as it makes her appear ſhorter than ſhe would otherwiſe do. This *chef d'œuvre*, or ſtandard for female beauty, was found in the villa Adriana, amongſt more than thirty-eight Greek ſtatues of admirable workmanſhip: the inſcription on the pedeſtal importing her to have been formed by Cleomenes an Athenian, ſon of Apollodorus, has been evidently inſerted at the time her arms were ſupplied. Whether ſhe was that Venus ſculpted by Praxiteles, and which the inhabitants of Gnidos refuſed to Nicomedes King of Bythinia, although he offered to pay all their debts in exchange for this marble lady; or whether ſhe was the workmanſhip of Phidias, and the ſame that in the time of Pliny was placed at Rome under the portico of Octavia; or whether ſhe was the Venus of Alcamenes, and placed near Athens, ſtill remains matter for controverſy to anxious antiquarians,

rians, who have never yet been able to agree upon this ſubject.

The next Venus is called Urania, or the Celeſtial; ſhe appears to have juſt quitted her bath; one hand preſſes the water out of her hair, while the other is employed in gathering up her drapery, with which ſhe is half-covered. The character of this ſtatue is, no doubt, charming; and ſhe would appear to much greater advantage, had the Venus of Medicis ſtill remained undiſcovered in the villa of Adrian.

Venus Victrice, who is in poſſeſſion of the apple, is much larger than the others, and too haughty and magnificent to pleaſe me. I do not queſtion her making a fine appearance in a garden, but here ſhe ſeems to be miſplaced.

The Fawn is a ſtatue of merit; he is about to ſtrike the cymbals, or *crotali*, together; one of his feet is applied to another muſical inſtrument, ſhaped like a bellows; "Quips and cranks and wanton wiles" appear in the mirthful phyſiognomy of this creature. His whole figure ſeems in movement; yet the head and hands have been ſupplied by Michael Angelo.

The Wreſtlers are a group I could never ſufficiently admire; I walked round and round them until I was quite weary. Their attitudes are amazing, ſo regular an entanglement is marvellous; the countenance of the vanquiſhed expreſſes the feelings

of

of his ſoul; his humiliating ſituation, diſappointment, rage, and ſhame ſit on his brow: in the other's face, triumph, courage, a contempt of fatigue, with an expreſſion that ſpeaks to the mind of the ſpectator in a language that no words of mine can poſſibly convey to you.

The Arrotino, or as it is here called, the *Rotatore*, is evidently liſtening, and ſtruck with horror and diſmay at what he overhears; this ſlave's character is finely expreſſed, and his face, though very ugly, ſeems as if worn by a cruel ſervitude into the hard lines that mark his features; his attitude is perfectly natural, and this ſtatue well deſerves the great character all *connoiſſeurs* have given it.

A ſmall group of a lion devouring a horſe, which is well known by the many prints, caſts, and copies taken of it; but it has never been well copied, at leaſt all thoſe I have ſeen have fallen very far ſhort of the original.

In the middle of the tribune ſtands a Table of the moſt beautiful Florentine work, as it is called here; the deſign is admirable; it is a repreſentation of foliage, fruits, rows of pearl, &c. elegantly intermixed. The incruſtations, or fineering, is for the moſt part formed of the loweſt order of precious ſtones, ſuch as agates, cornelians, jaſpers, &c. the pearl is ſo well imitated, that at firſt ſight it deceives the eye. The *Abbé*

told us, that ſome few years ago the little daughter of Lord B—— cried to have one of theſe ſtrings of pearl, miſtaking them for necklaces thrown careleſsly upon the table. The ſtone which imitates pearl ſo well is, I think, the ſpecies of onyx called chalcedony.

Amongſt many other curioſities this room contains (for I am not as yet come to the pictures) is a Cabinet, in the form of a Tabernacle, which is filled with various curious morſels, more rare for their coſtly materials than workmanſhip; the nails, on which are ſuſpended a great variety of theſe articles, are headed with rubies, emeralds, topazes, ſapphires, amethyſts, &c. This cabinet is ornamented with fourteen pillars of lapis lazuli; their baſes and capitals are of maſſive gold well wrought, and bas relievos on the pedeſtals, &c. highly executed.

Here are a great collection of antique gems in intaglio; a canopus of agate, an epimacus of chalcedony; a head of Tiberius of one ſingle turquoiſe as large as a hen's egg, a very great curioſity: here is alſo a pearl as large as a cheſnut, but not round; it is what the French call a *barroch*, and the Italians a *ſcaramouche*; alſo ſeveral goblets and other vaſes of rock-cryſtal, lapis lazuli, &c. with a great number of articles in gold ſculpture, &c.

I now

I now come to the pictures in this room, but do not imagine that I have mentioned a third part of the curioſities to be found here; it is not poſſible I ſhould, my time will not countenance the attempt.

Here is a Moſaic in different gems, which ſurpaſſes a picture; it repreſents a variety of birds: the excellence of the workmanſhip renders this piece more valuable than do the precious materials of which it is compoſed.

A picture by Wanderwerf; the ſubject the Adoration of the Shepherds: it is well executed, the deſign is uncommonly correct for this maſter, but it is highly finiſhed, as are all his pictures, to a fault.

A Gherar-dow: a candle-light piece of admirable touch and expreſſion; the light rather too red.

Another of the ſame maſter, repreſenting an old woman with other figures; this is an excellent morſel.

Two portraits by Holbeins; one of Luther; the drawing is correct but hard, and the colouring dry; the whole is flat and void of relief.

The three Graces in Griſaille, by Rubens; they are indeed full of grace and elegance.

A large Virgin with the Infant Jeſus; finely coloured, by Tiziano.

A picture by Mieris, repreſenting a mountebank

tebank exhibiting to a crowded audience; it is finely done.

A ſmall picture by Rubens; the ſubject a Silenus drunk: it is not highly finiſhed, but there is an eaſe in the drawing, and a glow in the colours, for which this maſter is often commended.

A ſmall picture of the Nativity, by Rembrandt. The repreſentation is in a moſt ignoble ſtyle; St. Joſeph is a common carpenter at work, behind is the Virgin in the character of a ſort of pariſh girl, and St. Anne like the miſtreſs of a work-houſe; yet this is a very good picture.

A portrait of Andrea del Sarto, by himſelf.

A head, by Giorgione; in a very good ſtyle.

A ſmall picture, but excellent, of the Virgin, by Annibal Carracci.

A Crucifixion, with a St. John and a Mary Magdalen; the figures are about a foot high; by Michael Angelo. It is in high conſervation, and of a correct deſign and execution.

An excellent portrait, by Carracci, of his confeſſor.

A ſmall picture, by Mieris, a candle-light piece; the effect is ſtriking, the colouring ingenious.

A portrait of Raffaello, by Leonardo da Vinci; delicately deſigned, and of a fine natural fleſh-colour.

A fine

A fine picture repreſenting a Madona admiring the Infant Jeſus, who is lying upon a cuſhion or ſome ſuch thing. This painting is by Corregio; it is highly finiſhed, and in ſurpriſing preſervation; the Virgin's head is extremely graceful. Cochin thinks it too large for her body; he admires the right-hand, and criticiſes the left; he alſo thinks the child ſmall out of proportion. In all his aſſertions with regard to this picture I am perfectly of his opinion; nevertheleſs, the drapery is eaſy and graceful, and it is a picture ſo deſervedly admired by all *connoiſſeurs*, as to have been frequently engraved from.

An admirable portrait of a cardinal, by Tiziano.

An old man's head, by Paul Veroneſe; a fine glow and freſhneſs in the colouring.

A moſt ſtriking picture in the grand ſtyle, by Annibal Carracci; the perſonages that compoſe the group are larger than the life, but are only half-lengths; the ſubject a Satyr who offers a baſket of flowers and fruits to a nymph, whoſe back is turned to the ſpectators. There is a verity in the drawing, in the anatomy, and in the colouring, worthy of the greateſt admiration. The muſcles of the nymph's back are rendered with a delicacy never to be ſeen but in the moſt beautiful nature; her head is graceful, the hair is fantaſtically dreſſed, yet the invention has

an

an elegant effect; her hand is fine, and very expreſſive. The character of the ſatyr equals the moſt frenetick poet's idea; and one of the Cupids in particular is finely done. In this picture the tone of colouring, or prevailing tint, is a kind of tanned vermillion.

Three pictures by Raffaello, in his firſt, ſecond, and third manner; the two firſt repreſent a Virgin, the Infant Jeſus, and a little St. John; there is great delicacy and grace in the heads, but the manner is rather dry and clear: the third appears to be a duplicate of the famous St. John that graces the collection of the Duke of Orleans in the *Palais Royal*, and that I well remember you ſo much admired. There exiſt three of theſe duplicates (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) one I already mentioned to you at Bologna, and it is impoſſible to ſay which is the beſt, without ſeeing them all together; yet if I might venture to decide from my memory, (and M—— is of the ſame opinion) I ſhould give the preference to that at Bologna in the *Palazzo Publico*.

A beautiful Virgin by Tiziano.

Another by Andrea del Sarto; great ſoftneſs, yet, as in all the pictures I have ever ſeen by this painter, the eyes ſeem as if the pencil he had uſed to them had been dipped in pounded charcoal; and in tinting

ing his fleſh there is too much of a tan-colour or a light bay.

A picture in a circular form, by Michael Angelo; St. Joſeph is placing the Infant Jeſus on the Virgin's ſhoulder; in the back ground are ſeveral figures. This picture is one of thoſe that are never ſhewn unleſs particularly aſked for. The drapery is fine; if there is any fault, it is in the manner, which is rather dry: the drawing is ſufficiently correct.

A Virgin by Guido, in his laſt manner; beautifully graceful, deſigned with great delicacy, of a clear colour, the ſhades tenderly rendered, which are in general grey.

A Cleopatra by the ſame; the ſhadows black, the drapery correct.

A monkey combing a child, by Tintoret. This picture is by the Italians ſaid to be in his terrible manner. It is painted with a boldneſs and freedom of touch common to all the works of this maſter.

A picture by Jacopo Baſſano, repreſenting himſelf and family performing a concert; he holds a muſick-book, one of the daughters plays upon an inſtrument ſomething like an harpſichord (I ſuppoſe it is an old-faſhioned inſtrument called virginals); the reſt of the perſonages are alſo melodiouſly occupied: the colouring is ſtrong and mellow, but there is a great want of grace, which may be accounted for from its being a family-piece.

A picture

A picture by Pietro di Cortona; the ſubject is taken from the Book of Geneſis: Hagar received again into Abraham's family; his character is that of a venerable old gentleman. The draping is good; he has an hoſpitable countenance. Hagar ſeems well pleaſed at the event; the angel has grace and dignity; the colours are finely meliorated, but the painting upon the whole has too yellow a caſt.

A *Notta di Natale*; the *clair obſcure* finely contraſted; the finiſhing admirable. This picture, whether conſidered all together or in detail, is equally pleaſing. The Virgin's hat, which lies on the ground, is ſo well done, and the brightneſs of the ſtraw (of which it is made) joined to the weaving it together, is ſo correctly imitated, that it is almoſt a deception. Need I ſay that this exquiſitely finiſhed picture is by Wanderwerf, that prince of Flemiſh painters, unleſs this dignity may be diſputed by the great Gerar-Dow, his rival, who has exerted himſelf in the repreſentation of an Old Woman, of whom a girl is purchaſing fruit: the avaricious caution of the old woman, who doubts the goodneſs of the money, is incomparably well expreſſed; the girl's character is as natural and as well done. This picture is highly finiſhed.—I now come to two moſt famous and moſt remarkable pictures, and which are the laſt I ſhall mention of thoſe that adorn the

Tribune.

Tribune. The Wife of Titian, by himſelf, large as the life. This woman appears very handſome; and one cannot avoid obſerving on her beauty and the glowing warmth of the colours, when, lo! a curtain riſes and diſcovers another beauty, placed below the firſt, who is in truth tranſcendently handſome. All *man*kind are wrapt in ſilent admiration at the beauty of this lady, called Titian's Miſtreſs, but is more probably the portrait of a miſtreſs of one of the Medici family. She is reclined upon a ſofa, ſupported by pillows, covered with white linen: in one hand ſhe graſps a mat of flowers, and has no other ornament than a ring on her fourth finger and a bracelet on her arm. She is in that ſtyle of beauty the French call a *claire brun*, and appears languid, as if exhauſted by the heat of the weather: the colouring is as near that of the moſt beautiful nature as can be imagined. The declinations of the ſhading, the paſſing from the ſhadows to the demi-tints, which are united in a manner imperceptible with the *chiaro*, can never be ſufficiently admired. A little dog ſleeps at her feet; and in the back ground are two figures who appear to be waiting-women: one is on her knees, ſearching for ſomething in a large *coffer*; the other appears to be indefatigable in the purſuit of a flea on her own arm. Theſe figures are too ſmall in proportion to their diſtance from

from the fore-ground; and, upon a ſtrict ſcrutiny, it muſt appear that Titian has neglected the rules of perſpective in the back-ground of this picture.

I forgot to mention a very fine picture of Wanderwerf; the ſubject, the Adoration of the Magi.

I now take leave of the Tribune, and come to the *Gabinetto* of Antiques. I find that I cannot, without perplexing you and myſelf, conform preciſely to the rule I preſcribed myſelf, for I think it may occaſion confuſion if I take notice of ſome of the antique gems, buſtos, &c. in the remaining apartments, and return back again to thoſe rooms to mention the pictures, ſo I ſhall particularize them now as they happen to occur in their different poſitions.

Amongſt the antiques with which this *gabinetto* abounds, thoſe that appear to us the moſt valuable and curious are the following:

A goddeſs Cybele, in bronze; the attitude, drapery, and expreſſion admirable.

A Juno Soſpita, very antique and curious. A Roman Eagle in bronze, large as a ſparrow-hawk, appears to have been uſed as a ſtandard; it is numbered thus: XXIIIIO, which figures muſt have alluded to the legion or diviſion it belonged to. An open hand; another Roman ſtandard, called *manipulus*, being the enſign of a company, as M—— informs me.

Several

Several Etruſcan implements of ſacrifice, uſed for the pouring out of libations, with figures and characters engraved upon them.

A Mural Crown in bronze, ſo ſmall that it would ſcarcely fit upon my head.

The Emperor Tiberius, large as life, of bronze, and much eſteemed.

Tickets of bronze, with inſcriptions and numbers, for the moſt part not legible, but ſuppoſed to have been for the admiſſion of ſpectators into the theatres and other public ſpectacles.

A Collar to wear about the neck, probably as a mark of ignominy, or diſgrace for ſoldiers, &c. the inſcription is very legible, and runs thus :

*Minervinus*Λ *fug*Λ *Mæl*Λ *Tes*Λ *Cok*Λ XII *Urb*Λ

A great variety of antique weights, repreſneting buſts of warriors, with creſted helmets, which have perforations in them to hook them upon ſteelyards.

A Sybil in bronze, with a moſt magical face ; ſhe is only half length, but is a fine antique.

A Votive Caſque, as green and ſmooth as the darkeſt green jaſper. This kind of varniſh can be acquired by no other means than that of remaining very long in the ground. The abbè aſſerted that no chemical preparation can procure this effect ; nor is it by any means univerſal amongſt the antique bronzes, it depending upon a quality peculiar to the kind of earth with which

which they have been covered; the bronze muſt be of the very beſt and hardeſt kind to gain this appearance.

Two beautiful heads of Antoninus.

A beautiful twiſted Column of oriental alabaſter; it is conſiderably above ſeven feet high, and in one entire piece, the baſe and capital of African marble. Four antique buſtos, repreſenting Tiberius, Antinous, Fauſtina, and Homer: they are of bronze of Greek ſculpture, and were found in the ſea near Leghorn by ſome ſailors, endeavouring to fiſh up certain bales of goods, part of the lading of a ſloop wrecked upon that coaſt.

Veſta, a fine antique.

Two Minervas: Minerva Salutare and Minerva Ergane, with their inſignia.

A Veſtal bearing the vaſe acerra, uſed to conſerve the incenſe for ſacrifice.

Several Houſehold Divinities. A great variety of Jupiters and Venuſes, amongſt which, one who is adorning herſelf with her ceſtus, is worthy the attention of the viſitor. A beautiful head of Juno. A ſmall head of Veſpaſian.

A Tiberius, his Wife and Daughter; both cameos, large and fine.

An Etruſcan athletic figure with horns on his head. A figure of a woman, ſuppoſed to be an Amazon; ſhe is wounded under the left breaſt, extends her right arm towards

wards heaven, and ſeems to ſuffer great agony of body and mind from her wound and from her defeat.

Two figures repreſenting Victory and Reputation, the firſt draped, the laſt naked.

A little Skeleton in bronze: as there is no doubt of its originality, it is highly eſteemed, being a ſelf-evident demonſtration of the knowledge of the ancients in anatomy. A very rare and curious figure, conjectured by ſome to repreſent one of the Lamias of Africa; her hair is diſhevelled, her body naked to the waiſt; her aſpect breathes ferocity, though her features are fine; the left arm wanting. Here are a prodigious number of Egyptian Divinities in bronze, Serapis, Iſis, Oſiris, Anubis, Canopus, &c. and many of Greece and Rome, alſo taliſmans, lamps, tripods, ſeveral pateras, on one of which is engraved the Rape of Proſerpine, inſtruments of ſacrifice, and upon the whole, ſuch a collection of idols, as I ſhould imagine are no where elſe to be found in the ſpace of one ſingle room. One of the tripods is ſo conſtructed as to fold up, and therefore convenient for moving from place to place; the other, which is differently ſhaped, is ſupported by feet in the form of ſerpents, terminated by women's heads veiled.

There are here two Chriſtian antiquities; one repreſents Moſes ſtriking the rock, the other St. Peter and St. Paul in a bark; the former

former at the helm as pilot, the latter preaching. Theſe antiques are rudely executed; but there have been drawings and engravings made from them formerly by order of cardinals and popes. Another beautiful Table of Florentine work, as well executed as that in the Tribune.

There are ſeveral pictures in this room; thoſe moſt to our taſte are the following:

One by Pietro da Cortona, repreſenting the angel ſitting on the ſepulchre of our Lord, and ſpeaking to the three Marys; it is in a clear manner, and has the appearance of not being finiſhed.

Venus combing Love; the colouring is freſh, but the demi-tints fail, ſo that the degradation of the lights to the dark ſhadows are too ſudden; this is by Gio. Giovani.

A large picture by Suterman; it repreſents the Florentines performing an act of ſubmiſſion to a prince of the houſe of Medici: he is ſeated between his mother and grandmother: the compoſition is noble and the colouring vigorous. All the draperies are black; the heads being portraits, make this an intereſting picture. Two pictures by Baſſano; one repreſents the Deluge, the other Dives and Lazarus.

A fine landſcape, by Salvator Roſa.

Paul Veroneſe's family, painted by himſelf: this has been a fine picture, but is now much injured.

A fine

A fine picture by Guido, the ſubject taken from the ſtory of Armida, in Taſſo's Jeruſalem Delivered. Before I quit this room, I muſt mention an Amber Luſtre with figures, flowers, &c. in bas relief, of grey amber, inſerted as ornaments to the luſtre.

The Cabinet of Arts is a room containing a great number of preſſes with glaſs doors, containing very curious performances in ivory, &c. One preſs is filled entirely with vaſes, ſmall ſtatues, and crucifixes in amber. Amongſt the turned and carved ivory, thoſe like ſtaircaſes, in ſpiral and perpendicular lines, are wonderfully curious; for they are no more than from eight to twelve inches high, the latter in particular being almoſt as fine as a hair; they ſpring from a pedeſtal, and ſuſtain themſelves upright, tho' terminated at top with mouldings, balls, &c.

Two vaſes, containing upwards of a quart each, ſo thin, as to be tranſparent like a duſty wine-glaſs.

A compaſs, turned by the Czar Peter the Great; his firſt eſſay in the art of turning, and preſented by him to one of the grand dukes.

A Curtius leaping into the gulph, well carved.

Here is an ingenious repreſentation in wax of the five ſtages of the plague; it is terrifying to contemplate; ſuffice it to ſay, that it is eſteemed perfectly well done; and

was executed by Gaetano Zummo, of Catane in Sicily; alſo another piece of wax-work repreſenting a dead head, attended with circumſtances and a variety that inſpire horror.

Several fine tables in precious ſtones; one repreſents the port of Leghorn, with a view of the iſland of Corſica, in agate. Other tables in petrified wood. One a German landſcape, the bodies of the trees remarkably well done. Here are two great chairs, part of the old furniture of Coſmo I. and carefully preſerved on account of their being exceeding fine old japan upon leather; although their ſeats and backs are ſoft and flexible, yet the varniſh is not in the leaſt cracked: the ground of one is ſcarlet, with figures in gold and ſilver; the other black.

A curious organ, ornamented with amber, and ſeveral paintings; by Brughel.

A picture repreſenting a trophy; but when reflected in a cylinder, becomes a portrait of one of the princes of the houſe of Medicis; by P. Niceron.

Amongſt the pictures is a moſt beautiful Pietre Nef, repreſenting the inſide of a church illuminated. The effect of the lights and ſhadows, and the truth of the perſpective, cannot be ſufficiently admired.

A fine picture by Neſcher (Cochin ſays by Kneller, which is a miſtake); the ſubject, a woman preſenting an offering to Venus;

nus; the head, hands, the ſattin, and other ſtuffs, are admirable.

A fine picture by Rubens, repreſenting Venus and Adonis; a Cupid endeavours to hold Adonis by the thigh; the Graces diſcover Venus: Envy and ſome other Fury is dragging away Adonis by his drapery; ſeveral Cupids are coupling the ſporting dogs, and very buſy to ſecure them. Venus is delicately handſome.

A picture by the ſame; Hercules between Vice and Virtue: It is fine; yet both Vice and Virtue have rather too much of the Flemiſh coarſeneſs.

A Sybil in moſaic, after a picture by Guido. Two other ſaints in the ſame workmanſhip, which far exceeds any painting.

Two pictures of great merit, of Haiah and Job; by the brothers Bartelemi, of the port. A head of John Baptiſt; by Leonardo da Vinci. A Preſentation; by Old Palma. Tobias, by Old Palma, &c. &c.

A drunken Woman, a very good picture, by Terbourg.

A Woman playing on a Lute, by Bega.

Another, tuning her Lute, by Gherar Dow.

A picture, pretended to be by Teniers, but unworthy of him.

A picture by Berghem.

Two figures painted on touch-ſtone, by Bamboche.

The Devil confined in a Bottle; a very good picture, by Mieris.

A fine portrait, by Vandyke, of a very large man in black, half length.

The Graces, by Rubens.

In the middle of this room is placed a cabinet formed of ebony and a red wood, which is very hard and highly poliſhed; the workmanſhip is extremely neat: this cabinet is divided into threeſcore and ten pannels, formed of lapis lazuli, verd antique, jaſper, and other precious ſtones: on which are painted in oil, and in the moſt diminutive miniature ſize, moſt of the principal events recorded in the Bible; by Brughel de Velours and his ſcholars.

The Supper of Nebuchadnezzar p'eaſed me much: there is an incredible number of figures, all amazingly well done, conſidering how little place they occupy. In the inſide is a repreſentatien of Mount Calvary, the apoſtles, and many other perſons, all well done in amber. On the top a clock and an organ, but both out of order at preſent: their movements are not connected with each other, as Lalande aſſerts.

There is alſo in this room two tables of oriental alabaſter, on one of which is placed an antique vaſe of the ſame materials in the form of a little bark.

The Chamber of Aſtronomy and Phyſics contains many mathematical inſtruments;

two

two globes, which meaſure more than ſix feet in diameter.

A very large magnet, and other moveables proper for this room. The ceiling is painted by Zucchari.

In the Saloon of the Hermaphrodite (ſo called from a ſtatue which is draped with a lion's ſkin. As there is another at Rome which rivals this, I ſhall ſay no more of it at preſent, than that either I am no judge of its beauties, if it has any, or rather, that I think it has no beauty at all). Amongſt other antique ſtatues, is a groupe of Druſilla and Caligula: they are well ſculptured and very expreſſive.

A Satyr, very good.

A Terme, or antique Hermes: the head *coiffed* like the ſtatues of Mercury, but the beard that of a ſatyr. He holds a goat under his left arm, under his right a vaſe for water: the drapery on the ſhoulders is in the ruſtic taſte. Here are a great collection of fine drawings by the moſt celebrated maſters. This ſeries commences with the deſigns of Michael Angelo and Raffaello, ſome of whoſe drawings and ſketches are ſo admirable, as to be deemed ineſtimable.

A large drawing of Michael Angelo, greatly eſteemed: it is a repreſentation of the Laſt Judgment. There is a ridiculous ſtory related of this painter and the organiſt of a chapel by whoſe order this drawing had been

been made, who afterwards diſputing the price, Michael Angelo threw in his own portrait, and placed him among the damned. The figures in this drawing are about eight inches high, the contours fine, and the compoſition ingenious.

A drawing by Andrea Martinia of Judith and Holoferneſs, &c. A ſketch, repreſenting the rape of the Centaurs, by Giordano: it is waſhed in biſta, and finely done.

One of the Virgin, the infant Jeſus, and St. John; by Andrea del Sarto: beſides a vaſt number of curious drawings, which I had not time to examine.

There is a ſingular curioſity here, which is called the Portable Gallery: it is a kind of cabinet, and contains between three and four hundred ſmall portraits in miniature. That which repreſents the great Coſmo, ſurnamed the Father of his People, is remarkably well done. It was the Cardinal Leopold of Medicis who collected theſe portraits in the laſt century, and cauſed this cabinet to follow his motions, whenever he had occaſion to change place, and eſpecially to the conclaves.

The Cabinet of Medals, or Medal-room, is furniſhed with the moſt rare and valuable collection of medals (as aſſerted) in all Europe; amongſt theſe are two Othos of bronze. This cabinet is ſaid to contain thirteen hundred antique gems, amongſt which are ſome of very fine workmanſhip,

and

and many others very indifferent: amongſt thoſe that are moſt eſteemed is a head of Veſpaſian: there is another, ſhewn principally on account of its variety; it repreſents Tiberius and his wife. Here is a fine aſſemblage of Natural Hiſtory in all its branches, plants not excepted.

There are ſome good pictures in this room. I ſhall mention but a few (my letter being already almoſt a quire). A grand ſketch, by Pietro da Cortona; the ſubject, the *Donne Sante* going to the Sepulchre. It is much to be regretted that this great painter left it unfiniſhed. A fine picture upon the ſubject of *Render unto Cæſar*, &c. by Capucino of Genoa.

A Magdalen, by Carlo Dolci, half length, highly finiſhed, and in the ſofteſt and ſweeteſt ſtyle of colouring imaginable. A picture, repreſenting our Saviour about nine years old, with ſeveral angels, who bear the inſtruments of the paſſion: this picture is by Albani. The Jeſus is a moſt amiable and beautiful child, full of grace and dignity.

An Adoration of the Shepherds, by Leonardo da Vinci. Though this picture has ſuffered, its remains are ſtill eſtimable.

Four pictures by Paul Veroneſe; the Temptation, and three whoſe ſubjects are Adam and Eve in Paradiſe, and their expulſion thence. In one of the former is a blaſphemous repreſentation of God the Father

ther in the Garden of Eden dreſſed in a green coat.

One of the moſt curious collections which belongs to the gallery, is a room filled with the portraits of the moſt eminent painters, by themſelves, to the amount of more than two hundred. The moſt eſteemed amongſt them are thoſe of Vandyke, Rubens, Rembrandt, Guido, Annibal Carracci, Julio Romano; the great Raffaello, Luc Giordano, Vanderwerf, Mieris, and ſome others, which are not very valuable.

Raffaello's portrait has the countenance of a mere ſimpleton; his arched eyebrows, his freſh complexion, joined with a fooliſh look about the mouth, is convincing that the face is not always the true index of the mind.

Vanderwerf is finely done, moſt highly finiſhed; he holds in his hand the picture of a woman and two children; the woman is ſuppoſed to repreſent the ſcience of painting.

Portrait of Uump, 1646; the deſign very ingenious; as there are three repreſentations of him, he is ſeen in the act of painting his own picture; his face is reflected in a looking-glaſs, from which he has tranſmitted it upon the canvas ſupported by the ezel. Guido's portrait is well

well done, and in his beſt ſtyle, which is more than can be ſaid of the Carracci's, Dominichino, and all thoſe of the Bologna ſchool, which want expreſſion, colouring, and keeping. Rembrandt, though reckoned good, is not equal to his Turkiſh Rabbi, (whom he reſembles) in the Palazzo Durazzo at Genoa.

The Saloon of Arms contains a great variety of different kinds of armour, amongſt which are ſeveral ſacks filled with iron ſhirts; and, conſidering the materials, they are wonderfully flexible. They appear to have been knit with ſtrong iron wire, though this cannot have been the method of manufacturing them; as in that caſe the wire muſt have been in an ardent ſtate, to admit of its being ſo worked; and if ſo, where ſhall we ſuppoſe the knitters could be procured? I never heard nor read of any perſon capable of ſuch a handicraft, unleſs you chooſe to except *Talus*, Spenſer's Iron Man. In ſhort, let your own imagination work out, if you will, how ſuch ſhirts were made; ſuffice it for the preſent, that they appear evidently to have been worn.

A ſhield of iron, on which is a bas relief, tolerably well executed; it repreſents Cæſar, to whom is preſented the head of Ptolemy: Cæſar turns away his face with great expreſſion of horror.

The complete armour of a Sultaneſs; her vizor is compoſed entirely of turquoiſes, forming a Moſaic; ſeveral pair of ſlippers made like thoſe of the Chineſe; they are leather and embroidered: her breaſt plate, ſhield, &c. are richly ornamented with chryſolites as large as beans, of an apple-green; a ſaddle, maſſive gold enriched with various precious ſtones, but clumſily ſet.

Here is alſo a Turkiſh bow-ſtring, the ſort ſo frequently uſed for ſtrangling: it is rather thicker than a ſtag lace, made of crimſon ſilk, and each end is ornamented with a large taſſel of pearl.

In another ſaloon are the magnificent ornaments deſtined for the chapel of St. Laurence; the altar is formed of a beautiful block of jaſper; the tabernacle repreſents the model of a church, and is incruſted with precious ſtones. As to the reſt, church ornaments and prieſts veſtments are no very agreeable objects of contemplation; ſo I ſhall trouble you no farther with the contents of this room.

There are ſeveral other rooms belonging to this gallery, which are rarely ſhewn to ſtrangers. Many of the articles contained in them are in diſorder; but there are amongſt them a vaſt collection of fine antiques.

Here are a variety of ſummer and winter rings worn by the ancient Romans: that they

they changed their rings with the change of the ſeaſons is evident.

Charg'd with light ſummer rings his fingers ſweat,
Unable to ſupport a gem of weight.
Dryd. Juv. Sat. I.

Several of theſe rings are entire, with the ſtones ſtill in their ſetting: of theſe the greater part are *intaglios*, others *cameos*; many of the former I take to have been taliſmans, amongſt the latter, griffins and eagles are common. There are ſeveral which open, and the cavity under the gem is ſufficiently large to receive as much matter as might be contained in the bowl of a tea-ſpoon; probably theſe cavities were deſigned to hold poiſon. Some of the hoops of theſe rings are ſo large as to admit with eaſe four of my fingers. I ſhall ſay nothing of the Etruſcan vaſes and ſepulchral lamps, of which there are a great abundance, having mentioned ſuch before; nor of the Egyptian idols, except that their number and variety is amazing. Here is a very curious ſilver Vaſe covered over with a plate of gold, pierced through, and deſcribing various figures of men, beaſts, *&c.* in the bottom is an inſcription in the Etruſcan language, which has not yet been decyphered. This vaſe is about eight inches high, and might, I judge, contain about two quarts. The *Abbé* told us we ſhould

ſee

ſee ſuch in the cabinet of Portici, and of much more curious workmanſhip.

An antique head of one entire gem, called Egiade: this precious ſtone is of a duſky pea-green, not quite opaque, nor yet tranſparent; one of the eyes is formed by a cat's eye, as it is commonly called, or belus, which is a kind of agate, or onyx, and reſembles ſtrongly the pupil of an eye; it is tranſparent, and like a hazel eye. The ancients frequently inſerted gems, to ſupply the eyes, in their ſtatues and buſtos; and although there are but few now to be ſeen, yet the ſockets which remain evidently prove the reality of the practice.

Here are various keys of whimſical ſhapes in bronze; alſo a variety of chirurgical inſtruments, bodkins, and other appendages of the toilette, of bronze, bone, and ivory; the antique *ſtylus* for writing on tablets of wax; vaſes for wine of Terra-cotta, called Diata; they finiſh in a point, in order to be ſtuck upright in the earth, to keep the wine cool. There are ſome elegant figures on theſe vaſes, one of which I copied on the ſpot, and ſhall ſend you incloſed in this letter.

A Bronze Helmet, which they pretend to have been worn by Hannibal, from being found near the lake of Thraſimene, as they aſſert, and having ſome African characters inſcribed on it; but M——— objected

jected to the origin of this antiquity, alleging that it was not probable that great general ſhould have loſt his helmet either at Trebia, Thraſimene, or Cannæ: had it been found upon the field of Zama, the conjecture might have borne ſtronger marks of probability.

Here is a ſmall marble Venus, about the ſize of a girl of thirteen years old; ſhe is ſuppoſed to be juſt born from the ſea; her attitude is what is called that of a Crouching Venus. She is preſſing the water from her hair, which is in beautiful diſorder; the drops trickle down her breaſt; her features are charming, her countenance expreſſes a moſt innocent gaiety; the anatomy of the back is ſurpriſingly fine.

A Greek ſtatue of Minerva, of bronze; it appears to have ſuffered by the fire at Rome; one arm has been ſupplied by plaiſter, and is very ill done; the other appears through the drapery, and is admirably proportioned. The drapery ſeems tranſparent; ſo as to ſhew the limbs and muſcles of the body through it: the foot and toes are plainly to be ſeen, though completely covered; the gems that filled the ſockets of the eyes have, probably, been ſtolen.

Three Roman Inſcriptions upon bronze, and perfectly legible, are highly eſteemed by the curious; the firſt is a declaration of the

the people of Fiorentino, (a village which to this day preſerves nearly its antique name) that they choſe for their protector and patron, one named Baſſus, &c. The other two are forms for the diſcharge of ſoldiers who had ſerved twenty campaigns, which were to be precedents for all ſuch diſcharges; one in the reign of Domitian, the other of Nerva. You may gueſs to whom I am indebted for the ſubjects of theſe inſcriptions, as well as of many others of my claſſical quotations and obſervations.

A ſmall Greek ſtatue of Victory; it is of very fine ſculpture, though only ſeven inches high.

At Volterne, about ſixty miles from Florence, were found, on digging in the grounds of Cavaliere Galowzi, twenty-four antique oblong urns, about ſix inches broad, two feet long, and eighteen inches high each; they have bas relievos in front, ſome of them tolerably well executed. It is now forty years ſince they were diſcovered, and were bought laſt year by the Grand Duke for about two hundred and twenty-five ſequins, and are now placed in his gallery between the ſtatues.

The *Abbé* B——, late guardian of the precious depoſits in the gallery, ſtole and diſpoſed of antique idols, gems, &c. and twenty-four pounds weight of pure gold,

the

the ornaments of columns, &c. of near the value of five thouſand pounds, to Jew brokers. He was taken, tried, and condemned to be hanged and embowelled, yet after eight months impriſonment, humanely pardoned, but baniſhed the Grand Duke's territories, and is now ſaid to ſerve as a private ſoldier in the Neapolitan troops.

Before I end this letter, I muſt add two or three obſervations in regard to ſome aſſertions of Mr. Addiſon. He ſays, vol. iii. p. 207, "The brazen figure of the Conſul with the ring on his finger." This ſtatue is of an Etruſcan prieſt in his proper habit, in bronze, and is a very great curioſity. Mr. Addiſon, in his Remarks on the Morpheus, appears to have fallen into a very great miſtake: I ſuſpect that perhaps his time, his ſtate of health, or opinion of others, had led him to truſt too frequently to report, not only in this, but in other inſtances. As to the Morpheus, I think it a heavy, diſproportioned lump, more characteriſtic of dulneſs and ſtupidity than of ſleep. The thighs and legs are much too large for the body, and ſeem as if they had been made ſeparately, and afterwards ſtuck on to the hips. He does not ſeem to repoſe, but to have been choaked by a repletion; nor is there the leaſt reſemblance between this ſtatue and that of any Cupid I have ever ſeen, either in drawing, painting, or ſculpture, though

Mr.

Mr. Addiſon ſays, " I at firſt took it for a Cupid, till I had taken notice that it had neither a bow nor a quiver." He then quotes a Doctor Liſter, who in certain reflections the good Doctor had made, it ſeems calls it " the ſleeping Cupid with poppies in his hands." Mr. Addiſon aſſerts alſo, in a deciſive manner, that the ſtatue of the hermaphrodite is a copy; his words are, " A beautiful old figure, made after the celebrated hermaphrodite in the villa Borgheſe." It is well known by all the *conneiſſeurs* that this ſtatue is antique, and whatever may be ſaid of it, the accuſation of old age is certainly miſapplied.

At laſt I think I may take leave of this vaſt collection; and truſt that the ſubjects this letter treats of, beguiled the time you beſtowed upon its peruſal; if it has procured you amuſement, my end in writing is fully anſwered. I am, as ever, yours, &c.

LETTER XXX.

Florence, Jan. 1ſt, 1771.

IF I was writing to a Frenchwoman I ſhould take care to avoid wiſhing her a happy new year; as in that polite nation ſuch a wiſh is ſuppoſed to imply a poſſibility of the year proving unhappy, and they

even

even eſteem this compliment as a kind of *memento mori* when one adds, and many of them: but to you I repeat in the old Engliſh faſhion, our ſincere wiſh, that this year may prove a moſt happy one to you, and may a long ſucceſſion of annual ſuns gild all your proſpects, your happineſs ſtill if poſſible, increaſing, and augmenting with them.

We ſhall quit Florence in a day or two; therefore this is the laſt letter you will have during our reſidence here. We were yeſterday to ſee the Palazzo Pitti, which has a communication with the gallery and the old palace: the corridor that joins them was contrived by Coſmo the Firſt, in order to procure a free egreſs and regreſs from one to the other, with eaſe and privacy.

The Palazzo Pitti is ſo called from a Florentine gentleman who built it for himſelf in the year 1460, but being afterwards reduced in his circumſtances, Coſmo the Firſt purchaſed it, and reſided there with Leonarda of Toledo his wife; ſince which time it has been always inhabited by his ſucceſſors. The architecture I think heavy; you may form a pretty competent idea of it from that of the Luxembourg at Paris; the plan of that palace being taken from this. Wings are added to it by Coſmo. The apartments are grand, and finely decorated; the mouldings gilt, alſo magnificent

ficent tables incruſted in Florentine work; but the pictures are what I mean particularly to notice, for there are but few ſtatues.

In the apartment below, or the *rez de chauſſey*, a room, to the right, has its ceiling painted by Pietro de Cortona; the ſubject repreſents a young man, who quits the arms of *La Volupté* at the remonſtrances of Virtue; he is repreſented by Hercules: the ſymbols of pleaſure ſurround the young man. Round this middle piece are eight paintings, fan-faſhion; one repreſents Seleucus, who reſigns his wife to Antiochus. Another, the continence of Scipio. A third, Potiphar's wife, &c. and theſe different pieces are admirably well compoſed; the architectural ornaments, which ſerve as frames to them, in an excellent taſte. The ceilings of the firſt five rooms, namely the ornaments, are all decorated by the ſame maſter, with a ſurpriſing variety and ingenuity in the choice and invention. The ceiling of the ſecond room is by Ciro Ferri, from the deſigns of Pietro da Cortona; the ſubject a young man in the clouds, between Apollo and Poetry.

Four paintings adorn the Attic of this ſaloon; the ſubjects allegorical, and reſpect the arts.

The ceiling of the third room is by Pietro da Cortona; the painting has a fine

fine effect; it ſhews the arms of the Medici triumphant, and ſurrounded by guardian genii: the border of the ceiling repreſents a naval combat. Theſe paintings are of a clear, diſtinct, and vigorous colouring.

In the fourth chamber is another ceiling, which (probably by its tone of colouring) is the execution of Ciro Ferri; it repreſents the apotheoſis of a hero, to whom Hercules has lent his mace: Jupiter is crowning him.

In the fifth room is another ceiling painted by Pietro da Cortona: this is inferior to the others; the ſubject, Hercules on the pile. In one of theſe rooms is the following remarkable picture by Rubens; Mars is repreſented as dragged from the arms of Venus by the Fury, or Dæmon of war; Venus in vain endeavours to detain him, the Cupids weep, the Dæmon treads under foot a robuſt man, ſuppoſed to repreſent Agriculture; women and children are put to flight by Fear; the temple of Janus is fallen to the ground: on the foreground is a woman crowned with the mural crown, and who, by her cries and lamentations, endeavours to prevail with the Dæmon to deſiſt. This is a fine picture.

In the anti-chamber to this apartment is the portrait of a famous dwarf; it is well executed as a picture, by Nicolo Caſſano.

In

In the great ſaloon, called the Imperial, are eight paintings in freſco on part of the wall, which ſo well imitate bas-reliefs in marble, as to be almoſt a deception. In other parts of the ſame ſaloon are painted in (I think) ten great compartments, the repreſentation of theſe ſubjects: The Ruin of the Arts in Italy, expreſſed emblematically by Harpies, Satyrs, Time, and Mahomet, who are occupied in deſtroying the productions of the moſt celebrated Artiſts. The ſubject of another compartment is the Deſtruction of Parnaſſus; here Sappho appears laſhed by a Fury, Pegaſus torn to pieces by Vice, the moſt famous poets oppreſſed and ill-treated by Satyrs and Harpies; the former are endeavouring to ſeek refuge in the Houſe of Laurento the Magnificent, into which Homer is the firſt who gains a ſafe retreat.

In another compartment appears Virtue, taking refuge at Florence by the orders of Pallas, who ſhews herſelf from the ſkies: Virtue is received by Tuſcany, aſſiſted by Generoſity; one offers her hand to conduct her and the other poets to the houſe of Laurento of Medici, to the end ſhe may ſhew the way to many philoſophers who form her train; amongſt whom appears Empedocles mourning for his loſt works: theſe three are by Gio. da San Giovani.

In

In another diviſion Apollo appears to invite the Muſes to the friendly protection of Laurento, who is ſurrounded by thoſe learned men his cotemporaries or his favourites: their reception is announced to the world by Fame. This is by Cecco Bravo.

In the other compartments are the following ſubjects; Laurento by the wiſdom of his government has cauſed the gates of the Temple of Janus to be cloſed: Bellona conſoles herſelf upon the occaſion, Mars is taking his leave, and Peace is deſcending from heaven to crown Italy with a wreath of olive: this is by the ſame maſter. Religion accompanied by an Angel (who holds the Scriptures) ſhews to Laurento the heavens, from whence proceed rays of light to conduct him in all his enterpriſes. In the air appear the rewards promiſed to his poſterity by a *tiara* and two crowns borne by angels; by Octavio Vannini.

Laurento having founded in his garden of St. Mark a ſchool for painting, ſculpture, and architecture; his ſcholars preſent him with their eſſays: Michael Angelo is diſtinguiſhed from the others by the buſto of a fawn; his production is executed in marble without the help of a maſter.

In another pannel, to ſhew the rewards due to Merit, Liberality appears ſitting at the foot of a laurel; at her ſide is Prudence and two children; one of which leans

leans on a book, the other ſtrikes the ground with a lance. Theſe two laſt are by the ſame maſter.

A Platonic Academy is repreſented as eſtabliſhed by Laurento in his country-houſe at Corregio. The ſtatue of Plato is placed on a pedeſtal, on which is wrote *Platonem laudaturus et ſile et mirare*; and lower down, *ſal in mente, mel in ore:* Eloquence and Muſick are on each ſide. In a corner is Geometry; near her Philoſophy, who has overthrown Error. This is by Franceſco Turino.

Another compartment repreſents the death of Laurento. The three Fates are introduced in this picture: Atropos has ſcarcely divided Laurento's thread of life, when Mars appears already deſcended upon the earth, from whence Aſtræa, Peace, and Fame are retiring: the Arts are endeavouring to make their eſcape on all ſides, and in their confuſion let fall various complimentary medals ſtruck in honour of this great Prince.

The two rooms *en ſuite* from this apartment contain no paintings worthy obſervation. Beyond theſe you enter a ſaloon, in which is a fine bath of *verd antique*.

In the apartment named after the Electreſs Anne Palatine, is a picture by Solimene; the ſubject St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read. There is a noble ſimplicity in the character of the Virgin; but this

piece,

piece, upon the whole, is not correct: it is framed in ſilver very well wrought, to imitate a garland of flowers. A Virgin and Infant, by Carlo Dolci, of fine colouring.

The ſtair-caſe, though the architecture is noble, appears to be on too ſmall a ſcale for ſo large an edifice as this palace. The apartments on the firſt floor are magnificent, but not ſo large as to appear waſte and dreary: they are diſtinguiſhed by different appellations taken from the ſubjects of the paintings of the ceilings; the ſaloon of Venus, of Apollo, of Mars, of Jupiter, of Hercules, *&c.* Pietro da Cortona and Ciro Ferri have exerted their genius in repreſenting on theſe ceilings ſeveral allegorical ſubjects drawn from ancient hiſtory, and from the heathen mythology, applicable to the political hiſtory of the Dukes of Florence, and which would take me a volume to explain. I only wiſh you then to believe that they have great merit as paintings; that they are *ſymbolical, myſterious*; that I got a pain in my neck from looking up at them, and was tired to death at hearing them explained. I think you have had enough of ceilings in my deſcription of thoſe below ſtairs.

The pictures the moſt to our taſte that adorn theſe ſaloons, are a St. Anthony at handy-cuffs with the Devil, by Salvator Roſa: a ſpirited piece. A fine portrait of a Pope,

a Pope, by Tiziana. Adam and Eve weeping at the death of Abel, by Tiarini. St. Philip de Neri invoking the Virgin and Infant. The compoſition and characters are fine, particularly the Infant Jeſus; by Carlo Maratti. Apollo flaying Marſyas, by Guercino. A picture repreſenting a Nymph ſurpriſed by Satyrs, of Rubens. Four Battle-pieces, hiſtorical, of the houſe of Medicis and Bourgignone: they are well done; but it is a ſubject I do not think ſucceeds on canvas: the beſt of them is that in which is a view of the frightful mountain Radicofani, of which I ſhall be better able to judge when we reach it; it lies between this city and Rome. A fine picture by Raffaello; the ſubject a Virgin, the Infant, and ſeveral ſaints. A portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, by Vandyke: this is an admirable picture. The pilgrims of Emmaus, by Paul Veroneſe. Abel dead, by Carlo Lotti; the drawing fine. The famous *Madonna della Sedia*, by Raffaello; this capital picture can never be ſufficiently admired; it is finiſhed to the laſt perfection: in my opinion this is the only repreſentation of the Virgin which ſeems to bear a probability of its being like the original; truth, innocence, and all the virtues are aſſembled in her modeſt countenance; the child reſembles her, but I think it not ſo greatly finiſhed as the Madonna. It is to be wiſhed Raffaello had draped

draped the Virgin with more ſimplicity: her clothing is like that of an Eaſtern princeſs; and the great chair in which ſhe is ſeated, adorned with velvet and gold fringe, reſembles the furniture of a Cardinal's palace. A portrait of a boy with thick hair combed down upon his forehead; the colouring fine, but the body is not of the ſame maſter: this portrait is given to Vandyke. The portrait of Paul Veroneſe, by himſelf. Two ſmall pictures, being the repreſentations of two parables; one, of the labourers of the vineyard; the other, of the woman ſearching for a loſt piece of ſilver: theſe are by Feti, and very good. A portrait of Raffaello, by Andrea del Sarto. A Holy Family, by Palma Vecchio; in this picture is introduced a monarch offering the globe of the world to the infant Jeſus. Another Holy Family finely done, in which St. John brings a lamb to the Infant, by Rubens. A portrait of a lady in crimſon ſattin; the drapery beautiful; by the ſame. The Fates, by Michael Angelo; this picture is much blackened. A fine portrait of a Lady dreſſed in black, by Paul Veroneſe. A Magdalen emaciated by faſting and prayer: it is a very ſingular picture; ſhe is draped in crimſon velvet lined with fur; by Leonardo da Vinci. A blaſphemous repreſentation of God the Father, ſupported by angels and winged griffins, by

Raffaello. An infant St. John aſleep, with St. John watching him; it is a beautiful picture, and finiſhed in the high ſtyle of Vanderwerf, but attributed to Carlo Dolci. Cain ſlaying Abel, by Schiavone. The conteſt for muſical excellence between Apollo and Marſyas; the expreſſion is admirable in this picture; by Carlo Loti. A Battle-piece, by Salvator Roſa; he has drawn himſelf in a corner: the various attitudes of the horſes and warriors are executed with great freedom and ſpirit. Three heads in one picture, by Ruſtichini. A good Bacchante, by Riminarly. A picture over a door, repreſenting a calf as large as the life, extremely well done: alſo another of cocks and hens, by Caſtiglioni. A Deſcent from the Croſs; the Magdalen fine, by Andrea del Sarto. The Supper of Lazarus; the moment the painter has taken, is that of Martha's complaining to our Saviour that her ſiſter does not aſſiſt her in domeſtic concerns: there is a great abſurdity in this picture; one of the *convives* at the table is ſlicing a Bologna ſauſage; by J. Baſſano; its pendant, by the ſame painter, repreſents the ſupper of the Phariſee. A Madona in extaſy, by Guercino. A St. John playing with a Lamb, by Ceſaro Genaro. A Sybil ſhewing the Emperor Juſtinian a Glory, in which appears the Virgin and infant over an altar, and ſeems to

repreſent

repreſent a viſion; his admiration and eagerneſs to be further informed is finely expreſſed; the Sybil is quite inſpired: by Palma Vecchio. A Muſician, who appears to be compoſing muſick; he ſtrikes a chord, while another man and woman ſtanding by him, appear as judging of his performance; it is intereſting, ſpirited, and well coloured; by Giorgione del Caſtel Franco.

There are ſeveral other pictures in this palace, that I make no doubt have their merit; as well as many which I do not think worth noticing; but thoſe I have mentioned pleaſed us moſt. The ſtatues are very indifferent; the apartments well furniſhed, and clean.

Dec. 29th. We leave *Florence the Fair* to-morrow; and after ſeeing our baggage packed up, I dedicate this evening to you. The few days we have paſſed here have been employed in viewing the gallery in particular, and the palace of Pitti; and having dined abroad ſome of thoſe days, by which our time has been conſumed, the afternoons always found us engaged to the theatre or private aſſemblies, the *caſſino*, &c. We have not had it in our power to ſee many of the churches, and thoſe in ſo curſory a manner, being hurried to death, that I ſhall not attempt to ſay more of them, than that I believe the chapel of

St. Laurent will be the fineſt of all poſſible chapels; and that, according to the Florentins, &c. the meridian of *Il Duomo*, (the cathedral church) is the beſt conſtructed meridian in the world. I know you will not be diſappointed in regard to the churches, as you do not expect impoſſibilities; for the ſame reaſon, and others I ſhall not trouble you with, you will excuſe me for not attempting a deſcription of a picture we have ſeen (in private hands only); ſuch a picture, of which even your imagination, from any help my pen could give it, would form but a very faint idea. The ſubject is *il pioggia d'oro*. Suffice it to ſay, the beauty of Danae could not be excelled by the Venus of Medicis, were ſhe animated. The anatomy, the muſcles, the colouring of the fleſh are ſo natural, that the picture is very near a deception. A Cupid, with his bow unſtrung, points to the ſhower of gold with great archneſs, which is deſcending in yellow pieces reſembling guineas, from a darkiſh cloud. Every particular of this picture is perfectly well done. The only ornament worn by Danae is a bracelet, and a ring on her fourth finger. I have often heard it obſerved by *connoiſſeurs* in Italy, that nothing diſgraces a fine hand more than rings worn on any finger except the third and fourth. It certainly deſtroys the proportions, and gives a gouty or rickety appearance to the hand in general; the firſt and middle finger

ger looking very ugly when loaded with rings. This *chef d'œuvre* is by Tiziano.

I cannot imagine why the Grand Duke, like another Jupiter, does not purchaſe this beauty by another ſhower of gold; for, in my opinion, neither the Venus nor the miſtreſs of Tiziano in the *Tribuno*, are comparable to it in any reſpect. This inimitable piece is in the poſſeſſion of two gentlemen (brothers) of the name of Carignani.

The environs of Florence are beautiful. Tuſcany was the ancient Etruria; a people who originally came out of Aſia: they were conſiderable and powerful long before the time of the Romans. At preſent the country is highly cultivated, divided into farms, and the peaſants appear rich and happy. Some of the high mountains contain mines of alum, iron, and ſilver; there are alſo quarries of alabaſter, porphyry, and other marbles. The plains are fertile in corn, vines, ſaffron, and all kinds of kitchen-garden ſtuff, which is alſo in great perfection. Silk worms thrive here, their produce is a conſiderable branch of commerce to the citizens; it is remarkable that theſe worms breed twice in a year, and even three times; but there is an order from government which forbids the third increaſe; the reaſon is, becauſe it would occaſion a dearth of mulberry-leaves, were the trees to be thrice ſtripped

for

for the nouriſhment of the worms, and conſequently there would few or none remain to feed their cattle, in caſe the fodder ſhould fall ſhort, which frequently happens, as there is here but little paſture-land. The fruits held in the higheſt eſtimation are, the cedars, water-melons, and grapes. Beſides that wine which is known in England by the name of Florence, and which is the *vin ordinaire du païs*, there is a white ſort which is much better, and extremely light and delicate to the taſte. The trees moſt common here, are the cypreſs and the pine; the latter produces a kind of almond or kernel, which are very good to eat: theſe pounded in a mortar, and mixed with the pulp of the white codlin, form a paſte exceedingly good to waſh the hands with. The wood is very reſinous, and if chipped while green, and boiled in water till one half of the water is conſumed, is excellent for ſprains, wrenches, or any common rheumatic pains in the limbs, uſed as a bath or fomentation hot as it can be borne.

The peaſants are tall and well made, the women remarkably handſome and very fair; they are extremely clean and well dreſſed; on days of *fête*, their hair is nicely adjuſted to become them, and ornamented with a very ſmall hat elegantly trimmed, and worn juſt above the left ear; on the other ſide, a mat of flowers is often interwoven with

ſtrings

ſtrings of pearl; they wear ear-rings of five or ſeven drops of pearl ſet in gold, and necklaces compoſed of ſeveral rows of the ſame; they are not the fineſt or moſt correct ſhaped pearls in the world, but ſuch as many ladies in England would not be aſhamed of wearing. They have ſilk *corſets* without ſleeves; their ſhift-ſleeves are puffed and tied with ribbon, the ſhoulder-ſtraps of their *corſets* are ornamented with long ribbons, which wanton in the wind as they walk; the *corſet* is covered with ſcarlet or blue luteſtring, and the petticoat is of the ſame. On working-days, when they bring their goods to market, their hair is entirely concealed by a kind of netted cap of crimſon, ſcarlet, or blue ſilk drawn tight over it, by means of two ſtrings ornamented with taſſels, which are frequently made of gold and ſilver. A pretty woman looks beautiful in this odd *coiffeure*. The taſſels, after they are tied, hang careleſsly down on the left ſide, and almoſt touch the ſhoulder. Their *corſets* and petticoats on theſe days are of callimancoe, and their ear-rings and croſs plain gold.

Proviſions are reaſonable, and the markets well ſupplied. Lalande is extremely particular in his account of Florence: his catalogue of illuſtrious learned men is juſt. I refer you to him for ſome very entertaining and curious anecdotes.

There

There is but one theatre open at preſent. The performers are wretched, and their plays, if poſſible, worſe; though it is ungrateful to criticiſe, as the *piece* is always in honour of the Engliſh. A crew of Engliſh ſailors are introduced on the ſcene, who ridicule, and in the end beat ſome French characters, which are much *outréed*. The theatre is convenient, but nothing remarkable; it is called the Little Theatre, to diſtinguiſh it from another, where they ſay operas are finely performed. The orcheſtra at the Little Theatre is compoſed of good muſicians.

This city is in high favour with young Engliſhmen, who are perfectly at their eaſe during their reſidence here. The ladies in general of eaſy virtue, and their expences light, as a genteel preſent is from two to five ſequins: it is true, theſe ladies are apt to borrow, to ſupply their play-purſes; but the ſums are but ſmall, and bear a certain proportion to the preſents I have mentioned. There are few private aſſemblies. Before Sir Horace Mann came here there was not any; but he has been of great uſe to them in teaching them how to live: his table is elegant, and his polite manners pleaſe every body; none more than his own countrymen. He has aſſemblies alſo. Monſieur *Barbantin*, the French reſident here, has ſhewn us many civilities: we had letters to him from the ambaſſador

of

of his nation at Turin. * * * * * * * * *
We ſet out for Rome to-morrow; ſo adieu, *&c. &c.*

LETTER XXXI.

Sienna, Dec. 30, 1770.

WE are arrived here in good health and without accident, though obliged to walk up a ſteep paved mountain, which was ſo iced over, that the horſes falling down frequently, induced us to get out of the carriage, by way of lightening the draft, which ſucceeded. We did not ſtop any where on the road, as we had not quitted Florence early in the morning. The road is practiſed over mountains, ſo that it is a continual aſcent and deſcent. We paſſed two or three ſhallow rivers, not dangerous. There are many agreeable views of the country from theſe mountains, occaſioned by the irregularity of their ſituation. They ſeem to interſect each other, and ſtrike the eye with a pleaſing variety of tints, ſome being covered with vines, others with olives, and others are ploughed; now and then a wild uncultivated mountain forms a beautiful contraſt.

Four poſt-horſes were not ſufficient for moſt part of the road; ſo we were frequently obliged to have ſix. To-morrow we are to reach Radicofani, and to paſs the night there. This town appears to conſiſt

of ruined palaces and very wretched houſes for poor people, if we may be allowed to judge from only paſſing through it.

If you ſhould meet with any body going to Florence, do not forget to recommend the Vaninis. We had no diſpute at parting; and they behaved ſo as not only to merit the character of honeſt, but even ſomething more than what is uſually meant by that word: theirs is an honourable honeſty; a rare quality in hoſts! I think we ſhall have no reaſon to complain of the people who keep this inn; they are women, and ſeem much humanized and *ſerviable*. I break off this letter, as a tolerable ſupper is juſt ſerved, and I am a little fatigued with the day's journey. No poſt quits Sienna to-night for France; ſo I ſhall take this letter with me, and continue it as I ſee occaſion. Sienna is ſix poſts from Florence.

Radicofani, the 31ſt of December.

Here we are, and lodged in a palace, which whilom was the delightful ſpot fixed upon for a repoſe from the chace, for princes: but what a palace! Oh! that it was but an Engliſh ſtable! Here is room enough to lodge the King of Pruſſia's Pandours and Croatians; and I ſuppoſe in the *environs* wild boars enough to glut them. Imagine an extenſive *ſuite* of rooms, long galleries and paſſages, the ceilings, or rather

rather the beams, in ſuch aërian perſpective, as nearly to evade the ſight; the walls literally bare and green, from damp; the pavement more rugged than Berkley-ſquare, and I believe has not been cleaned for many years. An eternal fog conſtantly enwraps this *cloud-cap'd tower*, through which the ſun-beams rarely penetrate in his annual courſe. At the end of the above-mentioned dreary waſte, or *ſuite* of apartments, are we. A table of an enormous ſize, and which ſeems in a ſtate of progreſſion towards petrefaction, graces the middle of this ſpacious chamber; no power on earth, I believe, is equal to the taſk of moving it from its ancient ſcite. A chimney of amazing ſize, japanned within and without with ſmoke, (the fire will not burn, the wood being always damp here) large puffs deſcending into the room, with guſts of cold wind.—Two broken chairs, exceſſively high, and of antique ſculpture in wood—A mattreſs, ſtuffed with the refuſe knots and ends of hemp, covered with ſheets that are wet, and prickly like hair-cloth.—The blanket—I ſcarce dare look at it; but when we are about lying down to ſleep (if that be poſſible) I ſhall, by the means of an enormous pair of tongs, endeavour to drag it into a corner of the room, as far as poſſible from the bed—by the glimmering light of the candles, it appears at this diſtance like a map of the

world—

world—ſeas—lakes—terra firma—iſlands and undiſcovered countries, from whoſe bournes I have no intention of returning, as I do not mean to explore them—In ſhort, I am in ſo ill a humour, ſo weary, and ſo hungry—They make us wait for ſupper moſt cruelly.

The winds howl in the paſſages on one ſide, and are re-echoed in another tone from the other-ſide: a French-woman would think *que le grand Diable tennoit le ſabbat ici pour toute les ſorcieres du monde, & qu'ils alloit tout arrivée en loups garou:* "but to what purpoſe complain?" ſays M——, "there is no help for it, and you "muſt be patient: it is only for one "night." I am ſatisfied, I am on my journey to Rome, and to be ſure was it worſe, Rome is an object worth ſuffering ſomething in its purſuit; ſo, till ſupper comes, and to prevent me from being afraid of ſpirits, I will write on, and inform you that the road from Sienna hither is in length ſix poſts, the laſt poſt exceſſively bad. The grim inhabitants of the palace, who ſeem as if deſcended from the cyclops, have juſt been with us to announce the long wiſhed for approach of the ſupper, which is upon its march from the kitchen.

Supper is over; it conſiſted of a diſh of eggs, which I had ordered to be boiled in the ſhell; but, alas! they were all rotten: then appeared an animal, which I am ſure would

would have puzzled the moſt ingenious author that ever wrote upon zoology to ſay what ſpecies of winged creature it had been. It had extended legs and wings, was black, and appeared to have been diſlocated alive; they inſiſted upon its being a *poularde*; had they aſſerted it to have been a griffin, I ſhould have been inclined to believe it; ſome wretched bread, of what date I know not, and ſome ſauce made with ſtinking oil concludes the bill of fare—the wine poiſonous—the water muddy.—Good night. For me, if ſleep ſhould kindly lend her aid, may I dream of a piece of Engliſh bread and cheeſe, and a draught of ſmall beer. My little barbett is ſo diſcontented and croſs, that ſhe barks inceſſantly at the howling of the wind, and diſdains to eat.

LETTER XXXII.

Viterbo, Jan. 1ſt.

WE now come cloſe upon Rome, having paſſed dreadful roads and frightful mountains; but any thing is better than a repoſe at Radicofani. We reached this place before night; the laſt poſt here from Sienna is a good road.

Two bad accidents happened laſt night; the poſt-maſter, who had himſelf rode as poſtillion to the Roman courier, was killed

on

on a mountain by falling from his horſe; and in another part of the road, the beſt horſe belonging to the poſt-maſter of *Aquapendente* was ſwallowed in a ſlough, where he expired, they not being able to get him out: however, bad as this road is at preſent, it is now better than ever it has been; for juſt before the Emperor was expected, the Pope and the King of Naples agreed to make good the roads in their reſpective dominions: we are told that on the Neapolitan ſide is by much the beſt. We paſſed by the ruins of the ancient Volſium this morning, near the Bolſena: theſe veſtiges are ſo demoliſhed, that they appear like a confuſed heap of ruined vaults. For many miles our road lay on the borders of the beautiful lake of Bolſena; the water is tranſparent; it is ſurrounded with hills clothed with hanging woods, whoſe various tints are reflected in its tranſlucent boſom. Two beautiful iſlands riſe from it; one is a majeſtic ruin: this iſland is about five miles from the ſhore. They told us at Bolſena, that the lake is thirty-five miles in circumference.

The ſoil on the ſides of the road is incorporated with a kind of burnt iron or droſs, which bears ſtrongly the appearance of extinguiſhed volcanos.

The accommodation here is bad and very dear; our ſupper conſiſted of a ſoup, the chief ingredients of which were all

ſorts

ſorts of livers and gizzards, collected from various birds, and I believe were of as various dates, ſailing after each other in a muddy pool, very unlike the lake of Bolſena; broiled pigeons with oil, and a friture of livers, &c. the ſoup the Barbet condeſcended to eat of. You may be ſure we are in no danger of a ſurfeit this night. To-morrow we ſhall reach immortal Rome; it is only four poſts thither; ſo good night for the preſent.

Rome, Jan. 6th.

Having arrived the ſecond inſtant too late for the French courier, I now reſume my pen, this being the firſt opportunity. We are lodged at Pio's Hôtel, *Strada della Cruce, Piazza di Spagna*, are well accommodated, and reaſonably. Our table is ſerved rather in the Engliſh ſtyle, at leaſt there abound three or four homely Engliſh diſhes (thanks to ſome kind Engliſh predeceſſors who have taught them), ſuch as bacon and cabbage, boiled mutton, bread-puddings, which after they have been boiled, are cut in pieces, fried, and ſerved with a wine ſauce ſtrongly ſpiced, &c. ſo don't think we are likely to ſtarve here.

You may, from the commoneſt print, form a very good idea of the entrance into Rome. The town for the moſt part is not paved, and the houſes in general make a wretched appearance; I do not mean the palaces:

palaces: there are many fine buildings, whoſe appearance is the more ſurpriſing, from their being ſurrounded with miſerable habitations. The part of the town we are in is by much the beſt for ſtrangers, and the accommodation any where elſe extremely bad; for you know one cannot occupy the palaces nor the churches, which latter abound.

We have received the utmoſt civilities from the families to whom we have preſented our letters of recommendation; thoſe who are moſt troubled with us are the Duke and Dutcheſs of Monté *Libretii*; they have undertaken to *ſerve us*, in the polite Italian ſenſe. The Duke is ſon to the Princeſs Paleſtrine, who is now in years and infirm; the Dutcheſs, daughter to the noble Prince Barromeo of Milan; they were ſo very obliging as to call upon us the ſame day we ſent our letter, and the next morning. We have been introduced by them to the Dutcheſs of Bracciano, at whoſe aſſembly we were laſt night. The Dutcheſs of Bracciano is of the blood royal of France; ſhe is eſteemed not only a very ſenſible woman, but alſo witty and learned: ſhe is extremely polite, and poſſeſſes evidently a great knowledge of the world. The Duke her ſon is a fine young man of the firſt claſs, ſpeaks Engliſh well, and is lively and agreeable: there was a numerous *converſazione*: from hence

hence they conducted us to the *Conteſſa Carpigna*'s, where there was alſo a brilliant aſſembly: this lady has the manners to appearance of an amiable French-woman. The Cardinal of Bernis came immediately on the reception of the letter of recommendation; he gave us the moſt obliging invitation to his table and aſſemblies. We go to-morrow.

The 7th of Jan. at night.

We have dined and paſſed the evening at Cardinal Bernis's; his niece, *Madame la Marquiſſe de Puymontbrun* does the honours of the table, &c. Nothing can be more elegant than his manner of living: he has united the French refinements to the Roman magnificence. There were about fifty perſons at table, conſiſting chiefly of cardinals. The ladies were *Madame de Puymontbrun*, the Princeſs of *Santa Cruce* and her mother. After dinner more company entered, and we were introduced to the Princeſs *Altieré* and a Poliſh family who are ſtyled *Princes*; their name is Prezbendowſky: I could think of nothing but Pottowiſky, and was going to call her ſo more than once. The Cardinal of Bernis being ſubject to the gout, ſtarves at his own table, as he thinks living low the only means of keeping the fit off. He feeds on nothing but herbs boiled and all the juice preſſed out; neither gravy, butter, ſalt, cream, eggs,

eggs, oil, nor any kind of meat, fiſh, or fowl, does he ever taſte, eats very little bread, and that extremely ſtale. Though he is himſelf thus ſuffering famine, his diſhes are of the beſt kinds, the greateſt variety the ſeaſon can afford in profuſion, and the beſt dreſſed: he knows whether each diſh is as it ought to be by its look and ſmell; and has the moſt hoſpitable manner imaginable; he is extremely cheerful, poſſeſſes a great ſhare of ſpirits, has a brilliant wit, and ready upon the moſt trifling occaſions; *enfin, il eſt petri de l'art de ſcavoir vivre.* It is impoſſible to converſe with him a quarter of an hour without being ſenſible that he is a man of deep penetration, learning, a great ſtateſman, and perfectly well read in the *belles lettres*; he has a noble air, though not tall, and rather inclined to corpulency; his countenance is ſenſible, and changes with his thoughts; his eyes quick and piercing, though not large; and he is marked with the ſmall pox.

I told you in this letter that we paſſed part of the evening at the Dutcheſs of Bracciano's: As we were there early, before much company was arrived, ſhe was ſo obliging as to enter into a particular converſation with me. We were ſeated on a ſofa, when one of the gentlemen in waiting entered and announced *il Re.* As there were many rooms to paſs before this perſonage

age could appear, ſhe ſeized that opportunity to deſire me upon no account to ſpeak to, or take the leaſt notice of him, as it was not only what ſhe inſiſted upon in her houſe, but that it was the Pope's deſire that no ſtranger, particularly Engliſh, ſhould hold any converſation with him. I aſſured her my principles were diametrically oppoſite to thoſe of the Stuart family and their party, adding more of the like ſort; but I concluded with ſaying, that if he ſpoke to me, I could not, as a gentlewoman, refrain from anſwering him, conſidering him only in the light of a gentleman, and ſhould treat him as I would do any other foreigner or native, with that general civility requiſite on ſuch occaſions; ſhe ſtill inſiſted upon my not anſwering ſhould he ſpeak to me, with which I refuſed to comply: I think I was right, my reaſons were theſe: I knew before, that no gentlemen of the Britiſh empire make themſelves known to him, but on the contrary avoid it, except ſuch as declare themſelves diſaffected to the preſent royal family; at leaſt, ſo it is underſtood at Rome. I had alſo heard that he politely avoided embarraſſing them by throwing himſelf in their way: but as I am not a man, it ſtruck me as very ridiculous for me, a woman, not to reply to the Pretender if he ſpoke to me, as ſuch a caution would bear the appearance

of

of paſſing myſelf for being of political conſequence; added to theſe conſiderations, I had great curioſity to ſee him and hear him ſpeak—But to return; he entered, and bowing very politely to the company, advanced to the individual ſofa on which I was placed with the Dutcheſs of Bracciano, and ſeated himſelf by me, having previouſly made me a particular bow, which I returned with a low curtſey; he endeavoured to enter into converſation with me, which he effected by addreſſing himſelf equally to the dutcheſs, another lady, and myſelf; at laſt he addreſſed me in particular, and aſked me how many days ſince my arrival at Rome, how long I ſhould ſtay, and ſeveral ſuch queſtions. This converſation paſſed in French—what diſtreſſed me was how to ſtyle him—I had but a moment for reflection; it ſtruck me that *Mon Prince* (though the common appellation in France of every ſtranger whoſe rank as a prince is the moſt dubious) would not come well from me, as it might admit of a double ſenſe in an uncandid mind—Highneſs was equally improper, ſo I hit upon what I thought a middle courſe, and called him *Mon Seigneur*. I wiſhed to ſhorten the converſation, for all on a ſudden he ſaid "Speak Engliſh, Madam." Before I could reply, the Dutcheſs of *Monte Libretti* came up, and pulled me

by

by the ſleeve; I went with her to a card-table at which ſhe was going to play: I declined playing, not being perfect in the games; beſides, you know I hate cards. At my departure, I took leave of the Dutcheſs of Bracciano (agreeable to the cuſtom) and the *Chevalier*, who played at her table, officiouſly civil, roſe up, and wiſhed me a good night. He is naturally above the middle ſize, but ſtoops exceſſively; he appears bloated and red in the face, his countenance heavy and ſleepy, which is attributed to his having given into exceſs of drinking; but when a young man, he muſt have been eſteemed handſome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the *contour* of his face a long oval; he is by no means thin, has a noble preſence, and a graceful manner: his dreſs was ſcarlet, laced with a broad gold lace; he wears the blue ribband outſide of his coat, from which depends a *cameo* (antique) as large as the palm of my hand; and wears the ſame garter and motto as thoſe of the noble order of St. George in England; upon the whole, he has a melancholic, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen conſtantly attend him; they are of Iriſh extraction, and Roman Catholics you may be ſure. This evening, after quitting the Cardinal's, we were at the Princeſs Paleſtrine's

leſtrine's *converſazione*, where he was alſo. He addreſſed me as politely as the evening before. The Princeſs deſired me to ſit by her; ſhe played with him: he aſked me, if I underſtood the game of *Tarocchi*, (what they were about to play at); I anſwered in the negative, upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he deſired to know if I had ever ſeen ſuch odd cards: I replied, that they were very odd indeed; he then diſplaying them ſaid, Here is every thing in the world to be found in theſe cards, the ſun, the moon, the ſtars; and here, ſays he, (ſhewing me a card) is the Pope; here is the Devil, (and added) there is but one of the *trio* wanting, and you know who that ſhould be. I was ſo amazed, ſo aſtoniſhed, though he ſpoke this laſt in a laughing, good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look; and as to a reply, I made none, but avoided cultivating converſation as much as poſſible, leſt he ſhould give our converſation a political turn. What paſſed afterwards was relative to ſome of the Engliſh manners and amuſements; ſuch as, whether whiſt was in faſhion at London, the aſſemblies numerous, &c. I was heartily glad when my viſit was finiſhed.

Before I cloſe this letter I ſhall mention St. Peter's and ſome other particulars. We go from hence to-morrow or the day following; a quiet moment preſents itſelf, and

I ſeize

I ſeize it to conclude this long letter. You have ſeen many prints repreſenting the outſide of St. Peter's church, but they are all (that I have met with) on ſo ſmall a ſcale, as to give but a very faint idea of the magnificent original. The piazza great court, or approach to the church, is divided into two parts, one of which forms an oval, the other a rectangle; the oval opens as you ſee in the prints, and preſents at once a view of the church in front: this opening has a wonderful effect. The colonade which ranges on each ſide, erected on the oval plan I mentioned, forms a *piazza* (I uſe this word here in the ſenſe it is confined to in England) covered at top; the entablature, &c. ſupported by four rows of large pillars; the whole is crowned by a baluſtrade, on which are placed ſtatues of ſaints, &c. I think not leſs than thirty-ſix holy perſonages. There appeared to us both, at the firſt ſight of this colonade, a moſt ſtriking fault in the architecture; the pillars, which are of ſtone, ſhow heavy and crowded. This is the more ſurpriſing, as the deſign, &c. are Bernini's; all the ſtatues and architecture we have hitherto ſeen of that maſter being univerſally too light. The floor is paved with brick, and is at preſent ſo out of repair as to make walking on it dangerous. The pavement of the open place is of ſtone. In the center ſtands a fine

a fine Egyptian antique obeliſk * of oriental granite; it is one piece, and, as they told us, meaſures ſeventy-four Paris feet in height; the pedeſtal, and braſs croſs at top included, give one hundred and twenty-four feet from the ſurface of the pavement. To the right and left of this obeliſk are two moſt magnificent fountains. Our *Ciceroni*, while we were admiring them, gave us an anecdote of Chriſtina Queen of Sweden, upon her firſt ſeeing theſe fountains; after conſidering them ſome minutes with ſilent admiration, ſhe turned to thoſe about her and ſaid, "*Ma foi, c'eſt aſſez, c'eſt aſſez, que ces bons gens ne ſe donne pas la peine de les faire jouer d'avantage.*" I could not learn whether they left her Majeſty in the error of ſuppoſing them playing merely for her; but I think it quite worthy the Italians to deſpiſe her benignity upon the occaſion,

* This obeliſk (as alſo ſome others at Rome) is of the moſt remote antiquity, probably from the times of the firſt Kings of Egypt, more than a thouſand years before the Aſſyrians penetrated into that country: it was diſcovered where the ſacriſty of St. Peter's now ſtands, which was formerly part of the Circus of Nero. Pope Sixtus the Fifth erected this obeliſk in its preſent poſition. The machines uſed for that purpoſe, and the manner of raiſing it up, &c. with a computation of the vaſt ſum expended on the occaſion, have been engraved and publiſhed. I think the calculation of the expence amounts to 37975 Roman crowns.

occaſion, ſo much as not to give themſelves the trouble to undeceive her.

The water which ſupplies theſe fountains has its ſource in the *Campagna di Trevignano*, *Lago Sabbatino*, and *Lago Bracciano*.

The rectangle immediately before the front of the church commences at the extremities of the colonade. Theſe two buildings are decorated with pilaſters which join on to the church, and in the middle of each is a door. Here are two fine Moſaic pictures; that to the right repreſents St. Peter and St. Paul, and was executed by Calandra: the ſubject of the ſecond is the converſion of St. Peter; by Pietro Spagna. Theſe ſide-doors open into the grand portico of the church. The great door of entrance, which exactly fronts the middle of the break between the two oval colonades, is elevated upon a kind of terras, which you aſcend by three ſteps of prodigious breadth. This entrance is ornamented with the Corinthian order, crowned by an Attic; above which riſes the ſuperb dome, appearing as at a conſiderable diſtance. The ſteps above-mentioned are of marble, compoſed of the antique remains of a magnificent pyramid, called the tomb of Romulus; at the foot of the firſt ſtep are two ſtatues, St. Peter and St. Paul, by Mino, placed there by Pius the Second. After the ſecond ſtep is a kind of terras, (for I cannot call it a landing-place) where

the Pope receives Emperors and Kings in pontifical ceremony, who come to viſit St. Peter's church. The front of the church is adorned with ſtatues, bas reliefs, &c. which I hope you will take for granted. I think I hazard nothing in ſpeaking my real ſentiments in reſpect to the front in general, as nobody will diſpute with me upon this occaſion, and I know you will keep counſel: to tell you the truth, there are ſo many ornaments, ſuch twiſting and turning, ſuch cutting and carving, that one fine thing hides another, and, to uſe a vulgar proverb, there is no ſeeing the wood for trees. The noble ſimplicity which ſhould, in my opinion, dignify ſo vaſt an edifice, is loſt, by being thus loaded and confounded in ornaments; and may, perhaps, be not improperly compared to the appearance of a perfect beauty at a maſquerade, in the character of a Nabob's wife. On entering the church, the eye is wonderfully ſtruck with the fine proportions of the iſles and chapels, whilſt at the ſame inſtant your attention is drawn off to the vivid and brilliant colouring of the Moſaic pictures which gliſten on all ſides.

The vaſt ſpace of ground this church ſtands upon does not at firſt ſtrike the eye; but the eager curioſity to penetrate to the end of it convinced me moſt feelingly, by the remonſtrances of weary feet, that it occupies a plane of great extent. As to

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the meaſurements, conſult Lalande, who will, I believe, inform you with great accuracy.

When you have gained the dome, nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance on all ſides; the eye repoſes on the juſtneſs of the architectural proportions, wanders over the fine Moſaic pictures, and till this enchantment begins to loſe its force by gazing inceſſantly, you ſeem as if ſuddenly tranſplanted into another planet. Recovering from this trance, the malignity of our diſpoſition begins to take place, and tempts to criticiſe. The canopy over the grand altar, which is of gilt bronze, ſupported by twiſted columns, intercepts the perſpective view of the middle iſle, and appears (if you can gueſs at my meaning) too heavy and too light at the ſame time. The twiſted columns have wreaths bound round them, which lends a kind of fantaſtic airy lightneſs to the ſolid and ſtrong props of a vaſt braſs canopy.

To give you ſome idea of the great ſize of this church, two angels which ſupport the baptiſmal fount appear, on entering it, to be about the ſize of our children; and upon a nearer approach, you are aſtoniſhed at the coloſſal height and ſize of theſe ſeeming infants, which are *chef d'œuvres*; but I have neither time nor patience to enter into a detail of its beauties, ornaments, and proportions, *&c.* and ſhall therefore

refer you for a more ample account to abler pens than mine, as I muſt haſten the concluſion of this letter, that I may have time to ſleep before our journey. I wiſh I could ſend you the model in a dream, though I ſhould be ſorry you did not wake before you had examined a fourth part of its beauties. Adieu, and believe, as ever, *&c.*

LETTER XXXIII.

Naples, Jan. 12, 1770.

WE have reached this city in perfect health. We were detained a day and a night longer on the road than we had expected. Leaving Rome the 8th, we lay that night at Viletri, a wretched place, bad accommodations, and very dear. We were called up at three o'clock next morning, in order to loſe no time unneceſſarily upon the road; but it ſnowed ſo faſt, and the wind was ſo violent, that when we came down to the door of the inn, the poſtillions aſſerted they could not drive, nor would the horſes go forward, the wind and ſnow being right in their faces. Here we waited till half an hour paſt ſix, when the day appeared; and though M———, on my account, wiſhed to put off our proceeding any farther that day, yet my ardent deſire to go forward was ſuch, that I determined at all events not to defer our journey; and

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at laſt prevailed. I dreaded a delay, and pleaded a probability of its freezing upon the ſnow, which, had it happened, muſt have impeded us for ſome days; ſo on we went, and got over the ſnow pretty well, though it lay ſo deep, as to fill up all the ruts and ditches. After we had gone two poſts it thawed; notwithſtanding which, we were obliged to lie at Fondi, from the extreme badneſs of the roads; and though it ceaſed ſnowing, violent guſts of wind, with a furious rain, contributed to make the journey ſtill more wearying and diſagreeable.

I have ſo often mentioned the inns on the roads in Italy to be the worſt in the world, that I am tired of repeating the ſame thing; yet I muſt tell you, this one is peculiar in that ſtyle. The walls are bare; the pavement nearly as rugged and as dirty as the roads we had juſt paſſed; no ſaſhes in the windows, no glaſs, no paper, but ſome ſhutters ſo out of repair as to admit through their breaches the rain and ſnow upon our beds; the doors could not be ſhut. Our beds were made of the knots of hemp, without curtains; and their vicinity to the wall was an aggravation of our wretched plight, it being in a manner plaiſtered over with ſnuffy ſpittle, and marbled between *en griſaille*, with what I cannot mention. The only light the inn afforded was that of a ſtinking lamp, ſupplied with train-oil; the

the proviſions ſtale, rotten eggs, and ſome ragouts of liver and brains ſtewed in oil, ſimilar to that uſed in the lamp. Their demand for our ſupper and beds was a ſequin a-head. As if our unlucky ſtars meant to oblige us to contribute to our own inconvenience and misfortunes, we gave orders to be called at half an hour after two the next morning, intending, if poſſible, to reach Naples the ſame night; accordingly we roſe at that early hour, but not refreſhed, being more fatigued than had we ſat up the whole night. Having advanced about half a poſt towards Naples, we were met by a great mountain, where the unmelted ſnow but thinly covering the ground, was frozen over: the poſtilions ſtopped, and ſaid they could go no farther, the horſes not being able to keep their feet (for in this country they never heard of froſt-nails or rough-ſhoeing to prevent ſlipping) we then propoſed to get out and walk up the mountain, in order to lighten the carriage, and left our *valet de chambre* with the equipage, ſuppoſing they might then be able to follow us. M——carried the fire-arms himſelf, which conſiſted of a brace of piſtols and a blunderbuſs; it being by no means expedient to leave theſe either in the poſtilion's power or that of our ſervant. We had not proceeded far before I began to ſlip and ſtumble as often as the horſes had

had done. As the road up this ſteep mountain turned and winded very frequently, we ſoon loſt ſight of our carriage, but concluded they were coming ſlowly after, when with the greateſt difficulty we had gained the ſummit, having walked about two miles, judge of our ſurpriſe and diſappointment to ſee our ſervant coming after us as faſt as he could, calling out to us to ſtop; when he informed us the poſtilions had not advanced one ſtep from the place where we had left them, alleging it to be impoſſible for the horſes to draw the carriage up the mountain. What did not theſe villains deſerve for ſuffering us to make ſuch an attempt? for I am convinced they never intended to make the leaſt effort to follow us. So we returned as we came, they not having given themſelves the trouble even to turn the carriage about. We got in, not thinking of this circumſtance, and they backed in ſuch a manner, that had it not been for a few ſtones, the remains of a broken wall, the carriage and ourſelves had gone down a precipice, whence we never ſhould have returned. I forgot to tell you, that in aſcending the mountain we met two or three little parties of very ill-looking fellows, though at ſo early an hour; but they eyeing the arms, did not moleſt us: I wiſhed them good morning in as civil Italian as occurred to me. Was

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not this a moſt odious *promenade* at the point of day, almoſt benumbed with cold, a bitter wind and ſleet in our faces, upon a bleak mountain, &c. ? As to my complexion, I believe by the time I ſhall ſee you again I may paſs for the Queen of the Gipſies. But to return; we went back to Fondi, in order to wait for a thaw, and had there the ſatisfaction to contemplate the approaching Aurora.

——" Till Morn, wak'd by the circling hours,
With roſy hand unbarr'd the gates of light."

We continued at Fondi till twelve o'clock, and were obliged by the poſtmaſter (who is alſo the hoſt) to pay the ſame poſt over again, but intend to make the proper inquiries at Naples into this procedure. At length we ſet out, the ſun ſhining bright on the ſnow, and we with ſome difficulty reached *Mola di Gaeta*.

Mola di Gaeta is ſituated on the margin of the Mediterranean: here it was that Eneas buried his nurſe, from whom it had its name of Cajeta.

And thou, O Matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the ſhore haſt left thy name.
Cajeta ſtill the place is call'd from thee,
The nurſe of great Eneas' infancy.
Here reſt thy bones in rich Heſperia's plains,
Thy name ('tis all a ghoſt can have) remains.

Here

Here we had all our trunks ſearched, and were obliged to take up our lodging for the night, our hoſt informing us, that if we proceeded on our journey we ſhould find, two poſts further, a certain river that could not be croſſed but at the riſk of our lives, as night would overtake us ere we reached it, and of courſe occaſion us the greateſt difficulties. They ſhewed us into a room in a kind of tower, which, compared to Fondi, was tolerably clean, but it had the ſame ſort of ſhutters, and was very cold: upon lighting ſome faggots, the chimney ſmoked to ſuch a degree, that we were glad to extinguiſh the fire, and rather put up with the malignity of the weather, than with that of our fuel. Our beds and proviſions were in the ſame ſtyle with thoſe at Fondi. The next morning at four o'clock we quitted Mola di Gaeta, being obliged to leave a ſequin as gage, and to carry a manifeſto with us, declaring that we had no other concealed contraband goods than four pair of new ſilk ſtockings; the manifeſto was to be ſhewn when we ſhould arrive within two miles of Naples, in order to avoid the delay of being ſearched there alſo; but this did not avail, for our baggage was opened and tumbled about notwithſtanding, though to no purpoſe, as we had nothing ſeizable, except the before mentioned ſtockings; I miſ-

take, for I had a parcel of bead work for the Dutcheſs of *Calabretta* ; this parcel wonderfully eſcaped their obſervation ; indeed theſe ſort of commiſſions are generally troubleſome ; I had the precaution to wrap them up amongſt my linen, which concealed them. As to the road from Rome to Naples, that part (about one half) which reaches from Rome to Terracina is extremely bad ; juſt paſt Terracina, and on the Neapolitan ſide, is a dangerous ſtep, the road (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) lying through the ſea ; but it is ſoon paſſed : the ſea there is not very deep, though it riſes ſufficiently high to be above the floor of the carriage, but the bottom is rough : from hence to Naples the road is ſafe and good ; the cauſe of this variety is, that when the Emperor was to travel from Rome to Naples, the Pope and his Neapolitan Majeſty agreed to mend and improve between them the roads from Rome to Naples, from conſideration to him. The King of Naples' territory commences at Terracina, and reaches to Naples, and proper orders were given, which have ſucceeded as to that portion of it ; but his Holineſs's orders (if any ſuch there were) have not been carried into execution, which accounts for that part of St. Peter's patrimony continuing ſo much out of repair as to be barely paſſable. I think it lucky

that

that we determined to paſs the carnival here rather than at Venice; for we are told the roads from Rome to Loretto, and ſo on to Venice, are much worſe in winter than thoſe we have already travelled. Before I have done with the road from Rome to Naples (though your patience ſhould be exhauſted) I muſt tell you the Dreſs of the men and women of Fondi; the women wear no caps, their hair grows as Nature pleaſes, I believe it is never combed: the population of their heads muſt be abundant, and the different nations bear the hue of their different complexions; as reddiſh in the red haired, black and yellowiſh in the ſwarthy. The hair behind is formed into a *queue*, with what the gardeners call *baſt*, the filaments which compoſe the coarſeſt matts; it is then twiſted round at the back of the head, and a leaden ſkewer, dignified by the name of a bodkin, thruſt through it; at firſt ſight it appears like a great eel prepared and faſtened together to be dreſſed in the manner called by the Engliſh cooks Spitchcocking. On their backs they carry a coarſe and dirty blanket, which hangs down behind half way the legs; from before deſcends its fellow, but of a ſmaller ſize, paſſing under the arms, and kindly uniting itſelf with the hindermoſt. They have neither ſhift, petticoats, ſtockings, or ſhoes, and look like

like ſo many mad furies. The men wear a great looſe cloak, in which they wrap themſelves up to the chin; round their legs and feet are wound ſtripes of very coarſe linen, but no ſhoes. In this elegant attire, both ſexes ſtand in the ſtreet converſing, *et faiſant l'agreable*, all day long. They never work if they can avoid it; now and then, as a piece of gallantry, the men ſcratch and ſearch for ſome of the inhabitants in their miſtreſſes heads. The poſtilions and ſervants of the inn were rather better clad, and had each a large gold ear-ring in one ear, with a pearl hanging to it, and rings on their fingers, made in the preſent faſhion as to ſize, though the metal is generally pewter or braſs: they are intended to imitate a *cameo*, or an *intaglio*, but are extremely like what our ſchool-boys call Dumps. But let me haſten from Fondi, that I may aſſure you Naples appears to be a moſt charming town; the ſtreets are crowded with people and brilliant equipages; the ſhops filled with all ſorts of merchandiſes; the markets well ſtocked with the beſt proviſions, and in the greateſt abundance. We are lodged in a magnificent houſe near the royal palace; our hoſteſs, who ſeems to be a very good humoured civil woman, is the *Marcheſe di Grazze Riale*; ſhe is widow to a Spaniſh Marquis, and has with her a daughter, a young girl: there is no other family in the palace.

palace. I need not inform you how it happens in theſe countries, that Marchioneſſes let lodgings, and palaces are turned into lodging-houſes. Our apartment, which is the firſt floor, conſiſts of ſo many rooms, that it is a journey from the ſtair-caſe to the drawing-room. Beſide kitchen, &c. we have even a chapel, and all upon the ſame floor; which laſt we intend converting into an anti-chamber for our ſervants, as it lies particularly convenient for that purpoſe. We have already received many civilities from thoſe to whom we had letters of recommendation; but I am ſo weary of this long epiſtle, that I ſhall ſay no more at preſent, than that we have loſt no time to get ſettled, and are already provided with a very handſome glaſs coach, horſes, and coachman (a job you may ſuppoſe) two footmen, a maid for me, a cook, and a ſcullion-boy, a hair-dreſſer by the month, for M——'s *valet de chambre* cannot dreſs hair. How often have we regretted the having brought him ſo far! But we are not the firſt who have been deceived in ſervants; and you muſt certainly remember the excellent character which induced M—— to take him. Adieu. As ever, yours, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXIV.

Naples, Jan. 14th, 1771.

I Wrote to you two days ſince; but do not expect letters every two days, for it will not be in my power to continue to write ſo frequently. The effects produced by our recommendatory letters have been moſt convenient and agreeable: the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Termoli*, with their ſon and daughter, have ſhewn us the greateſt civilities. This family have been to ſee us, and treat us with all the kindneſs it is poſſible to expect from near relations, although they are, as you know, diſtant *******. Alſo Monſieur P—— (who is, it ſeems, to go to England in a public character) called upon us, and introduced us to his family, his ſiſter, &c. They are all polite and civil. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton have called upon us, and have done the honours of their place; as offering ſeats in their box at the opera, invitation to their palace, to their concert, &c. The Dutcheſs of Termoli ſent one of her gentlemen with a meſſage to offer the uſe of one of her carriages, horſes, &c. during our reſidence here, with a very polite excuſe, accounting for her not going conſtantly with me herſelf to public places, aſſemblies at private houſes, &c. from her being in waiting from four o'clock till ten: but that as

ſoon

ſoon as it is in her power, ſhe will do every kind office. This meſſage is badly tranſlated, and has loſt, like other tranſlations, much of the ſpirit of the original. The place this lady holds at court anſwers to our miſtreſs of the robes; the Duke's place to that of high chamberlain. She, in perſon and ſenſe, puts me in mind of the Dowager Counteſs of T——e, is about her age and height, and has certainly been a very fine woman; we have received from her a moſt obliging invitation to Caſſerta, whither the court will ſoon remove. We have been to the opera, which is very fine, (but I ſhall mention it more particularly in another place) in Monſieur Pigniatelli's box, where we were introduced by his family to ſeveral people. The French Ambaſſador, Monſieur de Choiſeul, has alſo been to ſee us; we have invitations from him to an aſſembly at his palace, alſo to dine, &c. and a key to his box at the opera, which he politely offered me. We have returned our viſits, and have been introduced to ſeveral other families, amongſt which are the following: the Princeſs *Giracci Grimaldi*, a Genoeſe; the Princeſs *Potera* and all her family, called the *Monte Leonis*, they are Sicilians; the *Marcheſe Trevico* and her daughter, who is married to a grandee of Spain with ſo hard a name that I cannot recollect it; the Dutcheſs of Palma, the Tannucci family, he is firſt miniſter; and,

in

in ſhort, to ſo many more, that I muſt make a liſt of them; for their very names are moſt difficult to remember. I fear our acquaintance will increaſe, ſo as to become an impediment to our purſuit and examination of thoſe objects which diſtinguiſh Naples and its neighbourhood. Though theſe foreigners ſeem to vie with each other in hoſpitality and politeneſs, yet we were extremely pleaſed to find a great many Engliſh here. At Mrs. Hamilton's aſſembly, before the Italians came in, I could have fancied myſelf at an aſſembly in London. I ſhall give you here a liſt of them. * * * * * * * On being introduced into the drawing-room, I was ſurpriſed at the appearance of two Engliſh ladies (Mrs. H——— and Lady H———) who were dreſſed as they would have been for a court-day at St. James's. It appeared, that though they had not been at St. James's, they had been at St. Carlos's: in ſhort, they had been juſt preſented at court; and I found had come a day too late, as the ceremony of preſenting was not to be repeated till after the return of the court from Caſſerta, that morning being the laſt court-day. * * * * * * * * * * * *. You ſee, by what I have told you, the preſenting muſt be done at Caſſerta, however uncuſtomary, the etiquettes, &c. here demand it; and the Dutcheſs of Termoli, the Tannucci family, and Pigniatelli's, muſt certainly

certainly be proper judges. I ſhall not cloſe this letter till I have made it more intereſting to you, as I am ſure you wiſh to know how we live, and with whom, as well as what we ſee.

Jan. 18. With the utmoſt joy we have received a pacquet of letters from you. [Here follows part of this letter, which, as it relates entirely to family affairs, is omitted; alſo ſome anecdotes, not thought proper for public peruſal.]

We are not likely to paſs our time in a ſtupid and unintereſting manner, as we have a choice of ſeveral boxes at the opera, the Dutcheſs of Termoli's, the Princeſs Piedimonti's, and the Dutcheſs of Palma's, beſides thoſe I have already mentioned. As to engagements, they are ſo numerous, and for ſuch a time to come, that I know not how we ſhall contrive to fulfil them all. Mrs. Hamilton's Muſical Aſſembly, which ſhe gives once a week, is rendered perfect by her elegant taſte and fine performance; it is called an *Accademia di Muſica*; and I ſuppoſe no country can produce a more complete band of excellent performers. I am ſorry this fooliſh affair concerning preſenting at Caſſerta, trifling as it is, ſhould have occaſioned ſo much converſation here, and, till it was ſettled by the Queen herſelf, was very tireſome.—All being at length adjuſted, the Queen will have me preſented to her the firſt *Fête* day at Caſ-

ſerta;

ſerta; when that is over, you ſhall hear all about it.

We are moſt agreeably ſituated, having a charming proſpect from our windows, as well as a ſide-view of the King's palace (a very fine building) and a triumphal arch, through which we catch a beautiful glimpſe of the ſea. On the oppoſite ſide, the left, is a great church, and in front the magnificent theatre of St. Carlo, which has a communication with the royal palace. The ſtreet we live in is called *Strada di Toledo*, it is extremely broad; we ſee along it till the perſpective almoſt meets.

The Mount Veſuvius bounds our view; and this mountain is a great amuſement to me at night: I never go to bed without watching and bidding it adieu from my window. It bellows like diſtant thunder, and then throws out flames and red hot ſtones with *lava*; the appearance altogether is like that of a prodigious fire-work; the fire is ſeldom viſible by day, but a thick ſmoke always riſes from its top.

The weather is ſo warm, we ſit with the windows open. All the flowers of the ſpring are here in the greateſt abundance, ſuch as jonquils of various ſorts, anemones, carnations, and roſes are now juſt come into ſeaſon, and ſold for a *bajocha* (or half-penny) each.

I have already begun to pick up ſome curious things, which I am ſure will meet your

your approbation, and am in a fair way to have ſeveral more, although at preſent difficult to be procured, comparatively with what they were when Mr. Hamilton made his collection. We are endeavouring to attain all the knowledge we can from the moſt ingenious people here, and from books, in order to render ourſelves in ſome degree worthy the inſpection of the cabinet of Portici and the town of Pompeia, on which account we have ſeldom been out as yet till after dinner, as I hope by my induſtry to be able ſoon to accompany M— in the reſearches after antiquity without being an interruption to him. Judge yourſelf of the merits of the curioſities that repoſe in the cabinet of Portici, when I aſſure you, upon the beſt information, that many of the articles of that depoſitary were held in the higheſt eſteem by the Romans in the Auguſtan age; theſe I preſume muſt be Etruſcan, Egyptian, and Grecian rarities and antiques. Adieu for the preſent, for I will not defer ſending this letter to another opportunity, leſt you ſhould be uneaſy, the diſtance between us being now ſo conſiderably increaſed. My next ſhall be more entertaining. I am, as ever, &c.

LET-

LETTER XXXV.

Jan. the 25th.

I HAVE been ſo much engaged lately, that I am quite weary with amuſements. We have been at a *Fête*, given by the Princeſs Potera to about two hundred people. Their palace is ſpacious, conſequently its grand apartment ſufficiently large for the accommodation of ſo many gueſts. Every thing was conducted with the greateſt order. The company a ſelection from amongſt the principal nobility of Naples. Moſt of the *Engliſh* ſtrangers were of it alſo. One room was for the ball, another for cards, a third for refreſhments, a fourth for ſupper, beſides the antichambers leading to theſe four, which were well illuminated and lined with attendants Engliſh country-dances laſted almoſt the whole evening, and but few minuets, none but thoſe who excelled attempting this dance. How happy would it be for the ſitters-by if this rule was a Perſian and Medean law at certain balls in England. The ſupper was very agreeably managed in my opinion; it was ready at twelve, and any party that choſe it went together and ſupped; it was then removed, and the table again covered, and ſo continued to be till three

three in the morning. This family propoſe giving the ſame ſort of *Fête* once every week during the *Carnaval*. The moſt amiable manners adorn each individual of their princely houſe. The young *Princepeſſina*, their daughter, is handſome and well-bred enough to grace a Britiſh drawing-room.

We have alſo been at the Princeſs *Giracci*'s aſſemblies, which are extremely elegant, and the company as numerous as at any in London. Thoſe we know live ſo much in the ſame ſtyle and the ſame ſociety, that by deſcribing one you may form a judgment of all the others; ſo I ſhall proceed to give you the hiſtory of our day at Caſſerta. This ſuperb palace is not yet completed, but will certainly be finiſhed in a ſhorter time than is imagined, if they continue to work upon it as they do at preſent. I ſhall only deſcribe to you the apartments we ſaw and the theatre. We had an invitation from the Duke and Dutcheſs of Termoli to dine with them, and they gave us a magnificent entertainment, tho' their houſe at Caſſerta is but ſmall, being one amongſt many other temporary buildings, contiguous to the palace, for the accommodation of the officers of the court, until the palace, its pavilion, &c. are completed. They received us in the moſt friendly and hoſpitable manner, and were much mortified at not having it in their power

power to offer us an apartment during the time the court ſhould reſide there, but were themſelves ſo crowded, as to be obliged to have double beds in all their bedchambers. At half an hour after five in the afternoon Mrs. Hamilton called upon me to go to the theatre according to agreement * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

In conſequence of a meſſage from the Queen, I then went with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton into the box of the prime miniſter, from whence her Majeſty ſent. The Queen received me moſt graciouſly, I may venture to ſay with a courtly familiarity, as if I had the honour of being known to her before. Amongſt many things ſhe was pleaſed to ſay (a great part of which I did not clearly underſtand, as ſhe ſpeaks but indifferent French and but little Italian) ſhe wiſhed me to tell her ſincerely how I liked Italy, how I liked France, and whether I knew her ſiſter the Dauphine, and how I liked her; the ſame inquiry in regard to the Infanta of Parma, another of her Majeſty's ſiſters; whether I had been at Vienna, or intended to go thither. The concluſion of the converſation was many civil things, and many kind wiſhes for my being pleaſed at the *Fêtes* of Caſſerta, where ſhe was ſo good as to ſay ſhe hoped I would come conſtantly; ſhe then deſired me to accompany her into the pit, and to dance, *&c.* The company preſent

ſent in the box, beſide Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, were the Ducheſs of Termoli and her daughter, the Tannucci family, the Dutcheſs of Palma, the Prince St. Omaro, and ſome lords of the chamber. The Italian ladies I have mentioned are the principal favourites and intimates of the Queen. Her Majeſty is a beautiful woman, ſhe has the fineſt and moſt tranſparent complexion I ever ſaw; her hair is of that gloſſy light cheſnut I ſo much admire; it is by no means red; her eyes are large, brilliant, and of a dark blue, her eyebrows exact, and darker than her hair, her noſe inclining to the aquiline, her mouth ſmall, her lips very red (not of the Auſtrian thickneſs) her teeth beautifully white and even, and when ſhe ſmiles ſhe diſcovers two dimples, which give a finiſhing ſweetneſs to her whole countenance: her ſhape is perfect; ſhe is juſt plump enough not to appear lean; her neck is long, her deportment perfectly eaſy, her walk majeſtic, her attitudes and action graceful: ſhe is a beauty ſo much to my taſte, that I muſt ſay no more of her perſon, &c. leſt ſhe ſhould fill up too much of my paper.

As ſoon as her Majeſty, &c. were come into the pit, the Queen immediately danced a minuet, and to the higheſt perfection; both their Majeſties were dreſſed *en Savoiarde*, the ſtuff was ſtriped ſattin. Neither gold,

gold, ſilver, jewels, lace, or embroidery are permitted to be wore at theſe *Fêtes*.

At the time I was preſenting, the Queen and all the company in the box were unmaſked; but when her Majeſty deſcended into the ball-room (the pit) ſhe entered maſked, as did the others. A ſmall black maſk which covers half the face is what every body muſt wear.

There is no precedence obſerved at theſe balls: the King and Queen go in and out promiſcuouſly, which is the reaſon why the company is not ſo numerous as one might expect to find it. None but ſuch as the Queen eſteems proper to receive and converſe with *ſans ceremonie* are ever admitted; and there are many of the Neapolitan nobility, even to the rank of dukes, who are allowed only to ſee the ball from the upper boxes. Do not expect a deſcription of the King's perſon, ſuffice it to ſay, he is not *ſo handſome* as his Queen. Any of the company may dance at the ſame time with their Majeſties. There are three or four ſets of Engliſh country-dances, and when the Queen is tired of them, minuets are danced, as many as can be at the ſame time. The Queen calls out thoſe ſhe chooſes to dance with; ſhe did M—— the honour to order him more than once that night to dance with her. His Majeſty is not fond of this amuſement; however, he danced a country-dance in a ſet he commanded, conſiſting

ſiſting of men only, that he might, I ſuppoſe, dance as high and as violently as he pleaſed; but he met with one young Engliſhman who was more than his match, Lord L——, who gave him ſuch a twirl in return, as both ſurpriſed and pleaſed his Majeſty.

I ſhall next give you, as well as I am able, a picture of the theatre, before you partake of our ſupper.

The theatre is in the palace; it is approached through ſpacious courts, and then through large paſſages lined with a double row of guards under arms. The plan is circular, the *proſcenium* appeared to me to cut off about a third from the circle; the boxes are larger than thoſe in any other I have yet ſeen; they are lined, gilt, and decorated with a profuſion of ornaments. The gilding of the decorations of the whole of the theatre is ſo uncommonly bright, that I think the higheſt poliſhed ſolid gold could not ſurpaſs it. The friezes, cornices, pediments, &c. are of a beautiful tranſparent marble, reſembling a mixture of agate and oriental alabaſter; the pillars ſuſtaining theſe ornaments are of the moſt exact proportions and of the ſame materials; the ſtage is finely decorated, and ſo well painted in perſpective, as almoſt to produce a deception; the back ſcene being down, and thoſe of the ſides repreſenting columns, &c. the appearance given is that of the inſide

of a vaſt ſaloon. The ſtage was covered with the muſicians upon benches, riſing pyramidically one above the other, the top of the pyramid is crowned by the kettle-drums. The muſicians are all in a livery, their coats blue, richly laced, their waiſtcoats red, and almoſt covered with ſilver, ſmall black hats, with long ſcarlet feathers ſtuck upright in them: large wax candles are placed between, ſo that they form a ſtriking *coup-d'oeil* upon your entering the theatre: the whole is ſo artfully illuminated, that the effect is equal, and ſeems as if the light proceeded from a brilliant ſun at the top. I imagine this may be accounted for from the reflection of the lights by the high poliſhed marble pillars and other ornaments, into which the light ſeems even to pierce. The pit (which is more like an antique arena) is floored with a compoſition coloured red, very hard, and rather ſlippery; here it is they dance. The boxes are appropriated to the foreign miniſters and great officers belonging to the court. At twelve, the Queen unmaſks, as do all the company in the ſame moment: they then adjourn to ſupper, thoſe who happen to be near the door going out firſt, *&c.* thus it may happen, that their Majeſties may be laſt, ſo completely is the *etiquette* annihilated here. When the Queen is near the door, all the courtiers crowd about her on their knees to

kiſs

kiſs her hands, which ſhe lends on each ſide in the moſt gracious manner.

After mounting a ſtaircaſe, you enter ſeveral large rooms, hung and adorned in the Italian taſte with crimſon damaſk, velvet, &c. and amply illuminated. The chairs are placed all round againſt the walls, and each ſits down where they chooſe. Theſe rooms were ſo full, that there was a double row of chairs placed back to back down the middle. Accident placed me exactly oppoſite the Queen, who took the firſt chair ſhe found empty. There are no tables in any of the rooms; but every perſon being ſeated, the ſupper is ſerved thus: The beſt looking ſoldiers, choſen from the King's guards, carry about the ſupper with as much order, regularity, and gravity, as if they were performing a military *manœuvre*. Firſt appears a ſoldier bearing a large baſket with napkins, followed by a page, who unfolds and ſpreads them on the lap of each of the company as they happen to ſit; but when it comes to the Queen's turn to be ſerved, a lord of the court preſents her Majeſty's napkin. The firſt ſoldier is immediately followed by a ſecond, bearing a baſket of ſilver plates; another carries knives and forks; then follows a fourth, with a great *pattée*, compoſed of macaroni, cheeſe, and butter: he is accompanied by an *ecuyer trenchant* (or carver), armed with a knife a foot long, who cuts the pie, and

lays a large ſlice on the plate (which has been placed on the lap of each of the company); then a fifth ſoldier, with an empty baſket, to take away the dirty plates: others ſucceed in the ſame order, carrying wines, iced water, &c. the drinkables are ſerved between the arrival of each eatable: the reſt of the ſupper conſiſted of various diſhes of fiſh, ragouts, game, fried and baked meats, perigord-pies, boars-heads, &c. The deſſert was formed into pyramids, and carried round in the ſame manner: it conſiſted of ſweetmeats, biſcuits, iced-chocolate, and a great variety of iced-fruits, creams, &c. The Queen eat of two things only, which were prepared particularly for her by her German cooks; ſhe did me the ſingular honour to ſend me ſome of each diſh.

As ſoon as the Queen perceived that all the company had ſupped, ſhe aroſe, and proceeded to the coffee-room, as did thoſe of the company who choſe coffee. This room is furniſhed like the coffee-houſes of Paris preciſely; the walls covered with ſhelves, on which are placed all kinds of *liqueurs* and Greek wines. Here are tables, behind which ſtand young men in white waiſtcoats and caps, who make and ſerve the coffee and other refreſhments, of which there is a profuſion. The Queen was moſt gracious to me, and diſtreſſed me by her goodneſs; for there being a great crowd, and finding

finding a chair empty, I ſat down upon it, when turning my head, I perceived her Majeſty cloſe to me: I aroſe; ſhe took hold of me and obliged me to ſit down; and having a diſh of coffee in my hand, it was with the utmoſt difficulty I could prevent the contents of it from falling upon her clothes.——I have often obſerved that Princes are exceedingly ſudden in their motions. She was ſo gracious as to commence a converſation; but quickly perceived how much ſhe embarraſſed me by her commands, as I was ſitting and her Majeſty ſtanding cloſe to me, ſhe moſt kindly relieved me, by giving me an opportunity of riſing, pretending ſhe wanted ſomething.

The ball laſted till ſeven in the morning; we quitted it at four, being much fatigued with dancing. I was determined to follow the example of the Italian ladies in one inſtance, that of drinking iced water and iced lemonade when very warm; and what is ſurpriſing, ſo far from feeling any bad effect, I found myſelf conſiderably relieved from my fatigue, and not the leaſt chilline ſs ſucceed. We returned back to Naples without any accident, and ſlept profoundly for ten hours. We are invited to a *grand Bal Pareè* at the French ambaſſador's, Monſ. de Choiſeul's, and to a ſecond, at the Princeſs Potero's.

I ſhall conclude this letter when I have informed you that this city is famous for a manufacture in tortoiſe ſhell, which they inlay curiouſly with gold, and are very ingenious at repreſenting any object you chooſe. I have had a comb made for my *chignion* incruſted with gold, to imitate an Etruſcan border, copied from an antique vaſe, which is ſo well done, that we have beſpoke ſeveral other articles: you are not forgot; I ſhall ſend you * * * * by the firſt opportunity, with ſome other trifles.

I believe I forgot to mention, that no gold or ſilver ſtuffs, jewels, or lace, are permitted to be worn at the *Fêtes* of Caſſerta. If I have already ſaid it, I am ſorry to repeat; but I am ſo tired of my own letter, that I cannot read it over again; therefore excuſe my double information, if ſuch it is, and adieu, *&c.*

Jan. 28, 1771.

Though I had concluded my letter, I have yet ſomething to add concerning the *Fêtes* at Caſſerta: there are ſuch precautions taken by the court to prevent improper people gaining admittance, that the tickets have the royal arms engraved on them, and ſome private marks, alſo the perſon's name they are to admit wrote on them; and theſe tickets are received at the pit door by the lord of the court who happens to be in waiting during theſe *Fetês*.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

Feb. 9th, 1771.

I SIT down to write you a long epiſtle, having received your laſt, which I ought to have had ſooner; but the arrival of the poſts are here extremely uncertain; that from France comes ſometimes by ſea, ſometimes by land, ſo that you cannot know when to expect it with any degree of certainty. * * * * * * * * * * *

In return for the horrible murder of which you give an account, I ſend you another, which happened juſt at the door of this houſe two nights ſince. About ſeven in the evening (when unluckily we were at home) we heard a ſort of confuſed noiſe, which though not loud, alarmed me. I rung and called, at length ſome of the ſervants came to me. They ſaid, the noiſe I had heard, proceeded from a little buſtle in the ſtreet---A man who ſold lemonade and iced water to the Lazzeroni, and who kept a ſtall juſt by the door, having had ſome diſpute with his younger brother, had ſtabbed him with a knife, of which he inſtantly expired. The murdered lad was only fifteen years old: the murderer immediately abſconded, none interpoſed to prevent either the murder or the eſcape. The body remained in the ſtall till the next day, when it was removed.

removed. Our hoſteſs ſent the mother of theſe ſons a regale of maccaroni ſoup and a pot of chocolate, by way of conſolation for her loſs: and I ſuppoſe ſhe was comforted, as the affair made no noiſe, nor have we been able to learn that any thing has been done in it ſince. Theſe poor people's lives and preſervation would be a very dull and vulgar topic of converſation for the polite *nobleſſe* of this country. What a country is England, where neither maccaroni ſoup or chocolate would ſuffice to comfort a widowed mother for the loſs of a ſon! There would be no time for the *Sieſta*, nor for gallantry, were the murders of Lazzeronis and ſuch ſort of people to occupy the attention of the Neapolitan public.

There is a public entertainment for the people, which the great condeſcend to behold with no ſmall degree of pleaſure; it is called the *Cocagna:* I preſume the *Venatio direptionis*, mentioned by Kennet in his Antiquities, is the origin of this amuſement. This ſport is continued once a-week during the *Carnival.* Oppoſite the palace, a building of wood is erected, the greater part of which is covered over with different articles of proviſion; the ſcenery is varied every week; the deſcription of one will give you a ſufficient idea of the others.—A hill appears exactly oppoſite the palace, from the center of which burſts forth a fountain, and falls

falls into a baſon at its foot; the baſe repreſents incruſtations of rocks and ſhells like grotto-work; ſuch is the appearance from the windows of the palace; but this grotto work is compoſed of nothing elſe than dried fiſh varniſhed and gilt, and intermixed with loaves of bread ſo well placed as to deceive the eye. On the ſides of the hill (which is covered with green boughs,) appear living lambs ornamented with ribands and artificial flowers; in another part are calves and ſome oxen: amongſt the boughs geeſe and pigeons are nailed faſt by the wings. On the top ſtands a figure of Apollo playing on the lyre.---Formerly all the creatures were placed here alive, and tied faſt to the woodwork; but now, by this amiable Queen's particular command, the oxen are killed before the ſport begins. The guards are drawn out round this artificial hill to prevent miſchief; and at a ſignal given, the mob fall on, deſtroy the building, carry off whatever they can lay hold of, and fight with each other, till generally ſome fatal accident enſues. The court are frequently in the balconies of the palace, with moſt of the nobility of Naples, to ſee the *Cocagna*. When the Queen firſt ſaw this barbarous amuſement, ſhe was ſhocked at the cruelty of tearing the wretched animals to pieces, whoſe cries reached the palace, and commanded, as I have already ſaid, that the

cattle ſhould not be expoſed alive to the brutality of the populace; but the lambs, geeſe, pigeons, and ſome other poor birds, fall a living ſacrifice to their amuſement: they tear them away unfeelingly from their faſtenings, ſo as often to leave their wings behind. We have been to ſee this ſight, as you know ſtrangers ſhould not neglect any opportunity of attending to whatever is new to them; and we ſaw it in the moſt complete manner, being permitted to occupy one of the royal balconies. In the midſt of the riot and confuſion, a Lazzeroni dropped, and was carried off by his comrades; he had received a ſtab in the breaſt by a knife from one of his brethren, who diſputed with him ſomewhat taken off from the *Cocogna*. As ſuch events are common upon this occaſion, no notice was taken of it; but the man died on the ſpot.

This *amuſement* was ſo far from proving ſuch to us, that I believe our curioſity will never again induce us to partake of it: for my part, I was ſo ſick in the ſtomach, that all eatables went exceedingly againſt me; and it was with difficulty that I could ſit down to table at my return.

Were it poſſible to be inſenſible to the cruelty connected with this *Fête*, the ingenuity of the contrivance and workmanſhip with which the *Cocagna*, *&c.* is conſtructed, would excite admiration. A great deal of taſte is diſplayed in varying the ſcene every week.

week. The architects are no other than the *Lazzeroni* themſelves : ſometimes they repreſent Mount Parnaſſus, at other times Orpheus charming the brutes by his harmony, varying theſe by repreſentations of other fables taken from the heathen mythology. It is ſurpriſing how theſe poor people can have acquired any knowledge of this nature.

Since I wrote laſt we have ſeen the cabinet of Portici, or Muſeum, Pompeia, and what remains open of Herculaneum: Pompeia is ſituated eaſt of Naples; the road lies along the ſea-coaſt, and is extremely good; the country the whole way is rich and well cultivated. We paſſed through two villages, one is called *San Giovani Teducio*, the other *Pietra Bianca*. The diſtance from Naples to Portici is ſix miles, which is a large village, and well built. The palace was erected by Don Carlos.

Was there nothing beſide the Cabinet of Portici and Pompeia curious or worth ſeeing in Italy, I think they would greatly overpay the traveller for all the inconveniencies he muſt have ſuffered from bad roads, inns, &c. if ſtill more miſerable than what we have experienced, and that that ſuppoſition was within the limits of poſſibility.

Beſides the theatre, little remains open of Herculaneum at preſent. To ſave the

expence

expence of moving the earth or lava to a diſtance, when they had made an excavation, and collected whatever they could find that was curious, they opened another quarter, filling up the firſt with its rubbiſh, and ſo on: all theſe curioſities were depoſited as ſoon as found in the Cabinet of Portici.

The Cabinet of Portici, as it is here called, joins on to the palace, and is, properly ſpeaking, part of that building. It cantains ſeveral rooms filled with antiquities. There is a work publiſhed by order of government, which is already increaſed to ſeven or eight large folio volumes, embelliſhed with engravings repreſenting the various articles in this collection; but it is not yet near completed, on which account no perſon who viſits this cabinet is permitted to take any ſketch, note, or memorandum upon the ſpot; ſome few things, however, from memory I ſhall mention in this letter. As to the above voluminous work, I have not time to examine it minutely; but hope when we ſhall be returned home, and that it is completed, for an opportunity of looking into it at leiſure.

To give you ſome idea of this valuable collection, I ſhall mention what appeared to me moſt intereſting, as they occur to my memory.

The palace of Portici cannot boaſt of beautiful architecture. On entering the veſtibule, the antique equeſtrian ſtatue of Marcus

Marcus Nonius Balbus the ſon is placed on the right, and is protected by a great glazed caſe. Balbus appears by this ſtatue to have been about ten years old; his head is uncovered, and his hair quite ſhort; he is habited in a cuiraſs, under which appears a thin garment reaching half way down the thighs; his arms are almoſt naked, though a ſhort kind of mantle faſtened to his left ſhoulder flows downwards, but in ſuch a manner as not to cover them. On his legs are a ſort of ſandals reaching to the ancles; his right arm is raiſed to his head, and in the left he holds the bridle, which is remarkably ſhort. The horſe is without ſaddle or ſtirrup; he ſtands upon three legs, the fourth being raiſed very high; and though he does not ſeem ſufficiently in movement, yet altogether it is a very fine equeſtrian ſtatue. The inſcription is M. Nonio. M. F. Balbo. P. R. Pro. Cos. Herculanenſes.

Oppoſite to this is placed another equeſtrian ſtatue of Marcus Nonius Balbus the father; it is eſteemed as fine an antique as the other, but is not in ſuch high conſervation; the head and one of the hands are ſupplied, the originals not having been recovered from amongſt the rubbiſh. The inſcription is as follows: M. Nonio. M. F. Balbo. Patri D. D. Theſe ſtatues were found in the forum at Herculaneum.

The

The cupola of the ſtaircaſe of this palace is ſo well painted by one Vincenzo Re, that it deceives the eye, but I ſhall defer the deſcription of the habitable part of it for the preſent, and mention only that wing which is the reſervoir of the remains of Herculaneum and Pompeia.

Amongſt the antique marbles, the figures of animals, as well the fabulous as thoſe after nature, are many of them finely done; they were uſed to convey water which ſupplied the baths; and there is a great deal of humour expreſſed in their countenances, particularly in thoſe of the chimeras, baſiliſks, &c. An elegant ſtatue of Diana, in white marble, draped after the purple gowns worn by the Roman ladies of antiquity; the garment is edged with a lace exactly repreſenting point; it is about an inch and an half broad, and has been painted of a purple colour and gilt, great part of which ſtill remains. The ſtatues, buſtos, bas reliefs in bronze (which are very numerous) are of ſuch exquiſite workmanſhip, that I do not think it is in the power of the moſt powerful artiſt of this day to execute repreſentations in metal of any kind that can rival or even bear a competition with many of them. I ſhall begin with the ſtatues in bronze, of which I wiſh you to obſerve, that I mention but a very few of the many that demand

demand the moſt accurate attention of the curious traveller.

Druſus and Livia, large as life, found in the theatre at Herculaneum; he is draped in his conſular dreſs, a large ring in *intaglio*, the conſular ſignet on his third finger. Livia has a ring on the firſt joint of her fore-finger (as now worn at Naples); theſe ſtatues are finely executed.

A Mercury, large as life. Another Mercury and two wreſtlers running againſt each other.

The Drunken Fawn (in bronze) large as life, reclined upon a ſkin of wine. Eleven ſuch were found in the theatre at Herculaneum, but have been melted down and coined into halfpence by order of government. Many other antiques of more valuable metals, raked out of Herculaneum, Pompeia, and Stabia, have been alſo coined into money.

In the Gallery, or chamber of buſtos of philoſophers and illuſtrious perſons, whoſe identity has for the moſt part been aſcertained by comparing them with medals, coins, bas reliefs, &c. amongſt many of great merit, the immortal Plato is one of the moſt ſtriking: the ingenuity of the ſculptor, in the various curls and natural wreathings of his hair and beard, is wonderful.

Scipio

Scipio Africanus expreſſes in his countenance the utmoſt dignity, ſenſe, and affability.

A Socrates ſpeaking: ſo very natural, as to ſurpriſe rather too much.

An Alexander; the features and caſt of his countenance ſtrongly reſemble that at Florence: the expreſſion is that of doubt, or anxiety of mind; as if big with ſome arduous enterpriſe; but he does not appear to ſuffer bodily pain.

A young Nero, in marble, of great beauty.

A fine Ptolemy Philadelphus in bronze.

A beautiful wreſtler, in the ſame metal, crowned with laurel: this ſtatue breathes true bravery; not a line of cruelty or revenge in the features, but a modeſt, amiable countenance, without pride, or conſciouſneſs of ſuperior merit.

All the rooms (about ten in number) are paved with antique moſaic, exactly as they found the floors at Herculaneum; for theſe rooms were conſtructed of exact dimenſions for their reception, and no two of them are of the ſame pattern. The *a l'y grec* borders encompaſs every different floor, and are curious for their regularity and linear intricacy. One pavement particularly deſerves notice; it repreſents a Roman camp, forming an exact ſquare; in the middle of each ſide is a gate

gate fronting the center. Towers of three ſtories high, at equal diſtances, encompaſs the whole; they are all alike in ſize, &c. except thoſe at the angles, which appear larger and more conſiderable than the others. The ſeats for muſicians found in the orcheſtra at Herculaneum are curious, the frames and legs being perfect; they are of bronze and have been gilt; ſome of the gilding ſtill remains; the legs repreſent two ſerpents on each ſide of the ſtool, which forming a kind of a croſs, ſomewhat like two S's, deſcribe the ſerpentine line of beauty, and have a moſt graceful effect. Here are alſo inſcriptions, ſetting forth the names of thoſe who uſed the baths at Stabia; as Licinus, Fauſtinus, Vatius &c. Amongſt the utenſils in bronze, the ſcales and weights deſerve notice, for the delicacy of their workmanſhip. It appears that the weights commonly uſed were buſtos of gods or heroes ſuſpended by a ring. The ſcales are of various ſizes, beſides a great many inſtruments for weighing, like thoſe called in England ſteelyards; to which the weights reſembling human figures ſeem to have belonged. The moulds for ices, and various inſtruments for ornamenting paſtry, &c. clearly prove the luxury of thoſe times to have far exceeded in fertility and invention that of our day: a great variety of ſtrainers pierced in the moſt curious

curious manner, and which are frequently found in pairs, one fitting into the other; but for what uſe deſigned, is not eaſy to determine; many of them are in ſilver, others in bronze. Here are culinary utenſils of more various ſhapes and ſizes than you can find in any modern kitchen.

One of theſe rooms is built and furniſhed in exact conformity with a kitchen which was diſcovered; it contains a number of articles, many ſo complicated, that their uſe does not clearly appear; each veſſel is of bronze, and of fine workmanſhip: upon the whole, it ſeems indiſputable that the ancients employed more refinements in their entertainments than the moderns, and muſt have ſerved up a much greater variety of diſhes than we do. The dreſſers, ſtew-holes, ſtoves, boilers, fiſh-kettles, &c. reſemble ours, though they ſeem to have been better contrived. The lamps to light the apartments, and the *candelabres* to ſuſtain them, ſhew a ſurpriſing fertility of genius; ſcarcely any two lamps are alike, amongſt ſome hundreds of them. Here are alſo tunable bells of different ſizes for their cattle, reſembling thoſe in England called *tintanabula*; alſo keys, letters to ſtamp with, perhaps to mark linen, &c. inſtruments of agriculture, chirurgery, and mathematics, &c. Another article for culinary uſe, which would be very convenient

and

and agreeable in England, is a kind of portable kitchen, which does not exceed the ſize of a commodious plate-warmer; in the center is a vaſe for water, under it a furnace for fire, with an invention for broiling meat at the ſame time that it heats the water: this vaſe has a double bottom, and three little fleus, or chimnies, for carrying off the ſmoke; the double bottom admits of ſtewing any thing in the manner called by the French *a la braiſe*. This would be a moſt convenient machine for the uſe of thoſe who like to eat in parks or gardens: cups and ſaucers in ſilver, of ſuperior ſculpture to any I have ever ſeen, and reſembling in make thoſe now uſed for tea and coffee; they have handles, ſo curiouſly contrived as to balance them, and prevent their overturning, however careleſsly held, when full *; baſkets for deſſerts in metal; many veſſels gilt and ſilvered. I intended to have been ſhort upon theſe matters, in order to proceed to more extenſive objects than domeſtic utenſils, &c. but I muſt and will tell you, that here are two loaves of bread intire, marked with theſe words, *Segillo e Granii*, E. Cicire; alſo ſeveral kinds of corn, nuts, eggs, almonds, figs, dates, oil quite dry and hard; jars of wine, which, though black, hard, and looking like pitch, ſtill

* It is thought the ancients uſed theſe for warm water, which they drank as we do tea and coffee.

ſtill retain a fine ſmell; they are dated, and marked Herculaneum. A piece of purple ſtuff folded, which, when touched, falls to powder, and a great quantity of ſewing ſilk of the ſame rich dye. I was cautioned againſt touching it by the perſon who ſhews the collection; but placing my finger on it ſuddenly, it took a ſufficient impreſſion to prove the effect to be as above-mentioned. I wiſhed to have been permitted to rub my finger (as a little remained on it) upon a piece of paper, juſt to bring with me an idea of the colour; but beſides a ſharp, though civil reprimand, for my curioſity, he inſiſted peremptorily on my not carrying off an atom; "for," ſaid he, "it is a curioſity no monarch upon earth can boaſt the poſſeſſion of, beſides my maſter the King of Naples."

The inſtruments of muſick I particularly obſerved are the following; the ſeringa, or flute of ſeveral tubes, formed of bone, and which you frequently ſee as the inſignia of painting, if not always, accompanying the god Pan and the Satyrs: the *Crotali*; theſe are like baſons, or deep ſaucers with broad brims; they were ſtruck againſt each other, and are of braſs. The *Siſtrum*, in ſhape like a horſe-ſhoe, croſſed by ſeveral wires paſſing through holes, and ſo made as to admit their ſlipping from ſide to ſide; when this inſtrument is waved by the hand, the wires produce a loud noiſe:

noiſe: the *Tibiæ*, or double flute; this is made of metal. I ſuppoſe you are ſtruck with an idea of the neceſſity the ancients had for more capacious mouths than the moderns; but I conjecture there muſt have been ſome kind of reed, which communicated with the ends of theſe pipes or mouth-piece, through which the breath might with eaſe be conveyed. The *tripods*, and all the inſtruments for ſacrifice, are of ſurpriſing neatneſs and elegance; their borders exceed the *gouâronée* of any plate I ever ſaw. In the armoury are many ſhields, iron boots, ſpears, &c. on the firſt are hiſtorical repreſentations in bas relief: the ſubjects of thoſe I remember are, Sinon taken priſoner appearing before Priam; Caſſandra about to be aſſaſſinated; Pyrrhus going to kill Priam; Helen reſtored to Menelaus; Eneas bearing Anchiſes, Creuſa holds by one of his arms, Achates by the other; a Pallas upon a pedeſtal; various tools and inſtruments of iron have ſuffered conſiderably by the fire; but the bronze is in perfect conſervation; fiſhing-nets and hooks (of various conſtruction) ſtill entire, though blackened; dice loaded, for the purpoſes of cheating, I ſuppoſe; ſeveral compaſſes of proportion; a ſmall ivory ſkull, admirably well done and hollow within; glaſs jars, like thoſe now uſed for pickles; goblets, phials, bowls, a box in the form of a book, containing what appears to have been

been an ointment; ink-horns of a cylindrical ſhape; wooden pens, one in particular incloſed in a very ſmall neat box with a ſliding cover; both box and pen are made of a brown wood highly poliſhed and exquiſitely finiſhed. The ink in the cylinders is ſtill black, quite dry, and ſome of it in powder: tablets with hollows for the wax; but theſe are empty, as you may imagine: the ſtylus; one ſort is pointed at one end and flat at the other, evidently to eraſe, or rather ſmooth over, fill up, or correct what had been erroneouſly wrote with the ſharp end. M—— recollects a paſſage in Horace which explains this uſe of them; *Sæpè ſtylum vertas, &c.* ——, whom you frequently ſee, will explain this to you. Another ſort, like a blunt chiſſel, ſeems plainly intended to lay on the wax ſmooth and even: an *etui* (entire) filled with theſe ſtyluſes; looking-glaſſes about the ſize of a ſmall plate, of a white poliſhed metal, much dulled and ſullied, probably by the heat of the fire; they are mounted in ſilver, which is doubled down round the rim in angles or points, like old faſhioned lace: a vaſt variety of urns, and other veſſels, many of which are of the moſt delicate earthen ware, not glazed, but of a texture and colour ſuperior to the old red china tea-pots, and much thinner than Engliſh cards, or than even thoſe of France. Amongſt the veſſels urn-faſhioned are ſome with

with ſeparations within, and ſeem intended for the feeding and fattening of dormice, eſteemed by the ancients a great delicacy: a ſmall buſto of this earthen ware; the noſe and other features reſemble the maſks for punchinellos of this day: but this buſto is the real repreſentation of thoſe unfortunate creatures who, for the *amuſement* of the *great*, were converted into idiots from their earlieſt infancy; the heads were preſſed or ſqueezed in ſome manner, until their foreheads became narrow, and the ſkull high and rather pointed than round; the ears continually pulled till they ſtuck out from the head, and ſquared with their faces; the noſes underwent ſome other torture, to make them monſtrous; the other features are proportionably hideous. Thus you ſee it was once the faſhion to form fools for the amuſement of their fellow-creatures. I hope this kind of cruelty may never be revived again in the world. What puniſhment can be deviſed adequate to the crime of impriſoning a human ſoul, diſlodging the reaſon, deſtroying the ends for which the inlets to the ſoul, the organs, were given, and being the cauſe of bringing into contempt our fellow-creatures? But let me quit this odious ſubject. I obſerved a very curious quadrant engraved on ſilver, in the ſhape of a ham; the tail of the hog forms the ſtyle.

Here

Here are medals in great abundance, and ſome extremely rare. For many reaſons I ſhall not attempt to mention more than two, which I am informed are indubitable originals; one of Veſpaſian, ſtruck upon the occaſion of the taking of Jeruſalem, and a medallion of Auguſtus in gold.

Alſo ſeveral beautiful Cameos; that which repreſents Phaeton conducting the chariot of the ſun has great merit; the ſtarting and ungovernable movements of the horſes are finely expreſſed; this is a Sardonyx, and as large as a crown-piece, but of an irregular ſhape. A Jacinth ſet in a ring of gold, quite plain, and ſeveral Intaglios, are extremely curious, both for their workmanſhip and devices. The famous Cameo the King of Spain left here on his quitting Naples, is of a ſmaller ſize than moſt of the other antiques; it repreſents the face of an old man of a groteſque countenance, with a long beard, (I take it for a Silenus) and is highly finiſhed; every curl and wave of the beard appear diſtinctly. His Spaniſh Majeſty left it in the collection, on account of his eſteeming it a *chef d'œuvre* of antique workmanſhip, and would not deprive the cabinet of Portici of ſo great a treaſure; which are ſaid to be his own words, when he took it off his finger, upon taking leave of this cabinet.

Several ſmall ſtatues and bas reliefs well executed in ivory.

The

The glaſs merits, for its curioſity, to be particularly mentioned; it was not only uſed in veſſels of various kinds, but alſo in windows for panes; is of different thickneſſes, and as tranſparent as that we uſe at preſent, allowing for a dulneſs and incruſtation on its ſuperficies, which all glaſs acquires by lying under ground any conſiderable time, but is clear where it has been recently broke. In the windows of ſome of the principal houſes diſcovered at Pompeia, panes were found formed of a foſſil, called by the French *pierre de la lune*, or *gyps*; this the ancients ſeem to have held in higher eſtimation than glaſs, and it was uſed for the ſame purpoſes.

Here are in preſſes a great number of Deities, ſuch as Lares, *&c.* with a confuſion of allegorical and ſymbolical *inſignia*; a *Sella Curulis*; a ſtate bed, conſecrated to the gods; a bronze altar, *&c.* ſeveral tripods of curious workmanſhip; *lacrimatores* of different ſhapes and materials; a great number of articles neceſſary to the toilette, as combs made of horn like thoſe we uſe; bodkins of bronze and ivory: ſmall vaſes to hold perfumes, and women's ornaments in great abundance; bracelets of gold forming two half circles, and faſtenings to them of the ſame metal, curiouſly contrived; ear-rings, chains for the neck, ſet with gems; theſe are but coarſely executed; ſciſſars, needles, and

thimbles; and a caſket which was evidently deſigned to contain materials for needle-work. Here are alſo ſeveral fine *Bullas* of gold; *Strigili* in bronze, to ſcrape the ſweat off the ſkin after bathing; and many articles in rock cryſtal, ſuch as eſſence-bottles, *lacrimatores*, and cups.

Eight ſmall paintings on ſtone, repreſenting eight muſes; they are not well done; one of them has by her ſide a *ſcrinium*, or box, ſuppoſed to be uſed by the ancients to hold books, for which purpoſe, by this picture, it ſeems to have been unqueſtionably intended; the ſcrolls, or books, have labels, or ſmall ſlips of paper faſtened to their edges. This repreſentation is eſteemed a great curioſity.

No room in this cabinet is more intereſting in its appearance than the library; it contains a vaſt aſſemblage of manuſcripts; they are pretty thick rolls; moſt of them quite brown, ſome black, and had ſuffered ſo much by the fire, that it was eſteemed impoſſible to unroll them, had not an ingenious man, *Padre Antonio Piaggi*, invented a moſt curious method of opening them by degrees, ſo as to be able to arrive at a poſſibility of reading them. A ſcholar of his, *Vicenzio Merli*, is now at work upon them; but the manner is ſo laborious and tedious, and the encouragement ſo ſmall, that it is probable the world may wait long for inſtruction or entertainment from his labours; he is allowed

lowed only ſix ducats a month. The firſt roll that was opened proved to be a tract of philoſophy by Epicurus; the ſecond treated of morality; the third againſt muſick, for which reaſon I would have it condemned a ſecond time to the flames; the ſubject of the fourth is rhetoric. It is computed that there may be about eight hundred of theſe volumes or rolls in this library, all which are arranged with great order in glazed repoſitories; they were found in book caſes, part of the mouldings remain, and are ſhewn, not unlike many now in uſe amongſt us. The collection of antique paintings found at Herculaneum, painted on the walls, are conſerved with the greateſt care in glaſs-caſes fitted to their ſize and ſhape. The pieces were ſawed out with the utmoſt attention, having been previouſly ſecured from breaking, by frames of wood exactly of their ſize, contrived to hold them tight, and prevent the plaiſter from cracking in detaching them from the walls. Theſe paintings are done in what artiſts ſtyle *diſtemper*. The glow of the colouring, which had been preſerved for more than 1600 years, ſuffered much upon being expoſed to the air, and a kind of whitiſh powder formed itſelf upon them: as a remedy for this accident, a Sicilian, named Moriconi, undertook to varniſh them: this ſucceeded in ſome reſpects, but a new misfortune followed; for

the varniſh fretting the colours, which had been laid on with ſome kind of gum, great pieces ſhell'd off; ſo that many of the pictures have been much damaged, others quite ſpoiled. The large ones among them are but few in number: one of theſe repreſents a Theſeus; he is of a gigantic ſize, when compared with the other figures in the group. His clothing is a piece of drapery wrapped round his left ſhoulder and arm; he holds a club or mace in his right hand; and on one of his fingers is a ring. Three young Athenians are acknowledging the heroic victory he has gained over the Minotaur; one kiſſes his hand, another takes him by the arm which bears the club, and the third is proſtrate at his feet; a young girl who ſeems that moment to have joined them, lays her hand on the mace in an expreſſive manner, and appears to congratulate him on the ſame occaſion. Another perſonage belongs to the group, but is too much effaced to admit of forming any judgment what it would repreſent. The Minotaur lies extended on the foreground: he bears the figure of a man with a bull's head; one of his hands graſps his horns; the ſtomach and ſhoulders appear much torn and wounded by the blows received from Theſeus's mace. At the top of the picture, appears a goddeſs in a cloud, leaning forward; no more is diſcoverable of her than her head and arms:

one

one of her hands holds a bow, the other an arrow. The ſide of the picture where the entrance of the labyrinth was painted, is ſo mutilated as to be nearly indiſtinct. The colours are lively in this piece; the figure of Theſeus noble, but not ſufficiently ſpirited: the young man who is proſtrate, is animated and correct: the drawing is good, but the whole fails in point of *clair obſcure*. This piece and the next are curved; they were found in two niches of the forum at Herculaneum. The ſecond is believed by the *virtuoſi* to repreſent Telephus ſon of Hercules: he is ſucking a goat, who, mean while, kindly licks his thigh; a winged divinity, crowned with laurels, holds in one hand ears of corn, and with the other points to the Infant. Hercules is preſent alſo, and leaning on his club, fixes his eyes on the child: on one ſide of Hercules is a lion, on the other an eagle: the goddeſs Flora is ſeated oppoſite to him, and behind her appears the god Pan. The compoſition of this picture is good, the attitudes full of expreſſion. Flora is well draped; the child, however, is particularly incorrect in the drawing, and the lion and eagle but ill done.

Another picture, full as large as life, repreſents Chiron teaching Achilles to play on the lyre. This painting pleaſes me much: the figure of Achilles is that of the moſt noble and graceful nature; the colouring is warm,

warm, of a yellowiſh caſt, the degradation of the ſhades to the lights finely obſerved; and the whole of the drawing, though not perfectly correct, yet in an eaſy, natural ſtyle. Alſo two other pictures of the large ſize; one repreſents the diſcovery of Oreſtes by Iphigenia in Tauris; the other, Oreſtes and Pylades taken priſoners and in chains; but I have not time to enter into any particulars in regard to theſe, as I muſt mention ſome of the ſmall pieces. Amongſt theſe a Faun and a Bacchante, both very drunk. There is great life and ſpirit in this picture. Near the Bacchante lies a Cymbal and a Thirſus, adorned with a tuft of ivy faſtened on by a red ribbon.

A painting where two young girls ſeem dancing an *Allemande*. The movement of their arms is good, but the drapery forms too great a confuſion of plaits. Here are ſeveral other pictures repreſenting dancing girls in very graceful attitudes, and all have beautiful faces. A repreſentation of five Greek women, with their names; they are playing with knuckle-bones, as ſchool-boys do at this day; four dwarfs; a concert; the man who blows the *tibia* has a machine tied round his head, which receives the two extremities of the muſical inſtrument. A woman at her toilette, her maid dreſſing her hair. Pictures of Etruſcan prieſts: they have two horns ſpringing from their foreheads; one of them is ſeen

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ſacrificing to a peacock perched on a column, adorned with garlands of flowers. A Venus, a veil in one hand, and in the other ſomething like a kind of fan. Ariadne forſaken, a Cupid weeping: this is well done. Ariadne and Bacchus. A Cupid holding a Chineſe umbrella. The Judgment of Paris. An Olive Branch, ſo well done as to deceive. Three women finely draped. A converſation-piece, very intereſting. A Bacchante riding upon a Centaur, her hair diſhevelled and blown about by the wind; what little drapery ſhe wears (in the ſwiftneſs of her progreſs) ſhe ſeems almoſt to leave behind her; her back is uncovered, and the anatomy well executed: her attitude is extraordinary; ſhe rides with one knee on his back, and with the heel of the other leg kicks him on the flank; one hand graſps him by the hair, the other bears a Thirſus, with which ſhe encourages his ſpeed: it is one of the moſt animated pictures that can be imagined. The background of almoſt all the ſmall pictures is of a reddiſh brown. Several ſmall paintings repreſenting children, many of them winged like Cupids, and variouſly employed, ſome playing on inſtruments of muſick, others buſied in the cares of the vintage, &c. animals, chiefly tigers, peacocks, ducks, cocks and hens, quails, fiſh, &c.

Fruits, as grapes, figs, dates; the grapes very tolerably done. Many ornaments, called

called *arabeſques*, which are curiouſly drawn and intricate. Alſo ſeveral landſkapes and buildings; theſe fail in keeping. It does not appear that perſpective was well underſtood at Herculaneum.

In the architecture there is a ſtrange mixture of the Gothic and Chineſe taſte; and ſome views in particular of country-houſes or villas, ſituated on the margin of the ſea (probably at Baja) where there appear Chineſe ornaments, ſuch as pales, bridges, temples, &c. repreſented as belonging to the gardens. That theſe people ſhould have any knowledge of the Chineſe and their gardens, ornaments, &c. is ſurpriſing. I obſerved one repreſentation of a Chineſe temple built on piles over a piece of water, and open on all ſides. Amongſt many comic repreſentations incloſed in *arabeſque* borders, I remarked that of rope-dancing, where the tight rope is placed and ſuſtained exactly in the ſame manner as practiſed in England at this day, and the dancers dreſſed as in London, except a ſmall difference in the decoration of the head, thoſe of antiquity wearing a pointed cap; in other reſpects the variation from the preſent mode is inconſiderable.

Caricature was not unknown to them, but this kind of *atalantis* wants a key. There are many perſonages repreſented with the heads of various animals, which bear

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ſtrong marks of having been intended for portraits; even hiſtorical events did not eſcape the ſilent ridicule of the ſatyrical painter: the pious Eneas is repreſented in a ludicrous manner, and many other heroes in maſquerade, with horns, hoofs, tails, long ears, &c. &c. Lord T——might improve his talent conſiderably, by taking a trip to *Portici*. * * * * * * * * Obſerve I have not dwelt half as long as I might have done upon this cabinet of curioſities, for ſuch indeed it is; but my time and memory both fail me, it being with the utmoſt difficulty I contrived to take a few notes in my pocket-book, without being obſerved; for inſtance, I had like to have forgot one of the fineſt vaſes in the world; it is of Parian marble, and was found at Pompeia: a feaſt of Bacchus is repreſented on its ſides in *bas relief*; it is extremely large, and moſt beautifully proportioned. I wiſh his Neapolitan Majeſty would lend us an apartment in this ſame palace for one ſummer, and permit us to rummage his collection; though I don't know how I ſhould be able to reſiſt the temptation of purloining ſome ſmall articles; ſuch an opportunity would put my honeſty to the proof.

The part of the palace occupied by the court is nobly furniſhed, and conſiſts of magnificent apartments for a ſummer or

country reſidence. The floors are all of them paved with antique moſaic, Grecian and Roman. *La Camera di Porcellano* is lined with pannels of China ware, I ſhould ſay porcelain, I ſuppoſe, as it does not come from China, but is the manufacture of *Capo de Monte*; theſe pannels are moveable. Here are ſeveral fine tables of marble, two in particular of *verd antique*; alſo ſome good pictures. The fruit-pieces, by John Brughel, a Flemiſh painter, come ſo near nature, that the eye is almoſt deceived. Four ſmall paintings on marble, repreſenting female figures, more curious than beautiful, are antique, and on one is the name of the painter, Alexander of Athens.

Some bas reliefs and buſtos, which appear to have merit; but we had not time to examine them cloſely. The garden belonging to the palace is not worth notice; it is planted for the greater part with evergreens. Having detained you ſufficiently at Portici, I now come to Herculaneum. I ſhall not augment the bulk of this letter with informing you of the various diſputes of the learned, in regard to the preciſe date of the deſtruction of Herculaneum, by an eruption of Mount Veſuvius; but upon the whole, this dreadful event is ſuppoſed to have happened about the year of our Lord 79. The melted lava

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in its courſe filled up the ſtreets and houſes in ſome places to the height of ſixty-eight feet above the tops of the latter, and in others one hundred and ten feet; that is to ſay, particularly on the ſide neareſt the ſea. This lava is of a conſiſtence which renders it extremely difficult to be removed or cleared away; it is compoſed of bituminous particles, mixed with cinders, minerals, metallics, vitrified ſandy ſubſtances, which all together form a cloſe and heavy maſs. It is evident the town was not filled up ſo unexpectedly as to prevent the greater part of the inhabitants from eſcaping with many of their richeſt effects; for when the excavations were made, there were not more than a dozen ſkeletons found, and but little of gold, ſilver, or precious ſtones.

The firſt diſcovery of this city was made in the year 1713, in the following manner: The Prince d'Elbeuf, Emanuel of Lorain, having married (that ſame year) the daughter of the Prince of Salſa, wiſhed to have a villa near Naples; he accordingly built one at Portici, and ordered an apartment to be ſtuccoed: a Frenchman undertook to make the beſt and hardeſt ſtucco, provided he was ſupplied with antique rubbiſh, conſiſting of broken marble, &c. A poor man at Portici undertook to provide the French artiſt with the kind of rubbiſh he required, of which he had found a

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conſiderable quantity in digging out a well in his little garden. The Prince d'Elbeuf bought the garden from the owner, with deſign to make excavations there, which was done with ſuch ſucceſs, that the firſt diſcovery proved to be the top of the theatre of Herculaneum. After ſome days labour they found a ſtatue of Hercules and a Cleopatra; this ſucceſs encouraged the Prince to continue the work, and they ſoon after diſcovered the architrave of a door in marble, with an inſcription and ſeven Greek ſtatues, ſuppoſed to repreſent veſtals; theſe the Prince ſent into France. Some time after they light upon a temple of a circular form, ſupported by twenty-four columns of *alabaſtro fiorito*; the interior part was decorated with as many more, and the ſame number of fine Greek ſtatues. Theſe pillars and ſtatues were ſent to Vienna to Prince Eugene.

Such rapid diſcoveries were at laſt put a ſtop to by an order from court, forbidding any more excavations to be made; and from that time nothing farther was attempted till the year 1736, when Don Carlos, then King of Naples, built the royal palace at Portici. The Prince d'Elbeuf preſented his Majeſty with his houſe and the garden where the excavations had been made. The King employed men to dig perpendicularly eighty feet deep,

deep, when not only the town made its appearance, but alſo the bed of the river which ran through the city, and even ſome of the water ſtill remained, which could not make its way through the lava. The temple of Jupiter was then brought to light, and the whole of the theatre. In the temple was found a ſtatue of gold, and the inſcriptions that decorated the great doors of entrance. In the theatre the fragments of a gilt chariot, of bronze, with horſes of the ſame metal, likewiſe gilt: this had been placed over the principal door of entrance. They likewiſe found multitudes of ſtatues, buſtos, pillars, and paintings, of which I have already mentioned a few; but ſince the departure of Don Carlos, now King of Spain, the workmen have declined both in number and in induſtry; they have indeed continued to make fortuitous excavations here and there; but government eſteemed the expence too weighty. As the villages of Portici and Reſina are built upon Herculaneum, they feared damaging many of the houſes, and did not chooſe to purchaſe them; for this reaſon, as ſoon as they had made any uſeful diſcovery, they ſent away whatever was found moſt valuable to the palace, and returned the rubbiſh immediately to its former lodging. This accounts for nothing appearing at preſent, beſides the orcheſtra of the theatre,

atre, which they have had the goodneſs to leave open. The moſt conſiderable public building here diſcovered proved the forum, or court of juſtice, of a rectangular form, encompaſſed with a piazza, or open portico, decorated with forty-two columns, and ornamented with paintings (two of which I have mentioned to you as extremely good.) The portico of entrance was compoſed of five arcades, adorned with Equeſtrian ſtatues of marble; two only of which have been conſerved, and are the two Balbuſes, placed in the veſtibule of the palace of Portici. Several ſtatues of the families of Nonia and Annia were alſo found there, as was, in a kind of receſs, one of the Emperor Veſpaſian, and on each ſide of him a ſtatue in a curule chair: alſo two niches painted within ſide, and in them ſtatues, of bronze, of Nero and Germanicus. There were two temples joined on to the forum by porticos; theſe were rectangular, vaulted, and decorated on their inſides with columns, paintings, inſcriptions in bronze, *&c.* In the ſame year (1750) they diſcovered the forum. Near theſe temples the theatre was found in all its extent. The ſeats for the ſpectators were diſpoſed ſo as to form a half-ellipſis of one hundred and ſixty feet diameter (taken the long way,) highly ornamented with beautiful pillars of marble; the ſpectators were

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ſeated upon twenty-one rows of *gradins*, or ſteps, and above theſe was alſo a gallery for them decorated with ſtatues of bronze, pillars of marble, and paintings; its walls partly lined with Parian marble. It is conjectured, and even aſſerted, by many hiſtorians, that moſt of the inhabitants of the city were aſſembled in this theatre at the time the irruption of Mount Veſuvius (in the year 79) deſtroyed both Herculaneum and Pompeia.

The ſtreets of the town appear to have been quite ſtraight and regular; the houſes well built and much alike; ſome of the rooms paved in moſaic, others with fine marbles, others again with bricks, three feet long and ſix inches thick; the rooms were encompaſſed by a ſeat or high ſtep; the walls painted in *freſco* in compartments, with various repreſentations, as pillars, garlands, birds. All that remains at preſent to be ſeen, to our great diſappointment, is the orcheſtra of the theatre. We were conducted down a great many ſtairs by the light of flambeaux. This orcheſtra appears now like a vaſt drain; ſo powerful are the damps, that our lights burnt blue, and we were near wet to the ſkin by the diſtillations from the earth over our heads. The darkneſs of this place brought to my mind the deſcription of one of the plagues of Egypt in the Bible, "*A darkneſs that may be felt.*" The orcheſtra

orcheſtra ſeemed of great extent, but we did not think it prudent to ſtay to meaſure it in ſo unwholeſome an air.

I now leave Herculaneum and come to Pompeia, which is but a few miles diſtant from Portici, and ſixteen from Naples. Pompeia was deſtroyed, or rather covered entirely over by a rain of cinders and hot aſhes, occaſioned by the ſame irruption of Mount Veſuvius that deſtroyed Herculaneum. This city (Pompeia) was accidentally diſcovered about ſixteen years ſince by ſome labourers, who were dreſſing ground in order to plant an orchard. The ſoil riſes above the houſes no more than from two to five feet, and the aſhes which fill up the ſtreets and cover the houſes are extremely light; I do not know any thing they reſemble ſo much in appearance as broken pumice-ſtone. A very few weeks labour would ſuffice to lay the whole town open; but as the ground is planted with vines and other fruit-trees, government does not chooſe to make a rapid progreſs towards diſcoveries, the expence of purchaſing theſe vineyards and orchards being a conſideration with them; and the work at preſent goes on but ſlowly.

The firſt place you enter at Pompeia is a caſern or barrack; it is a rectangular building encompaſſing a court, and ſurrounded by a colonnade: the middle part

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or court, and one of the ſides, are not yet cleared out; the rooms for the ſoldiers are within-ſide the colonnade, and are all exactly of the ſame dimenſions, *viz.* fifteen feet ſquare, extremely well built of brick and ſtone, with great regularity and neatneſs, two ranges of brick and one of ſtone, alternately. The pillars which form the piazza are covered with a hard ſtucco, very even and ſmooth; they are fluted in an elegant manner, ſeventeen on one ſide, and twenty-three on another, and are coloured red and yellow alternately, excepting two in the middle of the longeſt range, which are of the colour of a Turkey-ſtone, and one of the ſame colour in the middle of the ſhorteſt row. I obſerved on theſe pillars ſeveral names (we ſuppoſe) of ſoldiers, with rude drawings ſcratched with a nail or the point of a knife, repreſenting Roman warriors, horſes, *&c.*; the figures are in ſuch armour as you ſee in the Cabinet at Portici; and though theſe drawings are but rudely executed, they ſhew ſufficiently how the armour was wore; for inſtance, one iron boot on the right leg, which muſt have been the moſt expoſed, for the left was in a great meaſure protected by the ſhield: alſo men fighting, and ſuch repreſentations as you cannot fail to meet with in modern guard-rooms and barracks. In one of the rooms, intended probably for

for a priſon, or place of confinement, was diſcovered an iron ſtocks (now conſerved in the Cabinet at Portici,) five ſkeletons were found with their legs in this machine. As there is a contrivance for locking it, theſe poor creatures had no chance to eſcape. We ſaw their ſkulls and bones.

In the window of a room, very lately cleared out, appeared the ſkeleton of a woman, who ſeems to have been endeavouring to make her eſcape; ſhe had a gold chain round her neck, and bracelets of the ſame metal about her arms. In a gateway near this room was found a man who was ſurpriſed whilſt leading a horſe out of the town: by the ornaments which ſtill remained, he muſt have been of noble family. I ſaw two examples of the ſame nature, which ſhocked me much: one was of a poor ſlave, who probably had been employed in heating a bath, near which his ſkeleton remains, having been ſtifled in that occupation at the ſame time that the town was deſtroyed: his bones are burnt quite white; I brought away with me one of thoſe which form the neck, or *vertebræ*. The other miſerable creature was confined, and forgot during the general conſternation: he had gone ſo far towards his eſcape, as to have made a ſmall breach in the wall of a room; but ſtuck in the hole, and there his ſkeleton was found.

The

The entrance of a theatre for the ſoldiers is on one ſide of this ſquare; (but the interior is not yet cleared out:) here is an inſcription finely cut on a piece of white marble fixed in the wall. By a ſtratagem, M——, unſeen by our guides, copied it exactly as follows:

C. ovinctius ∧ *C. F* ∧ *Val, c,* (or) *g, M* ∧ *Porcius* ∧ *M* ∧ *F* ∧ *Duo* ∧ *Vir* ∧ *Dec* ∧ *Decr* ∧ *Theatrum* ∧ *Tectum Fac* ∧ *Locar* ∧ *Eedemque* ∧ *Prob.*——

This inſcription has been diſcovered about eighteen months.

The front of the theatre is built of lava, cut cubical, and regularly ranged lozenge faſhion: they are about four inches ſquare, and ſeem very deep the other way, ſo that probably the wall is extremely thick; and what appears outſide are the ends only of theſe pieces of lava. This building is a convincing proof of there having been irruptions (as aſſerted) of mount Veſuvius before that of 79.

Several of the houſes of this town, at the time of clearing out, were ſtripped of their paintings and other ornaments, yet many of the pavements remain. It is remarkable, that altho' we entered the greateſt part of the moſt perfect of them, we could not find two floors alike: they are all paved in moſaic of various patterns,

many

many in the manner called by the French *a l'y grec*, and others repreſenting flowers, foliage, *&c.*

One houſe with its garden is entirely cleared out: it has a door in the middle, and two windows on each ſide, a ſmall portico ſupported by elegant and well proportioned pillars: their ornaments are moſt curiouſly ſculpted in white Carara marble. One of the mouldings or beads ſeems to repreſent ſmall birds eggs ſtrung; the ſtring is not thicker than a common corking-pin, and is quite clear from the marble behind, at leaſt a quarter of an inch. Nothing can exceed the exactneſs of theſe ſtrings of eggs, by which you may form ſome idea of the reſt, the foliage, friezes, baſes, *&c.* In the front of the houſe is a ſmall garden, or rather parterre, which leads to the houſe; and immediately before the entrance a neat paved terrace. Marble borders confine the mould of the flower-beds, which remains as it was found when they had removed the lava or cinders. Here is a little channel cut in marble, like that in ſtone at * * * * *, to convey a ſtream through the garden; but that this is rather deeper. I wiſhed to have taken a ſketch of this houſe and its little garden; but the officers, ſoldiers, and ſpies appointed to attend and watch ſtrangers made that impoſſible; as it is their buſineſs to ſee that no obſervations

they

they can prevent ſhould be made. They followed us cloſely, ſo that we could rarely evade their vigilance and impertinent curioſity. In moſt of the windows are iron gratings, very neatly made, ſome forming ſquares, others lozenges, with knobs and roſes where they meet or croſs each other; in theſe the panes of glaſs had been fixed, ſomewhat like the caſements in England, but larger and more exact. In many places the iron has ſuffered by the heat, appearing as if half melted, but in others as perfect as if newly put up.

There is another theatre here, beſides that I mentioned in the town, of a very conſiderable ſize: I ſhould gueſs it to be as large as that of St. Carlo at Naples; but this I give you as my own conjecture only. It is not entirely cleared out, but they are at work upon it. To this are four great doors of entrance; probably two were deſigned for the nobility, the others for the plebeians. The ſtair-caſes are well built, and convenient; the paſſages behind the *gradins* or ſeats ſeem ſufficiently wide for four people to walk a breaſt: theſe *gradins* form a large ſegment of a circle; it is a conſiderable walk quite round: to this theatre belong conveniences ſimilar to thoſe called water-cloſets in England, with leaden pipes for the conveyance of water, of preciſely the like conſtruction. The ſtage, arena, &c. are not yet cleared out.

One

One of the gates and a ſtreet of the town are now entirely laid open; the former is built much in the ſame manner with the common gates of country towns in England, a wide arch in the middle, with a ſmall one on each ſide for foot paſſengers. I muſt here make a digreſſion to acquaint you, that by the time we had reached this part of the town our ſpies were ſo tired of us, their hour for dining being arrived, that they left us in the care of one man only, who, when their backs were turned, rather ſoftened a little towards us, and permitted our making what obſervations we would; however, he was very apprehenſive of being himſelf watched, and turned frequently round and round, looking upon all ſides of him, to ſee if any body was in view; mean time M—— took down the following inſcription in his pocket-book, which is inſerted in a wall juſt without the gate, whilſt our guide avoided ſeeing him:

EX. AUCTORITATE. IMP. CÆSARIS. VESPASIANI. AUG. LOCA. PUBLICA A PRIVATIS POSSESSA. T. SUEDIUS. CLEMENS. TRIBUNUS. CAUSIS. COGNITIS. ET MENSURIS. FACTIS. REIPUBLICÆ. POMPEIANORUM. RESTITUIT.

Our guide told us the ſtreet was ſuppoſed to be that of the goldſmiths: ſhops plainly appear on each ſide; they are built of brick,

and

and their windows have regularly on one ſide of each of them little receſſes for expoſing to ſale the various articles of their commerce to the beſt advantage, upon little ſtages or ſteps riſing one above the other. He ſaid many ſmall ſtatues, vaſes, &c. were found on theſe riſers, which were immediately taken away, and ſuppoſed to be depoſited in the cabinet of Portici. Fixed in the wall of one of theſe ſhops, I obſerved two beautiful buſtos in white marble; that which ſeemed to me the beſt was a Bacchante crowned with grapes and ivy. This ſtreet is paved with large cubical blueiſh ſtones, like the Appian Way; on each ſide is a cauſeway, raiſed about a foot and an half above the level of the ſtreet.

In another part of the town appears a temple to Iſis: this is entire, excepting the roof, which has been deſtroyed by the workmen. The columns are of brick and ſtuccoed. The walls were completely covered with paintings in freſco; many of them have been detached from thence and conveyed to Portici. Here are two altars which ſtand alone in the court of the temple, and are great curioſities, being quite perfect.

Behind the temple is a room eighteen yards long by ten wide; the entrance into it from behind conſiſts of five arches, of which the central is higher than the others. In the middle of the temple is a ſmall building

building like a chapel, with a ſtaircaſe, and from beneath riſes a dangerous vapour. Theſe exhalations ſhould be carefully avoided by curious travellers. I amuſed our guide, by walking towards ſome paintings that appeared at a little diſtance, while M—— took down this inſcription in the temple, which follows:

N. POPIDIUS, N. F. CELSINUS ÆDEM ISIDIS TERRÆ MOTU CONLAPSAM A FUNDAMENTO S. P. RESTITUIT. HUNC DECURIONES OB LIBERALITATEM, CUM ESSET ANNORUM SEXS. ORDINI SUO GRATIS ADLEGERUNT.

Whilſt he was copying this inſcription, I came to the paintings in view. One is of Mercury and a nymph, and has great merit. Another, a ſmall perſpective view, of about eighteen inches ſquare, repreſenting a villa with a portico and a piece of water before the houſe: the ſky is of as fine a blue as ultramarine, and appears freſh as if juſt done.——A white ſtag faſtened to a column, or rather a high altar. The back ground is red: this is a common circumſtance in all theſe paintings. The ſtag is admirably well done; his mouth is open; he ſeems to complain; deep diſtreſs is expreſſed in his whole figure: he averts his eyes from the fatal altar, adorned with the trophies of his death.

I took

took a pencil out of my pocket, and began to make a rude ſketch from this ſtag, and intended, if poſſible, to do the like from the perſpective view; but my guide, in the moſt preſſing manner imaginable, begged me to deſiſt: he aſſured me he ſaw ſome ſoldiers on an eminence not very diſtant; that ſhould I be perceived, he muſt ſuffer for his inattention, and even I ſhould be ſharply reprimanded by government. I endeavoured to perſuade him to give all his attention to the cavalier who had lagged behind (for by that time I was ſure he had copied the inſcription) but he would not quit me, and was about to proſtrate himſelf at my feet, urging his apprehenſion of being ſent to the gallies for life, as a comrade of his had been for a ſimilar offence three weeks ſince. I deſiſted; his oratory was too feeling to be longer withſtood; notwithſtanding, as I continued my work during his harangue, I had ſketched out the ſtag, and have finiſhed it in water-colours, as near as I can from memory: it has met with the approbation of thoſe of our countrymen who have ſeen it, and of many of our Italian acquaintance, who inſiſt on its ſtrong likeneſs to the original. I ſhall incloſe it to you, though but a wretched attempt in my opinion.

But to return to our poor Ciceroni, he really was in the right as to the ſoldiers;

for not twenty paces from us was a guard, who, had they not been buſily employed in roaſting and eating cheſnuts, might eaſily have perceived us. I am not certain whether they did or not; if they did, they perhaps thought it prudent to be ſilent. There is a well belonging to the temple, that has two fine bas reliefs over it.

The workmen are now employed in clearing out a very large houſe juſt within the town, that has ſeveral pretty paintings on the walls of the rooms. Here a droll accident befel me; I ſaw a ladder placed againſt a breach in the wall without ſide; and as it was not very high, would go up to look in; M——held the ladder; when I had gained the aperture, I put my head in, and leaned upon the broken wall, which giving way, in I tumbled: the room was not above half full of aſhes; I fell upon their bed, and did not receive the leaſt hurt. You may be ſure M——was ſoon up the ladder after me, and there was a general exclamation among the workmen. I inwardly congratulated myſelf on being the firſt to enter this room, which had been cloſed up for ſo many hundred years. I aſſure you, I am not a little proud of the accident. The walls are painted in freſco, divided into ſmall compartments by borders *a l'y grec*; theſe compartments contain various

rious repreſentations of Chineſe temples or moſques; others, of the human figure, amongſt which, an old man's head, and a Mercury, ſeem to be particularly well done.

I am heartily tired of this long letter; I wiſh you may not be ſo too. Adieu, and believe me to be as happy as I can be at ſo great a diſtance from you, and ever moſt ſincerely yours, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

March the 15th.

YOU ſee we have not yet left this delightful city, though the time for our departure approaches. Do not wonder at it, but rejoice that we have reſiſted a temptation ſtill ſtronger than that of making a longer reſidence here than we promiſed. Know then, that we have denied ourſelves the gratification of a voyage to Sicily and Malta, purely upon your account: a Dutch fleet of obſervation, now ready to ſail for thoſe iſlands, offered to convey and accommodate us; nor ſhould we have been abſent from Naples more than a few weeks---but we could not think of giving you anxiety; and had we accepted of the obliging invitation of the Dutch officers, we muſt have embarked before we could have received your anſwer to any letter that

ſhould have conveyed you this information. Theſe gentlemen have been uncommonly civil, I may ſay friendly, to us; they are extremely well bred and polite * * * * We breakfaſted with a large party of Engliſh and Italians on board one of the men of war. Nothing could exceed the cleanlineſs and elegance of our repaſt. Theſe officers ſpeak French fluently, and ſome of them have learnt a little Engliſh.

They are ſtrongly prejudiced to the Britiſh; I ſay prejudiced, for they think better of us than we merit. One of the younger officers, whoſe ſmall cabin is perfectly neat, has furniſhed it with ſeveral prints of the moſt celebrated Engliſh beauties, and ſome ſhelves of books, the productions of our beſt poets of about forty years ſince. We ſhould have ſailed to Sicily and Malta in the moſt agreeable manner poſſible, eſpecially as the family of *Monteleone*, and the Princeſs *Potera* in particular, repeatedly offered us letters of recommendation to their family at Palermo, whoſe conſequence is ſufficiently known to prove the ſacrifice we make you. It was not an eaſy matter to decline ſuch invitations and offers; therefore thank us; for I aſſure you, we ſtrongly combated our own inclinations to keep our word with you.

Since I wrote laſt we have not been idle, though much engaged in that round of diſſipation

diſſipation which never ceaſes here. We paſſed two whole days at *Pozzoli*, *&c.* viſited the *ſolfattera*, as well as the *Grotto del Cane*. I am at preſent confined with a ſlight cold, and dedicate this day to your ſervice, being convinced, by your repeated aſſertions, that my letters are really an amuſement to you. I therefore make no apology for the bulk of this pacquet. In truth, it ſeems as if the more one ſees in this country, the more remains to be ſeen; and freſh ſubjects of ſurpriſe and curioſity ſpring forth like hydra's head---but not to loſe time in reflection:

Puzzoli is ſituated about two leagues and a half weſt of Naples: it is aſſerted by ſome authors, to have been founded five hundred and twenty-two years before the Chriſtian æra, by one Decius, ſon of Neptune, and according to other authors, by ſomebody elſe; to me, it is a very indifferent matter by whom it was founded; ſuffice it, that there is ſuch a place, moſt agreeably ſituated on the margin of a ſmall bay: it is at preſent inconſiderable, but was, in the time of the Romans, a city of great extent, as appears by many veſtiges of ruins, which may ſtill be traced. The cathedral church, now under the protection of St. Januarius and St. Proculus, was formerly a temple dedicated to Auguſtus; the inſcription runs thus:

L. Cal-

L. Calfurnius L. F. Templum Auguſto cum ornamentis D. D.

It is built of large ſtones without cement. There are remains of ſome Corinthian pillars. The ruins of the Temple of Serapis is the fineſt and moſt perfect antiquity at Puzzoli; yet it is a loſs, greatly to be regretted by all lovers of antiquity, that the inner temple, diſcovered in the year 1750, and quite entire, highly decorated with ſeveral beautiful ſtatues in marble and bronze,* is not now to be ſeen, being filled up with the ſame earth which they took out of it. The reaſon given for not perſiſting in laying open the temple is, leſt a wretched cabbage-garden, which lies over it, might be injured by the excavation. This fine temple was encompaſſed by forty-two ſquare rooms, which are now almoſt reduced to ruins, yet ſtill ſome beautiful columns are to be ſeen, of white marble, fluted and highly finiſhed. The whole was paved with large ſlabs of marble, and the edifice completely incruſted with the ſame. It is curious to ſee the maſſy rings fixed in the pavement, to which the victims were faſtened, and the copper pipes or drains to convey away their blood: here is a pierced ſquare of marble, of exquiſite workmanſhip,

* Theſe precious relicks in metal have been melted down for œconomical purpoſes.

workmanſhip, which ſerved as a drain-ſtone with us, for it is placed in the center of the quadrangular part of the temple, preciſely under the open part of the roof, in order to receive and carry off the rain-water which entered at the opening. Though this temple is in ſo mutilated a ſtate, it cannot fail to excite the admiration of the curious traveller.

In that part of the town called *la Piazza*, is placed a ſquare pedeſtal of white marble, found in the year 1693; each ſide has a bas relief. Although they are much injured, yet you may diſtinguiſh fourteen figures, by which are repreſented the fourteen cities of Aſia; the names are under each. The pedeſtal is inſcribed to Tiberius; probably a ſtatue of him had been placed upon it. The amphitheatre, called here the *Coloſſeo*, was a building of conſiderable extent. Auguſtus deigned to aſſiſt in perſon at the games celebrated here.* The *arena*, which is now a garden, is two hundred and fifty feet long; the porticoes of entrance, which were below the *gradins*, or ſeats for the ſpectators, and the dens for the beaſts, with a ſtone trough in each, to hold water for them, are ſtill to be ſeen.

Weſt of Puzzoli, and juſt by the town, are preſumed to be the ruins of the famous Academia of Cicero; they are a mile and a quarter

* Vide Suetonius.

a quarter round. Here it was he wrote thoſe books intitled *Quæſtionum Academicarum:* but this vaſt building is now ſo demoliſhed, that there is no poſſibility of aſcertaining the regular plan; though we took the trouble of walking, or rather ſtumbling, over the rubbiſh, through a number of rooms, we could not find one that might be termed a large room in a modern Engliſh houſe. Some of the pavement ſtill remains compoſed of ſmall dies of white marble, forming a moſaic pattern; moſt of the rooms were vaulted, and many of the arches ſtill remain entire.

It is evident the ſea has covered the greater part of this building, as conſiderable veſtiges, which plainly appear to have been part of the ſtructure, may be clearly diſcerned at low water; which is highly probable, for an additional reaſon, which is, that the Academia was ſo cloſe to the ſea, as to admit of Cicero's gueſts (as is ſaid) to have amuſed themſelves by fiſhing from his windows.

There is a curious antiquity here, called the Labyrinth of Dedalus; it is near the amphitheatre, and appears to have been a reſervoir for water: alſo a ſecond, cloſe to the labyrinth, of about ſixty feet in length, vaulted, and probably deſtined to the ſame purpoſe. Half a league from Puzzoli are the *Colombarias* or tombs, which

which you muſt deſcend into by ladders. There is nothing very curious in theſe repoſitories for the dead; they are of a ſimple ſtructure, with ſmall niches, in which the urns filled with the aſhes of the family were depoſited. This town is chiefly inhabited by fiſhermen, their children run after ſtrangers with plates full of moſaic of various colours, amongſt which you may frequently find medals, intaglios, and engravings on gems, ſuch as agates, cornelians, *&c.*; theſe the ſea throws up on the beach, and may be purchaſed for a trifle. Some of them are genuine, but many are falſe; and theſe mock antiquities are frequently impoſed upon ignorant ſtrangers, which are no more than the refuſe or ſweepings of lapidaries ſhops, procured from Naples; but whoever has a little attention and intelligence in theſe matters, cannot eaſily be deceived.

The Gulph or Bay of Puzzoli is about a league over, each way the view from the town is charming. This muſt have been once a delightful ſpot. The purple dye of this place was in ſuch eſteem amongſt the ancient Romans, as to be ſaid to have rivalled that of Tyre: it is the blood taken from a vein in a ſhell-fiſh *, and of which there is ſo ſmall a quantity, as not to exceed one drop in each fiſh.

* Probably perriwinkle.

We croſſed over in a boat from Puzzoli to Baia; the ſea was nearly as ſmooth as the Thames. Here are no remains of a town; a few wretched cottages are indeed ſcattered about. There is one bleak building of mean appearance on an eminence, inhabited by a ſmall military guard, ſtationed here to prevent bands of robbers from infeſting the coaſts, and concealing themſelves amongſt the ruins.

Cloſe to where you land on this coaſt are the baths and priſons of Nero. The baths in general are ſurpriſingly warm; but there is a particular paſſage of about one hundred and thirty yards in length, at the end of which you find a ſource of water ſo extremely hot, that the boatmen at Puzzoli who rowed us, and who are accuſtomed to viſit it immediately upon landing, returned from thence as ſoon as poſſible, not being able to bear the heat of the ſteam from the ſprings. One of them carried a couple of eggs with him in a pail, which having dipped into a hollow in which the water falls, the eggs were quite done when they came out from the paſſage. M——would accompany them to this boiling ſource, and returned from thence in a violent heat and perſpiration. Contiguous are caverns, or rather ſmall cells in the rock, where are beds or broad ſeats cut out of the ſtone, on which ſick people extend themſelves, and take

take the vapour bath, as they call it here; theſe receſſes being filled with as thick, and a much hotter ſteam, than that in the ſlips of the baths at Bath in Somerſetſhire. When the patients have been ſo ſweated on theſe ſtone ſophas, as that their ſtrength is almoſt exhauſted, they take ices, which enable them to continue their operation much longer than their ſtrength would otherwiſe admit of; nor has this practice ever been known to produce any other than the moſt ſalutary effects. Theſe baths are eſteemed moſt efficacious in virulent ſcrophulous diſtempers, the evil not excepted.

Nero's priſons are hewn out of a vaſt rock, which riſes ſo perpendicularly from the ſea, that it ſeems as if the preſent front towards the bay (if I may ſo term it) was really a ſection of theſe horrible chambers of confinement; and what is now ſeen from the ſea muſt have been conſequently the interior of theſe diſmal abodes. They are all arched over in a rude manner; the paſſages leading from cell to cell are ſo narrow, as to admit of but one perſon's paſſing at a time, and withal, turn and wind ſo ſuddenly, that I think it would not be an eaſy taſk to find the way out again without an experienced guide; beſide, the entrances or door-ways into the different cells are extremely low, dangerouſly nar-

row,

row, and cut ſo crooked, that you are frequently obliged to accommodate your body to their irregular ſhapes, in order to facilitate the paſſing with ſafety.

There are a great number of cells practiſed through the ſolid rock, and ranged in the ſame manner with the ſtories of a houſe, but not regularly, the paſſages ſloping from above to thoſe in the lower part. The greater number are in a manner arched, but ſo low, that you are obliged to ſtoop conſiderably during the whole progreſs. Here total darkneſs reigns, and a dreadful ſilence. We had ſeveral flambeaux lighted, and a proviſion of others, in caſe any of them ſhould extinguiſh, and reſign us guideleſs to theſe regions of horror.

Below theſe upper ſtories are ſixty-eight chambers *en ſuite*, whither our guide offered to conduct us, but, like a hoſpitable man when we had penetrated part of the deſcent, he was kind enough to inform us, that though he himſelf had been down, yet it was in theſe lower apartments that Nero (as they believe) uſed to ſend people for twenty-four hours only, who at their return into the freſh air, immediately expired; upon which information, we thought proper to check our curioſity in regard to the ſixty-eight chambers *en ſuite*, and to turn back. Whether this tradition be fabulous or not, certain it is, we had already perceived a warm-

iſh

iſh damp vapour, which probably might have augmented had we followed the deſcent, and which our guide aſſerted to be of a conſiderable length, and rather difficult to accompliſh: he, as a recompence for our diſappointment (as he eſteemed it), ſaid he would ſhew us ſomething very pretty, and immediately crept through a hole in the rock. M——followed, and I would go too; with ſome difficulty I was dragged through, and then we came to another. Our guide deſired us to ſtretch ourſelves on the ground, as the rock over head comes down extremely low. From this ſecond hole we had a glorious proſpect of the gulph, *Capo Miſeno*, the iſlands of *Procida*, *Iſchia*, *&c.* leading out of the hole, we diſcovered diſtinctly ruins of arches, broken pillars, walls, &c. which the ſea had covered over. Above this hole is a very ſmall and neat round building, not unlike a narrow well; through a ſmall perforation we ſaw part of it. Here our *Ciceroni* inſiſted, that Nero uſed to take poſt himſelf, and give orders to his fleet, lying at *Capo Miſeno*, by means of a ſpeaking trumpet. M——aſked him, How the devil Nero could contrive to get there? He inſiſted, that there was a ſubterraneous paſſage from the top of the rock, to which he would conduct us; but we had prudence enough not to explore it. Being gratified with the

fine

fine view from the hole in the rock, we retired, and were conducted to an arched vault called Agrippina's Tomb. The roof is so low, that we were obliged to stoop almost double whilst we staid in it, and the air so warm and close, that the flambeaux burned very dimly. This may seem a trifling circumstance, but it is extremely teazing; however, with some difficulty, we contrived to see the admirable workmanship, formed of stucco, with which the vault is lined. The composition is so hard, that it is scarce possible to injure it even by the blows of hammers. It is stuccoed in small compartments; the mouldings are exquisitely neat, fluted, and ornamented in the most elegant manner. In the center of each compartment are various representations, probably allegorical; of gryphons, dolphins, &c. &c. all highly finished, and as smooth as ivory. It is not entirely cleared out, which it might be with little trouble or expence, as the earth is very light. From hence we proceeded to the Elysian Fields, now for the most part covered with vines. No ground can lie more agreeably in point of aspect, situation, variety, and prospect. Here we saw several burying-places; they are all built much in the same manner with those I have already mentioned. Urns filled with coins and medals are frequently found amongst those that contain

the

the aſhes of the dead. It is probably in ſearch of theſe hidden treaſures that ſuch frequent excavations have been made as you meet with at every moment. Part of the ground between the plantations of vines is under tillage; where the plough in its progreſs inceſſantly turns up morſels of vaſes, broken architectural ornaments of fine marble, and admirable workmanſhip; and not unfrequently large pieces of alabaſter and porphyry, to which we were ourſelves witneſſes. There are ſeveral low walls, or rather heaps of ſtone, thrown roughly together by way of boundaries, compoſed for the moſt part of theſe venerable fragments. Mutilated ſtatues and buſtos are to be met with in abundance degraded to ſuch ruſtic purpoſes. We ſaw ſome women grinding corn in a ſingular manner, and quite new to us: they were ſeated on the ground, and one held between her feet a piece of hollowed marble, which, on a nearer examination, proved a beautiful fragment of a column of the Ionic order, that ornamental ſpiral part called the volute. I was quite fretted at ſeeing the uſe theſe beldams make of what probably had belonged to ſome ſuperb temple reſpected by the maſters of the world, once the inhabitants of theſe coaſts. It was of *alabaſtro agatizo*, alabaſter with large veins of agate. She threw the corn into

into the hollow, and laying faſt hold of the volute with one arm, by the aſſiſtance of arm and legs prevented it from ſlipping, whilſt with her other hand, furniſhed with an antique moulding ſuiting her purpoſe, ſhe worked the corn round and round, till the huſks came away from it.

There are three fine ruined temples on this coaſt; but the ſea-marſhes have ſo broken in upon them, that we were obliged to be carried on our boatmen's backs for about a hundred paces, in order to enter; the depth of water being inſufficient for the boat to approach them, yet too much for us to walk through (almoſt knee deep) and the bottom rough and unequal. No more than two of theſe temples ſtand upon ground dry and firm: theſe are covered over with a low bruſh-wood, furniſhed by nature of the fineſt and moſt odoriferous myrtle, quite void of that acrid, pungent ſcent, which it often yields in Engliſh green-houſes. Interſperſed are various ſorts of aloes, baſilicon, with uncommon large leaves and ſtalks, lavender-cotton, and a ſpike-lavender of an uncommon ſize and fragrance, all in bloſſom; alſo large deep blue violets, cyclamens of various ſorts, hippaticas, polypody, the orchis, and ſeveral other plants whoſe graſs I am unacquainted with, which was curiouſly ſpotted and ſtriped.

This

This wilderneſs of ſweets attracted my attention; and I ſhould have gladly paſſed an entire day in this delightful garden of Nature, ſufficiently ſtruck with the enthuſiaſm of the place, to ſuppoſe the myrtles, &c. ſprung from the ſame ſtems that had been coeval with Baia in the days of her glory.

But to return to the temples: one was dedicated to Venus Genetrix, another to Diana, and a third to Mercury. That to Venus is the moſt perfect, and, I aſſure you, has moſt myrtle growing in and about it. It is ſuppoſed to have been erected by Julius Cæſar, and is built in the form of a rotunda: part of the dome ſtill remains, ſupported on one ſide only, ſo that it appears in air. There are three rooms under this temple, which were probably baths; two of them are ſquare, and the other oval at one end. In the centre of the vaulted roof of this laſt is a ſquare opening, the object of which has not yet been accounted for. Through the vault (I do not mean the ſquare opening, but on one ſide of it) has grown the root of a tree, very curious indeed, as it is evidently in a ſtate of petrefaction.

The Temple of Diana is octagonal on the outſide, but circular within: the roof is deſtroyed. Here we found ſeveral ſtags heads in marble, and other inſignia of the goddeſs to whom it was dedicated.

The

The Temple of Mercury is nearly an hundred paces from that of Venus; and that of Diana about twice as far from the latter. It is difficult to enter this building, on account of the water and marſh in and all around it. The appearance, on the outſide, is of three deep ruined arches, or vaulted roofs, crowned with ſhrubs. Having got through the water by the abovementioned conveyance, we found a breach in one of the walls which communicates with the interior of the temple. This building is a large rotunda, open at top. Speaking low, in the ſame manner as in the whiſpering-gallery at St. Paul's, London, produces the like effect here; which I ſhould ſuppoſe to ariſe from the roof's forming an ellipſis. Theſe three temples are built of brick, cemented with pozzuolane, * and were no doubt incruſted with marble, as broken ſlabs and ornaments have been found in and about them. I muſt not omit to take notice here of the ruins of a bridge, *Ponte di Caligula*, which this emperor intended to extend from Baia to Pozzuoli. There ſtill remain thirteen

* The pozzuolane is a kind of ſand, found in great abundance in this country, which, when mixed with lime, forms a cement of ſo cloſe a quality, as to reſiſt water. The people of Pozzuoli export great quantities of it to many parts of Italy, and elſewhere.

large

large pillars and ſeveral arches compoſed of brick and ſtone, cemented with pozzuolane. Suetonius, I think, aſſerts, that Caligula had a fancy to make a triumphal entry acroſs the ſea, in imitation of Xerxes; and for that purpoſe attempted to build this bridge: but when they had got about half-way, the ſea proved ſo very deep, that he was obliged to ſubſtitute ſhips faſtened together with chains, on which a platform was raiſed and paved. The firſt day of his triumph he rode on horſeback, and the ſecond in a triumphal car, followed by Darius, whom the Parthians had left with him as an hoſtage.

No veſtiges are now found of the magnificent villas built by the Romans, which were ſpread out along this coaſt, nor of the ancient town of Baia, ſuppoſed to have taken its name from one of the companions of Ulyſſes, who was interred here.

It was in this country, according to ancient fable, that Hercules defeated the giants 1238 years before the birth of Chriſt. But not to go quite ſo far back in ancient lore, I ſhall mention only ſome few remarkable events recited in claſſic authors: It was in a country-houſe belonging to Julius Cæſar, near Baia, that Marcellus was poiſoned by Livia. He is celebrated by Virgil, towards the end of the ſixth book of the Æneid, at the recital of which,

which, Octavia is reported to have fallen into a ſwoon.

The famous conſpiracy againſt Nero was formed in the country-houſe belonging to Piſo, of which they pretended to ſhew us ſome remains.

It was at Bauli, which is very near Baia, that that monſter Nero contrived the means of aſſaſſinating his mother. Acinetus, who commanded his fleet at *Capo Miſeno*, was the man who ſuggeſted to him the contrivance of a falſe bottom to the ſhip, on board of which Agrippina embarked after a great feaſt, given by her ſon to ratify their reconciliation. You know the reſt. Here it was, alſo, that the famous triumvirate, Cæſar, Pompey, and Mark Antony, aſſembled and conſulted. In ſhort, I muſt check my pen, or I ſhall never finiſh my letter; and before I conclude it, muſt juſt add, that after having paſſed a moſt delightful day at Pozzuoli and Baia, we went to Bauli, now a wretched village, not above a mile and a half from Baia, where we dined, not in a wine-houſe, but at the door of one. The vulgar are certainly right in this reſpect; they never eat in the houſe when the weather does not oblige them, wiſely preferring the freſh air to the foul exhalations of the kitchen. Here then we ſat down (amongſt a number of peaſants) extremely hungry and fatigued, and fed moſt

moſt heartily on very coarſe bread, anchovies, and eggs; but our beverage was Falernian wine, very juſtly celebrated by Horace: it is the growth of the *Monte Falerno*, one of the mountains that bounded our view: our eyes were feaſted by the proſpect. This *Albergo* is built on the margin of the ſea; before us we had in full view the bay. As the ſun was ſetting, the various tints of purple and gold with which an aſſemblage of clouds were embelliſhed, acquired new beauties when reflected in the waves, whoſe movement was juſt ſufficient to vary their glowing colours. Stretched along the coaſt appeared the three ruined temples, gilt by the rays of the ſun: the promontory of Capo Miſeno, jutting out into the ſea, was in deep ſhadow. The iſlands of Procida, Iſchia, *&c.* riſe finely out of the water, and are ſhaped in the moſt picturesque manner. Pozzuoli appeared to great advantage acroſs the bay, with the ruins of Cicero's Academia, and the remains of a temple dedicated to Neptune. Near Bauli are the veſtiges of a broken arch, part of a temple to Hercules. On the ſide of Baia our proſpect was bounded by mountains covered with vines; producing the wine called Falernian.

After dinner we returned to Pozzuoli, and reached Naples before it was dark; the next day our viſit was repeated to Baia,

Baia, and from thence we went to Cuma, the weather ſtill continuing very fine: but this ſecond day's amuſement, with other matters, I muſt reſerve for my next letter, which I ſhall ſend by the next poſt; it goes out again in three days, at which time we ſhall be about to quit Naples on our return to Rome. * * * * * * * * *

Adieu, *&c.*

LETTER XXXVIII.

Naples, March 16th.

I Recollect that in my letter of yeſterday I did not mention the road from Naples to Pozzuoli. The commencement lies through the *Grotta di Pauſilippe*, which opens into one of the ſuburbs weſt of that city. This ſubterraneous paſſage is practiſed through a mountain: the height at the entrance from Naples is at leaſt ſixty feet; its width from eighteen to twenty, and paved quite through; at the end towards Pozzuoli it decreaſes in height, not exceeding forty feet; and is a mile in length.

This grotto is of very ancient date; the beſt antiquarians attribute it to one Marcus Cocceius, a Roman; * whoever it may be

* The common people are perſuaded it was effected by the power of magic, and attribute it to Virgil, who they univerſally believe to have been a ſorcerer.

be originally imputed to, its enlargement and paving were accompliſhed by two viceroys of Naples, one of Charles the Fifth, the other of Ferdinand, and it remains as they left it. In the midway is a ſmall chapel dedicated to the Virgin. There are two perforations in the vault, which penetrate the whole thickneſs of the mountain, and admit ſufficient light (as is aſſerted) on a calm day, to paſs through without flambeaux; but in caſe of a high wind, and that it happens to blow towards the opening, the duſt is then extremely troubleſome; nor is it ſafe, on account of meeting other carriages. We have often drove through this *grotta*, but never without flambeaux. It is plain this ſubterraneous paſſage has never ſuffered by the earthquakes and eruptions that have occaſioned ſuch devaſtation in the environs of Naples; its ſafety is probably due to the ſolidity of the rock, in which there do not appear any veins, or mixture of ſulphur, or any kind of inflammable particles. Under this mountain is a large quarry, from which they dig ſtone that is frequently uſed in the buildings at Naples. On the ſide of the mountain next the ſea, and amongſt the rocks, grows the plant Opuntia, or Indian fig, on which is found the cochineal. Upon the top of this grotto are ſtill ſome remains of an antique aqueduct,

aqueduct, which conducted water from *Serino* to supply a reservoir called *Piscina mirabile*, of which I shall speak by and by. The Tomb of Virgil is on this same mountain, over the entrance of the *grotta*, in a vineyard belonging to the Marquis Salcitro. This ruin resembles a broken square tower of a very inconsiderable height; but its walls are thick, and built of brick. It is to be lamented, that no antique inscription has been found in its vicinity to name it, beyond a doubt, the real monument wherein the ashes of Virgil were deposited. Over and about this ruin grow various plants, and amongst them an old bay-tree, celebrated in a Latin inscription near the ruin, and placed there by order of Peter of Arragon. You may be sure I am possessed of some of the leaves of this sacred tree; how happy should I be, if drinking a decoction of them would inspire me with Virgilian poesy. The mountain (Pausilippe) is covered with villas and gardens planted with evergreens, belonging to several noble families of Naples. Having passed through the subterraneous road, we entered a plain which seems closed in on every side by mountains. The ground under close cultivation; what is not ploughed is covered by vineyards and standard fruit-trees. The plain is intersected by a poor village called *Foro di Pozzuoli*; we passed through it, and then entered

tered a very narrow road, which brought us to another valley, almoſt entirely under water. This lake is called *Lago d'Anagno*, at the diſtance of a mile and a half from that end of the *Grotta di Pauſilippe*, at the extremity from where we entered it, and forms a large baſon of a circular figure of about half a mile diameter, well furniſhed with water-fowl, which are preſerved as royal game. On the margin of the lake is the famous *Grotta del Canè*. As we were approaching it, a man appeared leading a wretched dog by a cord; the poor creature ſhewed great apprehenſion and dread, knowing what was about to befal him. As M—— had ſeen this experiment already, having been here ſome days ſince, I deſired the dog might not be put into the grotto for me, as I was not in the leaſt degree curious to ſee the effect of the experiment; he therefore prevented the man from proceeding, who was prodigiouſly ſurpriſed at receiving a larger gratuity for not tormenting the animal, than he had uſually done for his utmoſt exertions: the poor wretch when untied was at firſt almoſt ſtupid; upon finding himſelf really at liberty, he friſked about, and expreſſed his joy by running and rolling himſelf upon the graſs; but I obſerved he ſhewed not the leaſt inclination to gambol towards the grotto; of which when he perceived the

door to open, he ſtood aloof, and then ſlunk away as faſt as his weak legs could carry him; for his ſtrength ſeemed to have been much impaired. The experiment is thus made, as M—— informed me: they hold the dog by the legs down cloſe to the ground; in about two minutes he is ſeized with a ſpecies of convulſions, which cauſe him to howl; but preſently his limbs and body ſtiffen, and he appears nearly expired, upon which, they throw him out of the grotto on the graſs that borders the lake, and ſometimes into it, when he recovers in a few minutes by degrees, as if juſt come out of a ſtrong fit; but the dogs never get the better of theſe experiments; for when they have been thus treated for perhaps a dozen times, they are ſhortly after ſeized with a giddineſs, and turning themſelves round repeatedly, drop down dead: this happens more frequently to them in ſummer than in winter; and it is remarkable, that no dog has ever been known to ſurvive this experiment above three months who has ſuffered it once only.

The grotto is very ſmall, and reſembles a deep and wide ditch, rather than a cave. At the entrance, a certain humidity is very perceptible; and ſtooping near the earth, you are ſtill more ſenſible of a light, warm exhalation riſing from the ſurface, ſomewhat like the effluvia from burning charcoal.

coal. A lighted flambeau is inſtantly extinguiſhed when held near the ground. We did not continue to ſtand here any time, as numbneſſes are frequently the conſequences to thoſe who imprudently linger near this dangerous ſpot. There is now a door to the entrance kept locked, and never opened but for ſtrangers; or thoſe who come to viſit the grotto. The reaſon given for this precaution is, that a poor beggar-man, a ſtranger in the country, being benighted near this place, took ſhelter in the grotto, where he was found dead in a ſhort time after. It appeared by the attitude in which he was found, that he had lain down to ſleep.

It is ſurpriſing to find, that graſs and various weeds grow luxuriantly about the entrance of this cave, and yet there hangs a kind of dew upon them, which, although not abſolutely warm to the touch, is by no means cold.

Near this place are vapour-baths, called *Stuffa di S. Germano*. A very hot vapour from the ground fills four chambers, round which are placed ſtone ſeats: on theſe the patients are laid, rolled up in blankets: when they come out of the baths, they go into bed; and in order to promote a ſecond perſpiration, eat ices, which never fail to procure the deſired effect. The diſorders commonly cured by

theſe baths are rheumatiſms, ſcurvies, and other ſcrophulous humours.

Quitting the lake *d'Agnano*, we proceeded on our road to *Pozzuoli*, and came to the *Solfaterra*, about a mile from thence. It is an oval plain of no great extent, ſituated on a height, and ſurrounded by hills, except upon the ſide of the road by which you reach it.

The ancient name of the plain is *Phlegra*, and is ſuppoſed to be the place which Hercules defeated the giants. The ſoil is of a yellow caſt, from the quantity of ſulphur (no doubt) with which it is impregnated, and ſo hot in many places, that my ſhoes were ſcorched and ſhrivelled, which made the walking in them difficult for the reſt of the day. In ſome places the heat is ſtronger, quite burning where the *moffets* or little volcanos flame up; this happens uncertainly, as to place and time, as alſo their extinguiſhment. In other places the ground feels quite cool, yet four inches below the ſurface is extremely warm. It is wonderful to ſee briars and bruſh-wood growing in this ſulphureous ſoil.

Here are ſeveral ſmall vents, from whence ſmoke conſtantly iſſues; one in particular emits it abundantly, accompanied by a rumbling noiſe. This has the quality of producing ſal ammoniac in large quantities, which

which adheres to ſtones placed for the purpoſe at and about the opening.

In one part of the plain a ſpring boils up, forming a ſmall rivulet; a ſtick or piece of paper being moved in it, catches fire immediately: it ſeems like a juggler's trick, to light a piece of paper at a rivulet, and ſtill as extraordinary, to find this ſpring at its ſource boil on one ſide only, the other being cool, which tempts one to conjecture that the ground being hollow, may poſſeſs near the ſource ſome Vulcanian fire, which heats it thus partially.

The *Aqua di Piſciarelli* is a famous medicinal water in this country; it is hot, and of a ſaltiſh taſte; its ſource near the lake *d'Agnano*, and behind the *Solfaterra*. Pozzuoli is about two miles and an half from hence, from which place we embarked in a little boat, and landed at Capo Meſino *, about three miles and an half from Pozzuoli and Cuma. Very little remains of the ruins of the ancient town. The principal antiquity is a cavern, called *Grotta Dragonara:* whether this was intended as a reſervoir for water, or for a magazine for wine and proviſions to ſupply the fleet of Meſino, antiquarians have hitherto diſputed. It at preſent conſiſts only of a long winding ſubterraneous paſſage, with rooms on each ſide, but nothing

* So named from Eneas's friend, whom he buried here. See Virgil, book vi.

nothing curious or worthy of obſervation.

Having quitted this promontory, we proceeded towards Baia, in our way to Cuma; and here I muſt mention *Monte Nuovo*, a great natural curioſity on this coaſt, if the effect of a dreadful eruption may be ſo ſtyled. The Lake Lucrine (now dry) after a violent agitation and noiſe, brought forth a mountain on the 30th day of September 1538, which ſprung up from the midſt of its waters. A violent earthquake at the ſame time entirely deſtroyed a village very near the lake, called Tripergola. Much damage was done in the environs to the vineyards, *&c.* The lake Lucrine was dried up, and great part of it filled by the New Mountain, formed of lava, pumice ſtone, and ſuch ſubſtances as appear to have been half calcined. This fact of the mountain having been produced in the ſpace of one day is atteſted by ſeveral authors of credit, amongſt many others by *Pietro di Toledo*, in his Dialogue on the Earthquake of 1538, printed at Naples the year following, by *Leandro d'Alberti*, in his *Deſcrizione d'Italia, &c. &c.*

No buſh or plant, nor even a blade of graſs, grows upon *Monte Nuovo*; which is judged to exceed in height two hundred feet.

About

About a mile north of Baia, and half as much from what was the lake Lucrine, is the lake Avernus, to which a narrow, winding road, with hedges on each ſide, conducted us. This lake is circular, of about half a mile diameter, ſurrounded with hills, which ſtill throw ſuch a ſhadow, as to give it a dark look; but when they were clothed with trees, muſt have cauſed the water to appear almoſt black. The noxious quality attributed to this lake, and the ſulphureous exhalations ſo fatal to birds who ſhould attempt to fly over it, are particularly mentioned in the ſixth Book of Virgil. At preſent it has no ſmell, nor does it produce any extraordinary vapour. The foreſts are deſtroyed, nor is there, I believe, a fibre remaining of the tree that bore the *golden bough*; however, our guide pointed to the gloomy entrance of a cave, cloſe upon the borders of the lake, which he aſſured us was the antique deſcent into Hell, and that we muſt go through a narrow and ſteep paſſage with lighted flambeaux to ſee the famous cave of the Sybil, this being one end or opening of it; the other, he told us, we ſhould ſee at Cuma. We apprehended the time would not ſuffice to reach that place if we remained longer here; and we knew there were ſome curious tombs worthy of obſervation in the road thither, ſo reſolved to content ourſelves with

with his deſcription of the cave, which was as follows: that after deſcending a bad ſtaircaſe above an hundred feet deep cut in the rock, and which is alſo very winding, we ſhould arrive at two ſquare rooms, ornamented with ſtucco, much in the ſame manner as the interior of Agrippina's Tomb. I interrupted him, to ſay I had no inclination to proceed ſo far on the road to the infernal regions. We determined to continue our courſe, after having firſt taken a view of the famous Temple of Apollo, probably that ſo beautifully deſcribed by Virgil, and which is ſituated on the borders of the lake, oppoſite the Sybil's cave. Our guide aſſured us there is a ſubterraneous paſſage leading from the cave to the temple, but that it is very difficult to paſs through, the ground having given way in many places: we took it for granted, not being diſpoſed to make the experiment.

The Temple of Apollo appeared a very large ruin; what remains is built entirely of brick: a great fragment of its dome is a majeſtic object; but our guide aſſured us, that were we cloſer, we ſhould not have ſo good a view of it as from where we were then poſted, the maſſes of ruined walls being at a diſtance from each other, whereas at preſent the point of view grouped them well together: his reaſons were

were plauſible, and we continued our road.

It is really ſurpriſing to obſerve the natural taſte of theſe poor people, and how much of hiſtory true and falſe they know, conſidering their education, &c. though they are often bewildered and confuſed in regard to ancient dates and events, not having been informed accurately by reading, or by mixing legendary tales with hiſtorical facts, handed down to them by their forefathers. But not to loſe time in digreſſions, having quitted the borders of the lake Avernus, we came again to that beautiful part of the country, the Elyſian Fields, which I mentioned in my laſt letter. Here is a ſmall lake, called *Mare Morto*, but ſtyled by the peaſants *Mercato di Sabbato*; it is full of fiſh, and joins on to the ſea, by a narrow communication that admits of being dammed, ſo as to prevent the fiſh from returning thither. The famous *Acheron* is about a mile from hence; this is now called by the peaſants *Lago Fuſaro*: near it was ſituated the country-houſe of Servilius Vatia, mentioned by Seneca as *the only man who knew how to live*, who deſcribes alſo the beauties of the ſituation and houſe.

Between the lake of *Mare Morto* and the ſea-ſhore is a great antique building called *Piſcina Mirabile*, which was probably a reſervoir: it meaſures two hundred feet by one hundred and thirty; the roof is ſup-

ported by forty-eight large pillars; you deſcend into it by two ſtaircaſes, each of forty ſteps.

I believe you think we ſhall never arrive at Cuma; but the reaſon is, that theſe antiquities I have mentioned lie wide of each other, and are ſo ſituated, that they cannot be taken regularly, the roads to them frequently out of repair, oblige you to double back the ſame road over again: theſe reaſons and others put it out of my power to give you a clear idea of their poſition with reſpect to each other, unleſs I could ſend you a map of the country; a convenience much wanted by ſtrangers, but not to be had. In our way to Cuma we paſſed by Bauli, where we had dined the day before; theſe are about a mile's diſtance from each other.

Cuma is ſaid to have been founded by a Greek people of an iſland now called Negropontis, the antient Eubeans of the city of Calchis, a thouſand years before the Chriſtian æra. The ruins are ſpread over a large tract of ground, and many of them covered by the ſea; yet eaſily perceived from a rock which juts out into the water near Bauli. Amongſt thoſe ruins upon *terra firma*, is a houſe, which we entered: the walls are ſurpriſingly thick and ſtrong; the roof, on the outſide, is now even with the ground; it is flat, and ſtuccoed with a ſtrong compoſition of pounded lava and

poz-

pozzuolane; the rooms vaulted, but of ſmall dimenſions.

Here are ſome remains of the houſe of Lucullus, whoſe luxury coſt him his life: the walls are of large bricks, built in a kind of moſaic; ſome of its lofty arches ſtill witneſs its former ſplendor.

Arco Felice is the name of a great gateway, probably one of the entrances of the town; to this is joined on each ſide part of a ſtrong and very thick brick-wall, ſixty feet high.

The Giants Temple is a building of twenty-nine feet long by twenty-five; the ceiling arched, and divided into compartments, in which are three ſquare niches: What this building was deſigned for is not known, or why it is now called the Temple of the Giants. There is another vault of eighty feet long under ground, and near this temple, with niches in the walls, from which it may be conjectured, with great appearance of probability, that it has been a catacomb or burial-place.

The entrance of the Sibyl's * Cave is by a broad and flat arch; and is ſo filled up

* The Cumean Sibyl was the ſeventh in the order of Sibyls; ſhe was ſaid to be the daughter of Glaucus, and prieſteſs of Apollo, to have lived ſeven centuries, and was the ſame who offered Tarquin the Sibyls books, of which there were nine; ſhe demanded a hundred pieces of gold, which was refuſed

up with earth, as to prevent your penetrating it farther than about twenty paces without difficulty. It really ſeems poſſible, that this ſhould be the other end of the cavern on the ſide of Avernus. Our guide aſſerts ſtrenuouſly, that he has gone the whole way himſelf, a great part of it upon his hands and knees, and conſtantly ſtooping more or leſs during the remainder of the paſſage; but we are not ready to believe that a man of his ſort would undertake a pilgrimage of this nature from no other motive than that of curioſity. We entered the cave a few paces, but the arch and the ground were ſo near, that it ſoon became neceſſary to get upon our hands and knees; and as it ſeemed to become ſtill more contracted, and the flambeaux grew dim, we retired with what ſpeed we could; ſo judge you if it was poſſible for this man to have penetrated three miles in utter darkneſs. I filled my pockets with ſome handfuls of the earth, amongſt which there are abundance of antique bits of moſaic, broken agate, *&c.*; and upon examination, found one intaglio of jaſper; it repreſents the ſign Scorpion, holding a creſcent between the fore-claws, and has a ſtar

refuſed her; upon which ſhe burned ſix of them, and the king regretted he had not purchaſed them all, and believing the remaining three might contain moſt important ſecrets, acquired them at the price ſhe had aſked for the whole.

ſtar placed near the tail; it is perfect, but I was ſorry it was not upon a fine gem. I have packed up a couple of deal-boxes, which contain ſome antiques and articles in natural hiſtory: they are to go to England by ſea the firſt opportunity.

Having ſeen all that was worthy of obſervation at Cuma, we went to the burying-places in its neighbourhood, called by the peaſants *Coll imperia*. Theſe depoſitories of the aſhes of the dead reſemble each other ſo nearly, that I ſhall deſcribe but one of them, by which you may judge of all the others: it is that of Julius Cæſar; the plan is circular, the walls of brick, in theſe are little niches, each of them containing an urn, in which the aſhes were depoſited; theſe have been removed, our guide told us, to the Cabinet of Portici, but we cannot recollect having ſeen them there.

The plan is on a ſmall ſcale; I ſhould judge it not to exceed ten feet in diameter; the roof forms a dome; the architecture is of the moſt ſimple kind, without painting or ſtucco. We deſcended into it, for all theſe mauſoleums are under ground.

We returned and dined at Pozzuoli, at our guide's houſe, who is a fiſherman, and has a tolerable habitation. He is one of thoſe people who at Naples are called *Lazzaronis*. We had freſh butter, new-laid-eggs, bread, biſcuits, anchovies, and wine; he ſhewed us great hoſpitality,

and

and we rewarded him accordingly. When we were about to return to Naples, he aſked me in the moſt humble manner, If I had any of the black ſilk Engliſh plaſter, ſo ſovereign for wounds? At firſt I did not comprehend what he applied for, but upon recollection, found it muſt be the black ſticking court plaſter. Luckily I had a bit in my pocket-book, which I gave him; he returned me a thouſand thanks; and I learned from him, that Lady Sudley when at Naples had been ſo kind as to give him and others of the *lazzaroni* a good deal of it, which they had found an infallible remedy for the *colpæ di coltelli* they ſo frequently receive in brawls and quarrels with each other. The prejudice which prevails here to whatever comes from England is aſtoniſhing; and indeed the mereſt trifle cures theſe poor people, who are almoſt in a ſtate of nature. He mentioned to us ſeveral anecdotes of Lady Sudley, much to her honour. This lady's humanity, generoſity, and every virtue, joined to a refined underſtanding, a moſt liberal education, and an elegant perſon, has made ſuch an impreſſion upon the hearts of the Neapolitans, from the court down to the *lazzaroni*, that whenever ſhe is mentioned, they with difficulty reſtrain their tears; a grateful tribute to her memory in a foreign country!

Having

Having now bid adieu to theſe delightful coaſts, which I cannot expect to ſee again, I ſhall return to Naples, and to a farther deſcription of that city and of *Capo di Monti*, which is ſituated in its ſuburbs. This old palace is not inhabited by the court; it has never been completed within, though begun in 1738. It contains a fine collection of books, pictures, antiques, and natural hiſtory. On the firſt floor is an apartment, conſiſting of twenty-four rooms, filled with pictures; the beſt are thoſe which adorn the gallery called the Duke of Parma's. Of theſe, I ſhall mention but a few that pleaſed us moſt. I have not time at preſent to be minute, but ſhall abridge from the notes taken upon the ſpot as much as poſſible. A famous picture, though a copy; the original is at Florence, by Raphael. It is that wherein Leo X. is repreſented between two cardinals. This copy is ſo admirably done, that it deceived Giulio Romano, who ſhewed it to Andrea del Sarto (himſelf the author of the copy), and enlarged upon the beautiful touches of his maſter, which he pointed out to him, not forgetting many encomiums on his own ſtrokes in the drapery, which he highly eſteemed. Think how Andrea muſt have prided himſelf on having deceived ſo great a maſter.

A Madonna,

A Madonna, little Jeſus, and St. John; St. Joſeph in the back ground, with a wallet at his back; a duplicate of that famous ſmall picture at the *Palais Royal* at Paris, by Raffaello.

Eight pictures by *Annibal Carracci*. A Pieta; the Virgin's character is noble, her attitude and expreſſion truly affecting: the dead Chriſt finely done.

A ſmall picture, repreſenting St. Anne ſhewing a crown of thorns to the Virgin: the colouring quite freſh.

Hercules between Vice and Virtue; the three figures are not well grouped, being placed at too great a diſtance from each other; but the drawing is in a great manner

Rinaldo and Armida; ſhe is employed in adjuſting her hair, he holds her a looking-glaſs; yet the painter might have made a better repreſentation than he has done, from the paſſage in Taſſo's Jeruſalem, &c.

Two Concerts, by *Corregio*; they are well done. The famous *Danae*, by *Titian*; I do not think it quite equal to that already mentioned in the poſſeſſion of a private family at Florence.

Several good Pictures by the Baſſans; one in particular was ſo well done, that it turned my ſtomach: I began to fancy I ſmelt that odious faint ſmell which makes me ſick if I go near raw meat. Theſe brothers,

thers had an unaccountable taſte in all their pictures; they never omit the diſguſting circumſtances attendant on kitchens, fiſh-markets, and dirty ſhops.

A beautiful *Madonna*, by *Carlo Dolce*, in his higheſt manner of finiſhing.

Several fine ſketches, by *Raffaello*.

A ſmall Crucifixion, by *Michael Angelo*.

Two Holy Families, by Pietro Perugino, in the uſual ſtyle of this maſter.

A Lucretia, by Novalone: this is a charming picture, I think; but ſome *Grandi Virtuoſi* aſſert the Lucretia to be too young (I do not know from what hiſtory they have been able to aſcertain her age): if this be a fault, it is certainly on the right ſide: probably Tarquin was not of their opinion. The father and mother of Lucretia are both in this picture: Brutus appears in the back ground, as if entering the houſe, accompanied by other Romans. M——— has found means to get this picture copied; it is the only copy we have.

Venus diſſuading Adonis from the fatal chace; the dogs are coupled, and as impatient as their maſter to be gone. Venus's figure is graceful, and full of the moſt tender anxiety. This picture is by Tizziano.

A picture of a Party at Cards: three men in Spaniſh dreſſes at play: one underſtands and manages the game as artfully as Don A—t—o; the others are as deeply engaged, and

and expreſs more anxiety for the event. It is an admirable piece, by Caravagio.

The portrait of a ſavage man, kept as a buffoon or *fool* in the court of a Duke of Parma; he is covered over with hair, like a beaſt: a baboon and a lap-dog are at play on his lap; on his ſhoulder is a monkey feeding a parrot, by Corregio, and finely done, though not a pleaſing picture.

Another admirable picture, of a man reading, painted on ſtone, by a ſcholar of Raffaello.

A famous picture, and very deſervedly eſteemed ſuch; by Annibal Carracci: the ſubject, an *Ecce homo.*

Several fine drawings of Raffaello and other great maſters.

The ſmall Magdalen, by Corregio, is an inimitable piece; it is but eight inches long; ſhe is proſtrate and reading: this has been often copied.

A Marriage of St. Catherine, by Guido, bears the moſt graceful proofs of this elegant painter.

A picture repreſenting Hypocriſy in the ſhape of a Capuchin friar, who would cheat the World; but the World, deſcribed by the figure of a vagabond incloſed in a ſphere, ſteals ſoftly behind him and cuts away his purſe. There is much humour in this picture; and here are a great many other paintings worthy the attention of all lovers of

of the art, that my time will not permit me to mention.

In this fine collection are a profusion of curious antique inscriptions, sufficient in themselves to furnish a volume. Many admirable bas reliefs in marble, and carvings in wood. Several fresco-paintings of great merit, taken off the walls of Nero's palace at Rome; one in particular, representing a military charity, highly executed. A complete series of medals. A great number of cameos, intaglios, *&c.* on valuable gems, employed our attention so much, that we forgot the hour, but were so frequently reminded by the repeated importunity of our servants, who were impatient to go to dinner, that we at least quitted a place replete with curiosities, much against our will. I cannot believe we shall find any town in Italy so agreeable as Naples. There is nothing the most low-spirited *attribulaire* can desire to content him, (were that possible) but may be found here. But this letter would not conclude for a week, was I to expatiate on the manners of the Neapolitans, the magnificence and brilliancy of their assemblies, the charms of their music, *&c*; therefore I hasten to mention the royal palace, the theatre of St. Carlo, and some other objects, which, were I to omit, you would with justice reproach me.

The situation of the Palace is such, that one of the wide fronts looks on the sea. Its

architecture

architecture is in a good ſtyle; there are twenty-two windows in front, and three great doors of entrance: it is decorated with three ranges of pilaſters, one above the other, of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders; and the whole of the building is finiſhed by a baluſtrade, on which are placed vaſes and pyramidical ornaments alternately. A magnificent ſtaircaſe of a beautiful proportion conducts you to the apartments: theſe are well furniſhed, and abound in gilding and looking-glaſſes. Here are alſo ſome pictures; but not one, in my opinion, worth mentioning after thoſe of Capo di Monte.

In this city are three theatres, *Il Teatro di S. Carlo*, that of the *Fiorentini* (ſo called) and *Il Teatro Nuovo*, for the buffoon operas. *S. Carlo*'s joins on to the palace, ſo that the court can paſs from thence to the theatre under cover. The great entrance for the public is very convenient; a commodious double ſtair-caſe leads to the boxes. The theatre is amazingly vaſt (conſidering it as modern). It is ſhaped nearly as that at Turin, but I think much larger. There are ſix ranges of boxes; the firſt conſiſts of twenty-two, the others of twenty-four each: They contain from ten to twelve people very conveniently, and might hold many more, were they fitted up with benches or covered ſeats, as they are in England; but here *cabriolets* (French

(French arm chairs) are the only ſeats. Theſe boxes are hung with ſilk, agreeable to the taſte of their owners, and well illuminated. The front of each range is faced with looking-glaſs, which on common occaſions are covered with drapery curtains richly ornamented; but upon *gala* days the drapery is removed, and the glaſſes being uncovered, produce an effect, which at firſt view perſuades you all is enchantment. The lights, the company, the ſtage, are reflected from ſide to ſide, and conſequently ſo often multiplied, that it confounds a ſpectator. The pillars that ſeparate the boxes are decorated with large ſtatues of genii, &c. finely gilt; they ſuſtain wax-candles of prodigious ſize, and make a dazzling appearance reflected from the looking-glaſſes behind them. The orcheſtra is compoſed of about ninety excellent performers; thoſe that lead are capital; and here, for the firſt time in my life, I was ſenſible, that it is poſſible for a number of muſicians to fill each his part with ſuch preciſion and accuracy, that the whole harmony ſhall produce one perfect ſound, as if one ſoul or mind guided them all. Muſic is here in the higheſt perfection. I had fancied I could have diſtinguiſhed good muſic from bad, or even from indifferent; but ſince I have been here, I am quite convinced I really never heard perfect inſtrumental

mental muſic before. They tell us, that there is as good an orcheſtra at Rome; and that at the Pope's chapel, during the *Santa Settemana*, the fineſt voices in Italy are to be heard: I ſhall ſoon be able to give you my opinion of theſe matters; but as this country produced a Corelli, a Jomelli, a Leo, a Pergoleze, a Galuppi, a Terradellas, &c. I think it might ſtand unrivalled in the ſcience of muſic. Our ſingers here at preſent are not greatly eſteemed; to me they ſeem charming. The decorations and dreſſes are extremely brilliant. The dances are chiefly of the groteſque kind. The Italians almoſt univerſally hate the ſerious dance. The famous Gabrieli is not here at this time; but the Neapolitans boaſt ſo much of her talents, that I am inclined to believe her voice muſt exceed even what they aſſert it to be; they are all ſo extremely modeſt, in reſpect of every thing they particularly excel in, and never highly commend any artiſt in muſic or painting without the ampleſt foundation. The royal box makes a ſuperb appearance, particularly when the Queen is preſent, at which time the ladies belonging to the court, and others, are full dreſſed, and covered with a profuſion of jewels; but the Queen outſhines them all, not only in magnificence of dreſs, (for that would be nothing extraordinary) but in a

ſtyle

ſtyle of beauty, and gracefulneſs of air, peculiar to herſelf.

The *Teatro di Fiorentini* is a ſmall theatre (for Italy), and built much in the French taſte. The *opera buff* (comic opera) is chiefly repreſented here; ſometimes they perform comedies. The troop of comedians are for the greater number Florentines.

The *Teatro Nuovo* is by no means well conſtructed nor elegantly decorated. The comic opera, pantomimes, and *groteſque ballets* (a kind of interlude) are what this theatre repreſents: it is open during the whole of the ſummer.

I believe Naples is the only city in Italy, except Bologna, where all eccleſiaſtics, even monks, frequent the theatre. Speaking of prieſts reminds me of churches; but do not be alarmed, I ſhall mention but a few of the moſt curious, not having had time nor much inclination to explore the ſubaltern ones, which abound here.

Il Duomo, dedicated to St. Gennaro, is built in an old Gothic taſte, on the ruins of a temple dedicated to Apollo. In this church are one hundred and ten pillars of African marble, and a great number of ornaments of ſtucco gilt. There are paintings in the roof by Santo Fede and Luc. Giordano; the colouring is too grey, and the figures want relief. The fount is antique; it is really a vaſe of *Baſalte* or black marble,

marble, which by the bas relievos on its ſides, plainly appears to have been ſacred to the rites of Bacchus.

Here are ſome tolerable pictures by Luc. Giordano, Solimene, and the Chevalier Conca. That over the great altar is one of the beſt, the ſubject an Aſſumption; by Perugino.

In a ſmall chapel called the *Soccorpo*, repoſes the body of St. Gennaro. Joining on to this church is another, Santa Reſtituta: there are fine antique columns here, taken from the Temple of Neptune near Pozzuoli. This church is remarkable for a chapel, containing the treaſure of St. Gennaro, which is round, finely proportioned, and well ornamented with forty-two pillars of Brocatelli marble. Here are niches, in which are placed bronze ſtatues of nineteen ſaints; they are by Gulio Finelli; but I think them very indifferently executed. Under theſe the relics of each ſaint are conſerved in hollow buſtos and ſmall ſilver ſtatues. In the church is a large picture of St. Gennaro by Spagnolett: there are many valuable gifts preſerved here; amongſt a great number of others, the gold chalice ornamented with diamonds, is eſtimated at about four thouſand pounds ſterling; alſo many ſtatues and ſilver buſtos, &c. of very great value, and ſeveral of them enriched with precious ſtones. A nich behind the altar,

to

to which there is a ſilver door, is the repoſitory of two cryſtal phials, filled with the pretended blood of St. *Gennaro*, which they formerly aſſerted to have been collected by a Neapolitan lady, who was preſent at his martyrdom: but now the Neapolitans are much changed; and the ridiculous pretended miracle of the liquefaction of his blood upon certain days, &c. is grown almoſt univerſally contemptible at Naples, even in the eyes of the vulgar: for the poor man who ſweeps the church ſaid, that the Prince *Sanſevero* had made a chymical preparation which exactly reſembles St. Gennaro's blood, and cauſed it to liquefy in the ſame manner, by the warmth proceeding from his handling the phial, and turning it up and down. I am perſuaded, that were the two holidays * in each year, and the pompous proceſſions in honour of this ſaint, to be put down, the miracle would ſoon ceaſe.

Another church in much eſtimation is St. Filippo di Neri: it is highly decorated with marble and painting. The whole hiſtory of the Saint is repreſented by Solimene, and tolerably well done. There is a cupola belonging to one of the chapels, which is painted in freſco by Simonetti. It is well done, the colouring good, and the compoſition ingenious: the

* The 6th of May and the 19th of September.

ſubject is Judith ſhewing the head of Holofernes to the whole army, who all appear terrified at the ſight. At the top of the cupola is a glory, with a blaſphemous repreſentation, but too common in Italian churches.

In another chapel is an admirable picture of St. *Francis* by *Guido*; the head and hands finely done: and a very affecting painting, repreſenting St. Alexis expiring, with a glory, in which appear angels conſoling him; the figures are all graceful, and of the moſt amiable character: it is by *Pietro da Cortona*. Over the great door of entrance, within the church, is a very large painting in diſtemper, by Luc. Giordano; the ſubject the buyers and ſellers driven out of the temple. The ſize of this picture is enormous: there is great merit in the various expreſſions of the perſonages, and ſkill in the grouping.

One of the chapels contains three paintings relative to the hiſtory of St. Filippo. They are all by Luc. Giordano. That appears to me to have much merit, which repreſents an interview between the Saint and St. Baromeo. In another part of the church is a picture of St. Andrew, by Spagnoletto. A fine morſel.

I could ſay more of the churches; but I will not, though I told you before, I have not ſeen them all; and I own there

is nothing more fatiguing than church-hunting, except perhaps (in your opinion) church-reading.

The palace and chapel with all its curioſities belonging to *il Principe de Sanſevero D. Raimondo di Sangro*, being all ſet forth in a pamphlet which bears the above title, I ſhall omit mentioning any otherwiſe than by ſaying we have accurately examined it with the book in our hands, and of which you may have the peruſal when we meet.

Do not expect any circumſtantial account of Mount Veſuvius: Mr. Hamilton has wrote moſt ingeniouſly upon that mountain and volcanos in general; his treatiſe will appear ſhortly in Engliſh. All I have to tell you is, that although there has been no irruption, properly ſo called, ſince we have been here, yet the mountain is always burning, and in a dark night makes a moſt flaming appearance, ſeen from our windows. It bellows like diſtant thunder, frequently throws out flames to a prodigious height, and great ſtones red hot, which are plainly diſcernible at this diſtance.

I have ſeveral times obſerved the aſhes thinly covering our balconies: they are as fine as ſifted wood-aſhes. If there ſhould happen an irruption within this day or two, I do not think we ſhould be able to reſiſt the temptation of poſtponing our

journey to ſee it: but I aſſure you, I have ſtrictly complied with your injunctions, and have not attempted to go up the mountain; M—— indeed had, with great fatigue and difficulty, gained the mouth of the *cratere*; but the wind ſetting in his face, he was obliged to deſcend without being able to look down into it, the ſulphureous ſmoke, ſtench, and aſhes ſcarcely permitting him to breathe: however, I prevailed with him not to attempt it a ſecond time, though he alleged he had not ſeen it to his liking. In my opinion, it is a moſt hazardous and dangerous undertaking: the aſcent is very painful; and the ground, or rather aſhes and lava, under your feet, is ſubject to open ſuddenly, whilſt paſſing over them, and diſcover dreadful chaſms, through which appear gulphs of liquid fire. Were I to expatiate on the danger of this exploit, I might mention many other matters; but ſhall only take notice, that ſtones red hot, many of them as large as a clothes-preſs or *commode*, are vomited out of the *cratere*, which falling down again with great violence, may eaſily cruſh the curious traveller, who perhaps is employed in the inveſtigation of the lava, over which he is labouring with much pain and difficulty. Amongſt the amuſements of Naples, I believe I did not mention the *Corſo*.

Here

Here the Neapolitans diſplay a magnificence that amazes ſtrangers, particularly on the *gala* days. The coaches are painted, gilt, and varniſhed ſo admirably, as to exceed by many degrees in beauty the fineſt in Paris: they are lined with velvet or ſattin, fringed with gold or ſilver. The Neapolitan horſes are the moſt beautiful I ever ſaw; large, ſtrong, high-ſpirited, with manes and tails as fine as flax, of a great length, and in waves. Their harneſs is as brilliant as it is poſſible to make them; I ſhall only mention one ſet, by which you may judge of others: the whole was made of blue ſilk and ſilver; and the ornament that covered the top of the horſes manes repreſented rows of convolvuluſes formed of the ſame materials, and finely executed: on their heads they bore white oſtrich-feathers and artificial flowers. On theſe *gala* days, the Neapolitan ladies drive with ſix, and often with eight horſes; beſides, a kind of ſumpter horſe, which does not draw, but is faſtened on the outſide, between the leaders and the next pair. This creature, over and above a profuſion of ornaments, is covered with an incredible number of little bells, of which he ſeems very proud, kicking, prancing, and plunging from time to time, as with deſign to hear his bells jingle. This horſe is called *Balerina*, I

ſuppoſe

ſuppoſe from appearing to dance as he goes. Were I writing Italian, I muſt have wrote ſhe, inſtead of he, in ſpeaking of the Balerina; a manner of expreſſing reſpect in more inſtances than the Sumpter horſe. I could not but reflect on the infinite pains and labour the dreſſing ſuch a number of horſes requires. I ſuppoſe *que la toillette des chevaux commence au point du jour comme celle de* * * *

The Volantis (running footmen) of whom, to each equipage, there are generally two, are as finely adorned as the horſes, and I do ſuppoſe them to be the moſt alert in the world. The Neapolitans value themſelves much on theſe miniſters of luxury; they are all very elegant figures. I don't remember to have ſeen one homely young man amongſt the hundreds that appear on *the Corſo*. Footmen, you may ſuppoſe, are not wanting; they are in great numbers in every noble family here: three or four go behind the coaches, and often more walk by the ſide of the equipages. We have frequently ſeen on the Corſo from four to ſix hundred carriages. Lord Til—y, who gives fine aſſemblies, dinners, ſuppers, *&c.* and who lives in a magnificent ſtyle, rivals the Neapolitans on the Corſo in the brilliancy of his equipage, and the expence of his liveries, volantis, *&c.* Need I add, that the ladies who are conveyed in theſe ſu-

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perb coaches are covered with jewels, and the fineſt cloaths that can be procured from Lyons? The ſilks manufactured in Italy are in no eſteem. All the people of faſhion wear thoſe of Lyons. The embroidery of Naples is famous, but is generally done on French ſilks. In my opinion, the work is firmer, neater, and the drawing in a better taſte, than the embroidery of Vienna.

After having paſſed the whole day and part of the night in writing this long letter, I am at laſt come to a concluſion.—You ſhall hear from me as ſoon as we ſhall have reached Rome * * * * * *

I am as ever, *&c.*

LETTER XXXIX.

Rome, March 20th, 1771.

HERE we are ſafely arrived, in good health; and extremely well lodged, at 16 ſequins a month for our apartment, and two ſequins our kitchen, in the *Strada della Cruce*, a ſtreet that goes out of the *Piazza di Spagna*. The houſe is preciſely oppoſite Pio's, where we lodged before. Our apartment conſiſts of a good antichamber, a drawing-room about 33 feet long by 30 wide, and 15 high, two very handſome bed-chambers, and a narrow

ſlip

ſlip of a room which I intend to uſe as a *ſalle à manger*. The rooms (except the antichamber) are hung with crimſon damaſk, the chairs, beds, and ſofas of the ſame. They are furniſhed with fine marble tables, and looking-glaſſes: we have alſo a good kitchen, and rooms for our ſervants. Our return hither has been attended with much fewer inconveniencies than our journey to Naples; for *il Signore Pignatelli* was ſo obliging as to furniſh us with a written order ſigned by ſome people in power, which operated to curb the inſolence, delays, &c. of the poſt-maſter's cuſtom-houſe officers, and ſuch kind of miſcreants, who are the torment of travellers; yet he did not flatter us with the hope that this inſtrument for good order, good manners, *&c.* would be of much uſe; aſſuring us, that he himſelf, though armed with every authority that might be ſuppoſed conducive to his eaſe and convenience upon the road, and moreover veſted with a public character from his government, which demands attention and reſpect, was ſo ill treated and ill ſerved by inn-keepers, *&c.* as to be obliged to prefer ſuch complaints againſt them upon his return to Naples, as procured a ſuſpenſion of ſome of the poſt-maſters, &c. and a total diſqualification of others from a continuance of their buſineſs.

I have

I have often been agreeably ſurpriſed at finding, by your letters, that my great packets reach you ſafe. The poſts in Italy (at leaſt as far as we have been) are ill regulated, and the letters conveyed in ſo careleſs a manner, that I wonder they are not frequently loſt. If they charged for double letters in theſe countries as in England, my letters would coſt you an immenſe ſum; but as they are paid for by weight, I ſcribble as cloſe as I can, and you ſay, you never paid ſo much as nine livres but once, and then there was more than one packet. I think it a great deal of money for my epiſtles, though you make ſo light of it. I am now nearer to you than when at Naples, ſo flatter myſelf I ſhall hear from you oftener. I am in daily expectation of ſome of your letters from Naples, and I do not queſtion your having wrote to Rome immediately, on my firſt hinting our intention of quitting Naples. I have no reaſon to complain of neglect of writing on your part—your tender friendſhip. * * * * * * *

We have already had the pleaſure of ſeeing ſome of our Engliſh friends; many more are expected from Florence. Our Roman acquaintance will be very extenſive. I wiſh we may have time to ſee this once miſtreſs of the world, and all her curioſities; but is that practicable in the courſe of a few months? However, we

ſhall be diligent, and apply ourſelves to the ſtudy of the great objects which drew us hither; and endeavour to uſe our time with the beſt œconomy.

Upon looking over my notes taken at Naples, I find I did not mention ſome particulars I had purpoſely marked for communication. In deſcribing the *Corſo*, I neglected to ſpeak of the various amuſements for the people, which continue the whole length of the ſuburb called the Corſo—— Mountebanks, ballad ſingers, dancers, and even friars, who are mounted in pulpits, diſplay their various talents to the vulgar. This is change of ſcene to the company alſo, who ſometimes condeſcend to ſtop their coaches, in order to liſten to the eloquence of a *Charlatan*, or the lamentable preachings and menaces proceeding from the pulpit in a diſmal tone. The more the friar, with great vociferation, denounces damnation, flames, and devils to the public, the louder are the acclamations of the people. But the circles round the ballad-ſingers and mountebanks, exceed thoſe of the preachers.

The *Lazzaroni*, as they are here called, are of the loweſt rank amongſt the people. They are, in general, bred to no other buſineſs than that of fiſhing and carrying burdens, and are of a different character from the other Neapolitans. Being a very extraordinary

traordinary people, I aſſure you, they govern themſelves by a point of honour, which is ſtrictly obſerved—may be ſafely confided in to carry money and the moſt valuable goods;—never betray a truſt;—rigidly perform their promiſe; protect, to the loſs of their lives, whoever flies to them for ſhelter, whether againſt their creditors, or for any offence whatſoever. They are of a robuſt make and conſtitution, patient of fatigue. —Their women are handſome.—The men and boys remarkable for diving; being accuſtomed to ſwimming from their earlieſt infancy. When paſt childhood, they wear a particular dreſs;---a kind of a ſhort coat very thick, and impenetrable to rain; which alſo protects them from the intenſe heats of the ſun. This ſtuff is wove with certain long filaments of a dark brown colour, and looks like hair.---It grows to a ſhell-fiſh not larger than a ſmall oyſter. The fiſh contained in the ſhell is of a deep red-colour, and has a ſouriſh taſte. The children, during the ſpring, ſummer, and autumn months, wear no clothes;—the women only a jacket and petticoat of a kind of callimanco, with a large piece of coarſe linen over their heads, necks, and ſhoulders, to defend them from the ſun; in which trim they ſit at the doors of their habitations all day long, mending fiſhing-nets. They have, literally, no houſes, but chambers practiſed in

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the rock, at a place called *Chiaia*, a ſuburb of Naples near the *Pauſillippe*; in which they have either found, or formed themſelves, many obſcure retreats, that penetrate far into the cliff, where they can conceal themſelves, or thoſe who apply to them for protection, upon any emergency.

In this ſuburb (Chiaia) are ſome pretty new houſes, where the Engliſh generally chuſe to reſide, to the amazement of the Neapolitan gentry, who fancy they run great riſk in ſo bad a neighbourhood; their prejudices not favouring the lazzaroni.

Of a gala-day, theſe people, of both ſexes, are adorned with a quantity of broad gold and ſilver lace, with which the men's coats are trimmed, as alſo the women's jackets and petticoats, which, for theſe occaſions, are of ſilk. Theſe latter, upon ſuch days, wear upon their heads a kind of *Callotte*, laced in the ſame manner, with gold ear-rings of a large ſize, pearl necklaces and bracelets.

When theſe people can ſave money enough to be able to appear at the ſports on the Corſo in *Gala*, their ambition is completely gratified. The pooreſt family amongſt them have a kind of one-horſe-chair, and a little horſe.—In theſe tottering equipages do they drive through the ſtreets, with ſurpriſing ſwiftneſs and dexterity.

We were very fond of converſing with this

this people, and have often gone into their houſes, which are not dirty, but cloſely ornamented with bad pictures of ſaints, looking-glaſſes, ſome good ſhells, and fine coral, which they dive for, and find in great abundance near the coaſt, particularly on the ſide towards Sicily. We have bought ſeveral articles of various ſorts from them, and never found one amongſt them inclined to knavery or impoſition. They pronounce themſelves the deſcendants of the ancient inhabitants of Naples and its neighbourhood: and that the princely, and noble families, who are at preſent in poſſeſſion of power and property, are not gentlemen compared to them, but of leſs ancient families. They are extremely ſenſible and entertaining in converſation, and when they have brought me ſhells, &c. to purchaſe, I uſed to make them ſit down on the floor, (which is a great favour here) in order to hear their legendary accounts of themſelves and country. One thing is remarkable, that whether the deſcendants of the families they pretend to or not, they are the only Nepolitans whoſe features reſemble the buſtos and ſtatues found at Herculaneum and Pompeia.

As to the government of Naples, it is deſpotic. The favourite miniſter's name is Tannucci,—his wife has admirable ſenſe, and great political genius; but I believe with

with ſome reaſon, that the Prince who really governs there, is the King of Spain; at leaſt, ſuch is the preſent generally received opinion. But I cannot enter into political matters at preſent, as I am threatened with the departure of the poſt; ſo muſt haſten to tell you, that Rome ſeems a deſart after Naples; that 'tis ſo cold, we have great fires in all the rooms; that the ſpring is far from being ſo forward near this city as at Naples; and that we quitted ſome of our friends there with regret; being thoroughly ſenſible of, and grateful for, their civilities and friendſhip. There is ſomething very ſhocking in leaving an agreeable place, and an amiable people, that one has not the leaſt expectation of ever ſeeing more.—But theſe reflections are ſuch as travellers muſt accuſtom themſelves to diſpoſe of in the beſt manner they are able. Adieu. I am tired after my journey. I ſhall write again as ſoon as I poſſibly can, for to morrow we commence our *cours des curioſités*.

I am as ever, *&c.*

LETTER XL.

Rome, March 26, 1771.

JUST as I ſuppoſed;—I have received letters from you that had gone to Naples; and

and one addreſſed here, which our good friend Barrazzi haſtened with himſelf. I like this old banker prodigiouſly;—there is a cordiality in him, and a deſire to be really *ſerviable*. He hurries himſelf to death to oblige us, and he knows he could not do it more effectually than by his kind attention in the delivery of our letters †. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

We have made an addition to our travelling library, which is of the greateſt uſe to us; viz. a book entitled, *Antichita di Roma dell Abute Ridolfino Venuti Cortoneſe*, &c. The author has, kindly for his readers, delineated the different quarters of Rome and its environs, with the ruins and other curioſities they contain, in ſuch manner as to ſave a ſtranger much time and trouble; as by following his directions, it is eaſy to calculate how much may be ſeen in a morning. It is illuſtrated with accurate meaſurements, deſcriptions, and cuts; the latter, unfortunately, are but poorly executed. This work will ſhew you Rome at our return, much better than any deſcription I can give you; however, as you conſtantly wiſh me to continue a deſcription of what I have ſeen, I will not quite diſappoint

† A great part of this letter is omitted by the Editor, as it relates to matters and perſons unintereſting to the Public.

diſappoint your expectation, but ſhall ſo far comply, as to mention thoſe particular palaces, churches, ſtatues, pictures, ruins, that ſtruck us moſt, though not in ſo circumſtantial a manner as I have done in regard to other parts of Italy, leſs noticed in the books of travels. If you ſhould wiſh to ſee more particulars than I give you, have patience, and at our return you ſhall have the peruſal of a certain pocket-book, containing many notes and obſervations made upon the ſpot.—You ſee I reſpect your partiality.

I do not think Sadler's prints of the ruins of Rome ſufficiently accurate after the originals. Piraneſe's are too confuſed to give a clear idea of them; he is ſo ridiculouſly exact in trifles, as to have injured the fine proportions of the columns of the portico to the pantheon, by inſerting, in his gravings, the papers ſtuck on them, ſuch as advertiſements, &c. Many other ſilly particulars of this nature have confuſed his deſigns; yet they are eſteemed the beſt here; and we have made an ample collection of the moſt valuable of them.

The ruins we have ſeen, greatly exceed our ideas formed of them from books and prints.

The capitol, or, as it is here called, Campidoglio, has employed us two long mornings.

mornings. The approach is ſtriking. The three flights of ſteps which conduct to it have a magnificent appearance; they are ſo built that a coach may be drove up them. The French call theſe flights of ſteps *un Eſcalier cordonné*, which expreſſion ſufficiently explains the practicability of a coach going up ſtairs.

The two Sphinxes of Baſalte, placed at the bottom of the ſtair-caſe, have great merit. They are of remote antiquity, and ſuppoſed to be Egyptian. The capitol conſiſts of three conſiderable buildings. The ſenator's palace in the middle; the two others at right angles with it. One is the *Palazzo di Conſervatori*, the other the Muſeum. The architecture was deſigned and executed under the inſpection of Michael Angelo. In the center of the Piazza ſtands the equeſtrian ſtatue of Marcus Aurelius. It is impoſſible to do this ſtatue juſtice by any deſcription I can give of it. What Carlo Maratti ſaid to the horſe, may give you an idea of its truth; *Why do'ſt thou not walk? haſt thou forgot that thou'rt alive!*

The Senator's Palace does not contain any curioſities or antiques worthy the attention of a traveller: it is properly furniſhed, and has fine apartments ſuitable to the diſtinguiſhed rank of the prince who occupies it. The *Palazzo di Conſervatori*

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is ſo called from the three magiſtrates denominated Conſervators, who hold their counſels there. In the court belonging to this palace are ſeveral ſtatues in bronze, and in marble; ſome are antique, others modern; the moſt remarkable are the hands and feet of a mutilated coloſſal ſtatue of Apollo.* It is ſaid to have been 41 feet high. We meaſured a great toe, which was exactly 35 inches round the thickeſt part. The lion tearing a horſe is originally of Greek ſculpture; it is not wholly antique; the parts wanting have been ſupplied by Michael Angelo; the body of the horſe is antique, and very fine.

At the foot of the ſtair-caſe is a famous Column erected in honour of Duilius, the firſt Roman who acquired a naval victory in the year of Rome 49. This column, no more than 12 feet high, is not beautiful, being interſected by the repreſentations of the prows of ſhips, which give it a ſtrange appearance, and hurt the proportions. The ſea-horſes, in *bas relief*, on the prows, are of good workmanſhip. Several curious morſels in ſculpture ornament the walls of the ſtair-caſe. I muſt mention one of them, on account of the ſingular uſe to which it is put: it is in *bas-*

* See Pliny for this ſtatue and dimenſions.

bas-relief, and antique. All the ſturgeons that are brought to market are meaſured againſt this marble one. Such as are in length equal to the diſtance between the head and the firſt finns, and thoſe that exceed, are the property of the Roman magiſtrates. This has been a cuſtom from time immemorial. The inſcription over the bas-relief is thus:

CAPITA PISCIUM, MARMOREO SCHEMATE, LONGITUDINE MAJORUM, USQUE AD PRIMAS PENNAS INCLUSIVE, CONSERVATORIBUS DANTO, FRAUDEM NE COMMITTITO, IGNORANTIA EXCUSARI NE CREDITO.

The great Saloon is painted by the Cavalieri d'Arpino; it repreſents the firſt great events of the Roman ſtory; in ſix pieces. The beſt is the battle of the Romans with the Veii. It is the only battle piece I have ſeen ſufficiently diſtinct to give me an idea of a dreadful engagement between two hoſtile armies.

In the ſecond Saloon is an admirable buſto in bronze, by Michael Angelo Buonarotti.

Two beautiful columns of Verd Antique, eleven feet high.

A She-wolf in bronze ſuckling Remus and Romulus. According to hiſtorians, this

this is the ſame which was placed in the ancient capitol, and was ſtruck with lightning at the inſtant Brutus ſtabbed Cæſar. The wolf's ſide is opened with a long gaſh, and the edges of the metal appear really to have been burnt. It is a very fine thing, notwithſtanding this injury. The countenance of the wolf is extremely intereſting---Maternal tenderneſs, and the importance of her office, are curiouſly blended in her phyſiognomy and geſture.

A ſtatue in bronze, alſo, of a young man, occupied in extracting a thorn from his foot. This is as fine a piece of ſculpture as any in Rome. It is ſuppoſed by ſome to repreſent Cneius Pecoravius, by others Martius——The eyes are formed of a compoſition.

A buſto of Brutus, the founder of the republic, and the firſt conſul of Rome, 511 years before the Chriſtian æra. The greatneſs of his mind diſplays itſelf in his countenance.

A beautiful ſtatue of one of the Camilli. The eyes are of ſilver.

There are ſeveral other buſtos, ſtatues, meaſures, *&c. &c.*; but I wiſh to be as conciſe as poſſible in my letters from Rome, for the reaſons I have already alleged.

The gallery of pictures, collected by pope Benedict XIV. by the advice of cardinal

dinal Valenti, the ſecretary of ſtate, joins on to the Conſervatorio. I ſhall mention but a few of them, though there are many that merit the moſt accurate attention.

A rape of the Sabines by Pietro da Cortona. In one of the groups is a diſtreſs ſo ſtriking—but judge of it yourſelf: an old man is endeavouring to reſcue his daughter from a warrior. She clings about her father, whoſe age and weakneſs render him incapable of protecting her.

A picture repreſenting the ſuckling of Remus and Romulus—finely done by Rubens. Muſt not the partiality of the painter, however, raiſe a ſmile in every ſpectator; who introduces a Flemiſh peaſant, trudging through the ruſhes, in order to diſcover the infants?

A large miniature, by Madame Subleyraz, copied from one painted by her huſband. The ſubject is the Magdalene waſhing the feet of Chriſt: the colouring is ſtrong, the tints freſh, and a firmneſs in the deſign very rarely found in miniature paintings.

The Perſian Sybil, by Guercino; the head is remarkably graceful, and the countenance penſive, yet animated. But the colouring of this maſter inclines too much to the violet, as does his fleſh, drapery, &c.

A picture which repreſents Vanity under the form of a woman, highly draped, lying on

on a bed, with a crown and ſceptre at her feet. This piece is by Titian; the colouring very fine.

A Judith, by Guido; the painter has repreſented her in the moment of returning thanks to God for her having decapitated Holofernes. The attitude is good.

The goddeſs Fortune, by Guido; a beautiful figure—elegantly deſigned—not draped. She appears to be running round a globe, and, at the ſame time, turning (as for her amuſement) a crown upon her fingers' ends. I conſidered this picture for a conſiderable time, and diſcovered, as I thought, new graces, both of invention and execution.

A beautiful Madonna and Infant Jeſus, with St. Francis in adoration, by Annibal Carracci.

The Samaritan, by the ſame; the colouring fine.

Two pictures, by Salvator Roſa: one repreſents a ſoldier, reſting himſelf at the foot of a tree; the other, a magician, forming a pact with infernal ſpirits; this laſt is admirable.

There is a large painting, in freſco, by Guido, which entirely covers the wall at the end of the gallery. It repreſents Ariadne, to whom Venus preſents Bacchus. This is greatly finiſhed. Ariadne's attitude is worthy of Guido. The expreſſion of

of Venus forms a fine contraſt to the afflicted Ariadne; and the ſurpriſe and admiration in Bacchus is ſtriking; the face and attitude of Venus animated, lively, and majeſtic. The Bacchanals are extremely well executed. One of the Bacchantes is a moſt graceful figure—and there are ſeveral children, whoſe variety of attitude and amuſements are well expreſſed.

I ſhall mention but two more pictures in this collection, one on account of the ſingularity of the ſubject: It repreſents a happy ſoul under the figure of a winged genius, who, quitting the earth, is flying away into paradiſe. The compoſition of this piece is extremely curious, and equally meritorious, in my opinion, on the ſide of invention; for the upper part of the figure is ſeen through the brightneſs of the glory towards the top of the picture. Guido has ſhewn a ſkill in his colouring which ſurpaſſes any thing given us by Nature, following here an original image formed in his imagination only.

A picture, by Jacopo Baſſano; eſteemed the beſt he ever did, repreſenting a braſier's ſhop.---It is impoſſible to ſee braſs porridge-pots and other culinary veſſels better done and in greater variety of ſituations---What a ſtrange genius had this painter, whoſe performances always ſmell of the kitchen!

In the Muſeum, (juſtly ſo ſtyled) oppoſite to the Palazzo of the Conſervatorio,

is

is contained a vaſt collection of antique ſtatues, bas relievos, buſtos, *&c.* I muſt not paſs them all over in ſilence, though I might refer you to far abler deſcriptions than you muſt expect from me.

Oppoſite to the iron gate of entrance, and at the end of the court, appears the celebrated ſtatue called Marforio; it was found in the place formerly the *Forum Martis*, near this ſpot. It is a coloſſal figure lying down, and without much merit; ſeeming to repreſent a ſea or river god;---nor ſhould I have noticed his godſhip, had it not been that againſt this were paſted the anſwers to thoſe ſatyrical verſes ſtuck upon another antique ſtatue called *Paſquino*, from whence the term paſquinade, ſo frequently given to ſcurrilous and abuſive poems. Under the portico are a great number of ſtatues, inſcriptions, and ſarcophaguſes. Two very large Egyptian idols make a ſtriking appearance; they are of *Baſalte*: on their heads are mural crowns in the ſhape of towers; and in their left hands they hold branches of date trees. Various hieroglyphics are ſculptured upon them. Another idol repreſenting an Iſis of oriental red granite, has on her head the flower of the lotus tree. This plant, held in ſuch high eſtimation by the Egyptians, is called by the botaniſts *Nenuphar*; but I muſt not digreſs

digreſs here, or I could mention the wonderful effects aſcribed, and many curious and rare ſtories in relation to it. Suffice it to ſay, that it grows commonly on ſtanding pools of water; and happy were it for antiquarians, if a ſallad of lotus eat at each meal or immediately at going to reſt, *&c.* could inſpire them with ſcience ſufficient to comprehend the meaning of the hieroglyphics.

There are ſome antique Altars here, with curious bas-relievos; that on which Rhea and the Coribantes are repreſented, is one of the beſt for the workmanſhip.

In a room, at the foot of the ſtair-caſe, is a very fine collection of Egyptian deities: they are quite perfect---Here is a beautiful buſto of Iſis with Apis at the back of her head;—he has white marble horns. The reſt of his figure is of Baſalte.

The walls of the ſtair-caſe, on each ſide, are incruſted with an antique plan of Rome, engraved on white marble. This curioſity was found where the church of St. Come and St. Damien now ſtands, and in the quarter at this day called Campo-Vaccino, where the temple of Romulus and Remus was ſuppoſed to have been built. The graving is filled up with vermilion, which makes the diſtribution of ancient Rome diſtinctly perceptible.

Having aſcended the ſtair-caſe, you are firſt ſhewn into an apartment (which con-

tains the collection) consisting of six large saloons, and a gallery ornamented with statues, bustos, &c. The busto of Trajan is very good. An altar, decorated in a fine taste with festoons, formed of fruits, and fastened with ribbons to ox-heads, is admirably sculpted. In the saloon of the Miscellanea is a statue of red marble, representing Faunus; in his right hand he holds a bunch of grapes,---in the left a knotted crooked stick, and on that shoulder a goat-skin filled with fruits. On the other side of him is part of the trunk of a tree, to which hangs the Syringa. To the left is a goat, which rests one of its fore-feet on a basket. This group is truly admirable; the composition is of the most perfect proportions; the figure of Faunus greatly spirited; the limbs are not antique, but have been well restored by one Bracci.

A small Statue, in white marble, of an old satyr walking———Several Bustos, amongst which the following are remarkable: Domitius Enobarbus, Silvanus, Jupiter Ammon. An unknown busto, with fine hair, executed in a great style. A head of Bacchus, and one of a woman, which I should think was meant for Ariadne; she wears across her forehead a linen fillet.

In the *Sala Grande*; a colossal figure, of bronze, sitting; it is the statue of Innocent

nocent the Tenth, and well done, by Alguardi.

The falling gladiator.—An Antinous, holding a ſmall cane in his right hand: he appears to be about 20 years old;—his face is beautiful, and the air of the head perfectly graceful.

An Egyptian prieſt.—The dying gladiator; this famous ſtatue exceeds the idea I had formed of it from the copies and deſcriptions. The countenance made ſuch an impreſſion upon me, that I believe I ſhall not eaſily forget it. That arm reſtored by Michael Angelo exceeds the antique arm in beauty.

Two Centaurs of black marble, found at the Villa of Adrian. The faces of theſe centaurs are replete with expreſſion of wit and humour. There is hardneſs in the ſculpture of their bodies, but their character and movement is good.

Two curious Moſaicks, found at the villa Adrian. One repreſents a garland of fruits and flowers, with two goldfinches and two butterflies. The colours are lively, and the ſtones ſmall. The other ſtill more beautiful, is unqueſtionably the very ſame which Pliny mentions. The ſubject is four doves, ſitting on the edge of a gold bowl, of elegant form and workmanſhip. Their attitudes are all different, and their feathers ſo finely expreſſed, that were they

alive, they could not appear more natural. One, in particular, who is pluming herſelf; and the hollow ſhe makes, by dividing her feathers with her bill, ſo impoſed on me, that I could not reſiſt the impulſe of touching it, to convince myſelf that the ſurface was really ſmooth. This piece is copying for Lord B——e, by the famous workman ſirnamed Quattri Occhi, from his wearing two pair of ſpectacles. They have had much trouble in the attempts, and have been obliged to recommence ſeveral times; the ſtones in the original which produce ſo fine an effect being of very irregular ſhapes, exceedingly ſmall, and placed in an infinity of directions. But if one can form a judgment of what it will be when finiſhed, by what is already done, I ſhould think it may come near the original.

In the *Stanza di Filoſofi*, are a ſeries of illuſtrious men. The figure of Zeno is particularly ſtriking; he is very ugly, and is ſo characteriſtic of the idea I had formed of him, that I am perſuaded it muſt be extremely like what he was. Here are four friezes, ornamented with prows of ſhips, and inſtruments of ſacrifice, well ſculpted; taken from a temple of Neptune. Alſo, a more curious than beautiful repreſentation, in *bas relief*, of the death of Meleager.

A very

A very pretty *Baſſo Relievo*, of Etruſcan antiquity, on which four women appear, preceded by a fawn: it is highly finiſhed.

In the *Sala Imperatori* is a baſſo relievo, repreſenting the chace of the wild boar; there is great ſpirit and action in all the parties. Perſeus reſcuing Andromeda; Lalande obſerves, *qu'elle eſt belle, mais trop triſte.* I wonder how ſhe ſhould be otherwiſe, when a dreadful monſter is gaping to ſwallow her up.

The famous Flora, found alſo at the Villa Adriana. The ſculpture is ſurpriſing, and the labour of the workman very great; yet the drapery is ſtiff.

A Venus, juſt out of the bath; her attitude is the ſame with that of the Venus of Medicis. By her ſide a piece of drapery and a perfuming vaſe. Her muſcles are ſupple. She has a great ſhare of grace, and is eſteemed a perfect figure here. Yet I think, was ſhe dreſſed, ſhe would appear too plump for the preſent taſte. Nor has ſhe that incomparable ſweetneſs of face which the Venus of Medicis poſſeſſes.

The moſt remarkable buſtos in this ſaloon are, Meſſalina, whoſe character is well expreſſed.—Julia, daughter to Titus.—Sabina, wife to Adrian, repreſented as a Ceres.—Fauſtina; this is a charming buſto; ſhe ſeems alive; her hair is beauti-

fully dreſſed: ſhe has a noble air of the head, without pride; and her countenance expreſſes what the French mean by *enjouement*, and which, by the way, I think is ſometimes miſtaken by the ladies of another country, when they mean to aſſume it.

Good buſtos of Caligula, Nero, Lucius Verus, and Commodus.

In the *Sala* of *Hercules* is a fine Apollo, with a lyre in one hand, leans upon a griffin; the other arm is turned over his head; this ſtatue is moſt pleaſing in its proportions.

Agrippina, ſeated in a curule chair; nothing can be more eaſy and graceful than her attitude. She is, alſo, finely-draped.

A Cupid and Pſyche. The moſt innocent and tender affection is expreſſed in this amiable group, and univerſally pleaſes every ſpectator; although *il grande Virtuoſi* are eager to find a fault in the ſcull of the Cupid, which I am glad I had not ſufficient *ſcience* to diſcover. To me they appeared perfect in every particular, and that the artiſt had modelled them after the moſt beautiful natures, in body and mind, that could be found under the age of ſixteen.

The *Sala del Vaſo* is ſo called from its containing a moſt ſuperb vaſe of white marble; the ſides ſculpted in the fineſt taſte. The flowers, curiouſly executed, do not, in the leaſt,

leaſt, by their quantity or protuberance, injure the proportions of the vaſe, in the form of which may be obſerved the full effect produced by the Serpentine line of beauty, and the waving line of grace, ſo much inſiſted on in Hogarth's Analyſis of Beauty. It is placed upon a round altar, on the ſide of which are repreſented, in *baſſo relievo*, Jupiter, Vulcan, Neptune, Mercury, two women unknown, Mars, Diana, Apollo, Hercules, Minerva, Juno. Theſe figures all ſeem walking one after the other, and are well executed.

A marble Maſque, in a great ſtyle.—A ſmall ſarcophagus; this is quite a ſtudy: the baſſo relievo appears to repreſent, ſymbolically, the life of man. It has been ſuppoſed to bear ſome alluſion to the ſtory of Diadumenianus, ſon of the Emperor Macrinus, who, by the cruel command of Heliogabalus, was put to death at the ſame time with his father, though but twelve years of age.

There is another vaſe in this collection of great beauty, though not equal to that above-mentioned; it is of fine bronze, fluted, and in ſhape ſomewhat like flower-pots intended to ornament gardens. This was a favourite vaſe of Mithridates King of Pontus, who always had it carried, with his baggage, to encampments, and conſtantly drank out of it. Pompey took a like fancy

to

to it, and brought it to Rome, where it was borne in triumph. It holds more than ſix gallons, Engliſh meaſure: but to me ſeems of the moſt inconvenient ſhape imaginable for a drinking cup; no modern mouth could eaſily take the brim; the capacious jaws of Polypheme might fit it well; indeed, our *Ciceroni*'s eyes gliſtened at the thought of ſuch a bumper of wine. —To-morrow begin the functions of the holy week.

We have received viſits and the moſt kind civilities from the Princeſs Paleſtrina, the Duke of Montelibretti, her ſon, and his dutcheſs: the Duke D'Arce; the ſenator of Rome and his wife the Princeſs Rizzonico, ſiſter to the Dutcheſs of Termoli at Naples; and many other perſons of the firſt diſtinction. The cardinal de Bernis has been ſo obliging as to give us a general invitation to his table; but we declined accepting it, alleging the ſhortneſs of our ſtay at Rome, which would not admit our dining out often, as by that means our mornings would be ſo broke in upon as to make it impoſſible to viſit the palaces, churches, ruins, &c. within the period of our continuance here. And we have determined ourſelves not to give dinners, nor accept any invitation to dine, but ſuch as are abſolutely neceſſary, even from our own country-people; but in place thereof,

thereof, to give a ſupper twice a week, Tueſdays and Fridays, and to aſk the Engliſh principally. Our table and our eating-room (the narrow ſlip I mentioned) can hold conveniently from twenty to twenty-three or twenty-four people, without crouding; now as there are fifty Engliſh at Rome of our acquaintance, we mean to aſk them one half at a time alternately

The Dutcheſs of Montelibretti, in the politeſt manner imaginable, offered to conduct me to St. Peter's church every day of the holy week, and hoped her health would not deprive her of that pleaſure, *&c.* I wondered at my own ſtupidity at not recollecting inſtantly that ſhe is big with child; I replied, that I would not for the world ſhe ſhould have that trouble: but knowing the cuſtom here, deſired ſhe would be ſo kind as to name another lady in her place, which ſhe did, in the moſt obliging manner; and carrying me with her, preſented me to a friend of hers, the *Marcheſa Maſſimi.*—We have engagements, without end, to various aſſemblies, at Eaſter; the moſt brilliant are thoſe of the Dutcheſs of Montelibretti, the Dutcheſs D'Arce, the Cardinal de Bernis, and his niece the Counteſs de Puimontbrun. The families of Veroſpi, Carpegnia, Palombara, and many others, have been extremely civil. M—— is to be preſented to his Holineſs.

Holineſs. The Pope waves the ceremony of kiſſing his ſlipper with thoſe ſtrangers who do not deſire that honour. He declines the having women preſented, as, he ſays, he does not know the proper compliments that ought to be paid to their ſex; his education and way of life never having admitted of any commerce with them. However, a Poliſh Princeſs inſiſted lately upon it, and was preſented, although ſhe was conſcious ſhe gave the Pontiff a vaſt deal of trouble, as the etiquette required the ceremony ſhould be performed at St. Peter's church, whither he went on purpoſe, to comply with this ſilly woman's vanity. Every body laughs at her accordingly.

Adieu. I ſhall not be able to write for ſome days, or rather I ſhall not ſend you a packet till I have ample matter for your entertainment. Continue your addreſs, as before, to the care of Barazzi, who is the moſt punctual man alive.

P. S. I believe I forgot to mention, in its proper place, that the antiques contained in the Muſeum have been (for the greater part) found at Adrian's villa, and in the Campo Vaccino.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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MUSEUM